

## Exiles

King Crimson

Now...in this faraway land  
Strange...that the palms of my hands  
Should be damp with expectancy

Spring...and the air's turning mild  
City lights...and the glimpse of a child  
Of the alleyway infantry

Friends...do they know what I mean  
Rain...and the gathering green  
Of an afternoon out-of-town

But Lord I had to go  
My trail was laid too slow behind me  
To face the call of fame  
Or make a drunkard's name for me  
Though now this other life  
Has brought a different understanding  
And from these endless days  
Shall come a broader sympathy  
And though I count the hours  
To be alone's no injury...

My home...was a place near the sand  
Cliffs...and a military band  
Blew and air of normality