

## Lonely Man

F.O.B.

The crystal sound of rowing oars  
Dwells in my heart like a golden horse  
It runs too fast without control  
And leaves a big black open hole

The blood that streams from out my eyes  
Glimmers fast and slowly dies  
No one saw me coming in  
That line is truly very thin

The waves they hit that sandy beach  
A solid ground I've failed to reach  
My heart is burning and my soul is sore  
Though I knew there would be, no more

The legion marches up the hill  
They have come to burn the solemn mill  
'Cause no one likes a lonely man  
No one will and no one can

The rain came down and calmed my fire  
My heart that burned with intense desire  
'Cause no one loves a lonely man  
No one will and no one can