

# The Loner

Stephen Stills

He's a perfect stranger like a cross of himself and a fox  
He's a feeling arranger and a changer of the ways he talks  
He's the unforeseen danger, the keeper of the key to the locks  
Know when you see him, nothing can free him  
Step aside, open wide, loner

If you see him in the subway, he'll be down at the end of the car  
Watching you move until he knows he knows who you are  
When you get off the train alone, he'll know that you are gone  
Know when you see him, nothing can free him  
Step aside, open wide, it's the loner

There was a woman he knew about a year or so ago  
She had something that he needed and he pleaded with her not to go  
On the day that she left, he died, but it did not show  
Know when you see him, nothing can free him  
Step aside, open wide, it's the loner