

# David Crosby "The Wall Song"

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By David Crosby

You are walking  
You've always been walking  
Stumbling half-blinded  
And dry as the wind  
That strafes you and leaves you  
To lie in the sand  
And the wall stretches endless beside you to nowhere  
This wall that you've been trying to cross for years  
This fence made of tears  
No one hears

You see a door  
Ah, such a great open door  
You know that your eyes tellin' lies  
Still you chance  
A shambling run, a ridiculous dance  
Like a scarecrow that's hung up to dry on a fencepole  
And there's a place like vacuum waiting inside you  
For you to get through  
To the blue

You scent the water  
Fresh green grass, food and water  
Your breath is scraping your brain into dust  
Your rusty old engine is ready to bust  
You cannot believe it that they would not trust you  
The door is wavering  
Is that your eyes?  
Are they still telling lies?  
What are lies?

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