

# Sherwood, Traveling Alone

There's nothing I can say, nothing I can say,  
The words would never leave me,  
And nothing I can do, nothing I can do,  
I'm staring at the ceiling,  
Just see another light, see another light,  
Come at me from somewhere,  
And I won't look away, I won't look away,  
I will try to go there,

All of the ways that I have tried to understand,  
Have taken me further from the place that I had planned,  
And maybe the reason I have strayed so far from home,  
Is I have insisted upon traveling alone,

The silver and the gold, silver and the gold,  
Are laying here beside me,  
And this is getting old, this is getting old,  
Cause they will never find me,  
Will you come around, will you come around?  
Come around and find me,  
And take me by the hand, take me by the hand,  
And walk along beside me,

All of the ways that I have tried to understand,  
Have taken me further from the place that I had planned,  
And maybe the reason I have strayed so far from home,  
Is I have insisted upon traveling alone (alone again), alone again

But I'm not saying that I will never know,  
But never with the weight of my ego,  
Hammering down upon my mind,  
Assuring me that I will find,  
Nothing at all,  
Nothing at all,