

## Jungle Trail

Steven Delopoulos

Was tossed along that jungle trail  
There was nothing there, just thorns and nails  
Had no skin, no fur to wear  
But I straggled through the storm  
In a search to find my home

Now I climbed the mountain and I pleaded with the sky  
There was no one around, just some dark clouds in reply  
But I offered some berries and a tear in my eye  
'Cause I was on my own  
So far away from home...home

There's a fire burning inside me  
Makes the lame walk and the blind to see  
Here I am wandering on what I should be  
The old earth, the moon, the sun  
Some wings to rise the dawn

Now time's tickin' like a melancholy friend  
Ticks the beginning, and the middle and the end  
But if I close my eyes and just pretend  
There's shelter in this song  
Like a river flowin' home...home

There's a fire burning inside me  
Makes the lame walk and the blind to see  
Here I am wandering on what I should be  
The old earth, the moon, the sun  
Some wings to rise the dawn