

Oui 3, Arms of Solitude (Orange Hill Indica Mix)

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