

## **Fitz. "Maps"**

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This ancient rock I sit upon has worn and weathered in  
the sun,  
Shadowed only by the land it has become.  
There's fog across the mountainside still I am  
shrouded in the light,  
There's nothing left in all the world from which to  
run.

I have been lost now for a little while  
The air is cold and time is far behind  
And we've been high now for a little while  
And now my eyes are open wider than they ever were

I was stranded on a fishing boat abandoned in the  
storm  
Solitude can lead your self out of the door  
We only live for seconds in the relativity of all  
Yet the majority of our ideals are flawed

I have been lost now for a little while  
I was troubled by the silence of the night  
And we've been high now for a little while  
And now we're leaving all my past  
We're driving forward with the wind beside me

As masterplans  
Fall into motion  
Waves are breaking on the shoreline  
Where the water meets the land

Sleeping  
On the outside of the windowpane  
Reminds the city man  
Of nature's upper hand

The knots in the wood  
Make childish issues into wars  
Write tales of treasure maps we've drawn

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