Adrift and Dumfounded

Ian Anderson

He stands at the crossroads of New St. and Old Town.
Gerald Something from good-home-on-sea.
Thinking back to the child that he once was.
All bread and butter and jam for his tea.Men came and went in his moments of madness.
Muttered apologies, late for a meeting.
Too much intensity too much feigned sadness.
Crestfallen, hangdog, glances too fleeting.He was your golden boy, he's adrift and dumfounded
with nowhere to go, no appointments to keep.
He's our little man, he's adrift and dumfounded.
Head on hard pillow, waiting for sleep.Broken societies, selfish, uncaring.
Addled brains clutching at chemicals soothing.
Desperate measures, desperately tearing
at last vestige of dignity, his for the losing.
He was your golden boy, he's adrift and dumfounded
with nowhere to go, no appointments to keep.
He's our little man, he's adrift and dumfounded.
Head on hard pillow, waiting for sleep.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/