

Rory Gallagher, Tucson, Arizona

I can see the painting on the wall,
Mixtures of different colors.
And I go walking in the Arizona sun,
Slow walking peace of mind.

The cactus blooms, the sand dunes,
No city lights, I can see for miles,
And my mind goes on forever.

The sun goes to bed,
Leaving sky of firey red.
Each step takes me closer to heaven.

All is full, all is nice, and all is well,

But when I turn I can see my fellow man,
Fighting in the city streets,
And dieing where they dwell.
Each step takes them closer to heaven.

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And I go walking in the Arizona sun,
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