

Gentle Giant

"City Hermit"

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My pastures and my fields
are made of stone
Steel trees and nameless beasts
please leave me alone
Don't question the way I see
my eyes are my own

City hermit me
The way I want to be
Solitary face among the crowd
City hermit me
The way I want to be

My hopes are man-made cans
Ten feet from the ground
Flowers beneath my feet
they're travellin' sound
Abundance of flesh and steel
but no-one around

City hermit me
The way I want to be
Solitary face among the crowd

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