

# Oui 3, Arms Of Solitude

Leave me in the corner like Jack Horner  
I don't know why I just want to be alone tonight  
In my head and out of sight  
In my bed and tucked up tight  
The world's a stage and I got stage fright  
Nobody else I can indict  
No one I can think of that I want to invite

Thus I would myself delude  
In the arms  
In the arms  
In the arms of Solitude

The company I'm craving is my own  
Yearning such that I can't postpone  
I am polite because nothing is rude  
The world is mine, is mine in solitude  
The moment that I just exist  
No time, therefore no prejudice  
Nothing is pre, nothing is post  
I am the guest, I said I am the host  
I said, that I am polite because nothing is rude  
the world is mine in solitude

Once I come to terms with all the aching  
Liberty is mine just for the taking  
regulations I am forsaking  
And my soul I re-awaken  
Liquid dreams flow straight to the sea  
wherein lies all destiny  
Thus I would myself delude  
In the arms of solitude

Thus I would myself delude  
In the arms  
In the arms  
In the arms of Solitude

And when I rise I rise re-newed  
Thank God for the gift of solitude

Sparing a thought for the world outside  
I harbour grief unspecified  
Could it be the pain of a caring soul,  
Maybe it's the pain of a part of a whole

Tracking through the undergrowth  
Following the twine  
That leads to the clearing of my mind  
Now at last I can be still,  
Senses keen, spirit tranquil  
Nothing is normal nothing is strange  
Aggression finds me out of it's range  
And when I rise I rise re-newed  
Thank God for the gift of solitude