

King Crimson, Exiles

Now in this faraway land
Strange that the palms of my hands
Should be damp with expectancy

Spring, and the air's turning mild
City lights and the glimpse of a child
Of the alleyway infantry

Friends do they know what I mean?
Rain and the gathering green
Of an afternoon out of town

But lord I had to go
The trail was laid too slow behind me
To face the call of fame
Or make a drunkard's name for me
Though now this better life
Has brought a different understanding
And from these endless days
Shall come a broader sympathy
And though I count the hours
To be alone's no injury

My home was a place by the sand
Cliffs and a military band
Blew an air of normality