

# Homeward through the Haze

Graham Nash & David Crosby

First rain of winter  
First fall from grace  
It's my first hollow echo  
In the halls of praise How could Samson  
I thought he was blind as a bat  
How cold he have torn down  
The temple like that And how could little Caesar  
How could he know whereof he spoke  
When all of his wheels  
Are turning him into a joke 'Cause the blind are leading the blind  
And I am amazed how they stumble  
Homeward through the haze Got the soul of a ragpicker  
Got the mind of a slug  
And I keep sweeping problems  
Under my rug And all of my fine  
My fine fair weather friends, yeah  
Will have no more time  
To make their amends 'Cause the blind are leading the blind  
And I am amazed how they stumble  
Homeward through the haze  
Steady The blind lead the blind  
And I am amazed how they stumble  
Homeward through the haze

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