

Compass

David Crosby

I have wasted ten years in a blind-fold,
Ten-fold more than I've invested now in sight.
I have traveled beveled mirrors in a fly crawl,
Losing the reflection of a fight.

But like a compass seeking north, (seeking north).
There lives in me a still, sure, spirit part.
Clouds of doubt are cut asunder (clouds of doubt).
By the lightning and the thunder
Shining from the compass of my heart (shining from my heart).

I have flown the frantic flight of the bat-wing
And only known the dark because of that
I have seized death's door-handle
Like a fish out of the water
Waiting for the mercy of the cat.

But like a compass seeking north, (seeking north).
There lives in me a still, sure, spirit part.
Clouds of doubt are cut asunder (clouds of doubt).
By the lightning and the thunder
Shining from the compass of my heart (shining from my heart).