

Homeward Through The Haze

David Crosby

First rain of winter
First fall from grace
It's my first hallow echo
In the halls of praise

How could Samson
I thought he was blind as a bat
How could he have torn down
The temples like that

And how could little Caesar
How could he know whereof he spoke
When all of his wheels are turning him into a joke

'Cause the blind are leading the blind
And am I amazed at how they stumble
Homeward through the haze
Got the soul of a rag picker
Got the mind of a slug

I keep sweeping problems
Under my rug
All of my fine
My fine fair weather friends, yeah

Will have no more time
To make their amends

'Cause the blind are leading the blind
And am I amazed at how they stumble
Homeward through the haze
Got the soul of a rag picker
Got the mind of a slug