

## 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  
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