

Refuge

April Wine

I'm but a lad, oh for I'm twenty, tuned in to dreaming
Gazing at your sign, for mad men only, my poet's screaming
I searched for you, but I can't find you
I searched for you, but I can't find you

Take me to the wild black seas of madness, the savage dancer
Clothe me in insanity and leave me, to find the answer
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