

# Gordon Lightfoot, Clouds Of Loneliness

What can you do, you'll never win, where will you go, when night closes in?  
Where will it lead, will it ever end, where will it stop? Losing a friend isn't  
what we had in mind exactly. All we need is a friend I guess,  
with my midnight star to guide through clouds of loneliness.

You knew someone, but was it love? So many years, push came to shove.  
You had a dream, so they had one too, you turned away, they were untrue.  
In our early days we were too willing. At the time we had yet to arrive,  
many a man and a woman found trying to stay alive.

Where will you go, what will you do when your whole world ain't talking to you?  
Maybe you think, you will see the light, maybe you'll find, what you hope is right  
and I'm all dressed up to be somebody. All I need is a friendly face  
with my midnight crowd to glide through clouds of empty space.

Seems like every time we turn around, what we see could be anyone's guess.  
Many a man and a woman found in clouds of loneliness.