

Kevin Ayers, View From The Mountain

As the doors all close
And the wind blows rows
And the moonlight flows
Nowhere, nowhere, nowhere.
As the stars collide
And the horsemen glide
And my mind just slides
Nowhere, nowhere, nowhere.

And the streams stream streams
And my dreams dream dreams
And the question screams

Nowhere, nowhere, nowhere.

As the dawn warm forms
On the well-kept lawns
Of the pawns that swarm
Nowhere, nowhere, nowhere.

And the song returns
To a heart that yearns
For a flame that burns
Nowhere, nowhere, nowhere.