

Isolation Years

"Inland Traveller"

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Small curvy road
Endless it seems
Big trees on the side
The car bites up the dust

We spoke to them gently
Their eyes faced the ground
But they're from another world
No need for our songs
And our words, fell to earth, where it was

He went in to the barn
We followed not too close
He did what he could
And now we're on the road

I'll tell you a secret
There's something I know
One of these men could blow
That skyscraper down, to the ground
Leaving us, where it was

We spoke to them gently
Their eyes faced the ground
But they're from another world
No need for our songs
And our words, fell to earth, where it was

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