

Solitary Man Revisited

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What about the solitary man?
What about the unseen hand?
What if he'd have liked to have stayed?
And what becomes the setting sun?

It's really not so strange
That he plays it day by day
This ain't a world of his choosing
Though he's aware of its ways
Some say he travels the wrong road
Unsure of where he'll go
So few can claim understanding
It's so rare that people know...

Very much about the solitary man
They probably felt that he never even gave them a chance
They'd say he's running away
Or on some wild quest for truth
Or could it be he's just a fool?

Why must he try to explain?
He's got no answers anyway
This world ain't known for its reason
No people's rules are the same
He wants a measure of freedom
He wants to maintain his pride
Years now love's been out of season
So what's this stirring inside?

Rumbling 'round inside the solitary man
Could it be that he sees a way around his defiant stance?
There's just no running away
There's nothing wrong with seeking truth
Could it be he's still a fool?

Somewhere along the way the solitary man
Had an idea in his mind
He had dreams, he nurtured plans
Time passed so slowly then
He'd the land he loved and the safety of friends
But this moment in time has fled
Gone spinning down
Spinning down
To the point where it just survives
In the land behind his eyes.