Homeward Through The Haze

C.P.R.

First rain of winter
First fall from grace
It's my first hollow echo
In the halls of praiseHow could Samson
I thought he was blind as a bat
How cold he have torn down
The temple like thatAnd 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 hazeGot the soul of a ragpicker
Got the mind of a slug
And I keep sweeping problems
Under my rugAnd 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
SteadyThe blind lead the blind
And I am amazed how they stumble
Homeward through the haze

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/