

# View From The Mountain

Kevin Ayers

As the doors all close  
And the wind blows rows  
And the moonlight flows  
Nowhere, nowhere, nowhere.  
As the stars collide  
And the horsemen glide  
And my mind just slides  
Nowhere, nowhere, nowhere.

And the streams stream streams  
And my dreams dream dreams  
And the question screams  
Nowhere, nowhere, nowhere.

As the dawn warm forms  
On the well-kept lawns  
Of the pawns that swarm  
Nowhere, nowhere, nowhere.

And the song returns  
To a heart that yearns  
For a flame that burns  
Nowhere, nowhere, nowhere.