

David Crosby & Graham Nash "Homeward Through The Haze"

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First rain of winter
First fall from grace
It's my first hallow echo
In the halls of praise

How could Samson?
I thought he was blind as a bat
How could he have torn down
The temples like that?

And how could little Caesar
How could he know whereof he spoke?
When all of his wheels
Are turning him into a joke

'Cause the blind are leading the blind
And am I amazed, how they stumble
Homeward through the haze?

Got the soul of a rag picker
Got the mind of a slug
And I keep sweeping problems
Under my rug

All of my fine
My fine fair weather friends, yeah
Will have no more time
To make their amends

'Cause the blind are leading the blind
And am I amazed, how they stumble
Homeward through the haze?

The blind, leading the blind
And am I amazed, how they stumble
Homeward through the haze?

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