

Gypsy

"From Here"

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The shimmering on the water leaves the outline of a
stranger
A silhouette of anger and disgust
His words are cold as ice with syllables of isolation
Defining his own hatred and disgust
You can see the edge of his words From Here
You can see the edge of the world From Here
A veteran of living, he's no babe in the woods
He's learned to walk; He's learned to fall down
He'll lend a hand to no one
In fear of a two-faced con man with a contract on the
run
Some say he belongs to the wind
He starts where the end begins
He won't fight for love; He threw it all away
It's just a dangerous game he's learned not to play

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