

The Gathering Field "Alcatraz"

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Steven and I hitch-hiking
Our day off to Hanover
Beat up car with young girl driving
Slow down and pull over

In the rear view mirror
Like co-conspirators we did smile
I did not know that I was running
I saw the sunlight streaming

Down on the landscape
Of my Alcatraz escape
From the sadness 'twas born in my soul

Three years passed, still I was suffering
Spent that March in Charlottesville
Saw the ghost of Thomas Jefferson
Sitting on my window sill

With his thin powdered hair
And his concubine there he did smile
I did not know that I was running
I saw the twilight gleaming
Down on the landscape
Of my Alcatraz escape
From the sadness 'twas born in my soul
I went down through the labyrinth
Of my falsified regret
Deep in flight from the light in my soul

Oh what a complicated tapestry I sewed
All that energy I wasted on my fear
All those years spent stumbling down that lonesome
road

It's not very clear
How far or how near I have come
I did not know that I was running
I see the sunlight streaming

Down on the landscape....

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