

# The Old Barge

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["A long awaited journey. Now we're finally on the way. We leave behind the comfort of the poet's town..."] Beautiful this broken town , even though it's fled by man  
White doves flying in the sun , above desert sands  
Where the city stood , now ruins stands Sitting in Darkness with Tales To Tell  
Arguing , drinking all night as well  
The last fair or pilgrims with answers to gain  
To go to the valley and meet with "The One" in vain Drifting down the river  
From the railing we stare  
Journey on to the sea of grass  
The old barge will take us there Led along by mysterious crew  
Bright shiny eyes and skins of blue  
The last fair of pilgrims with answers to gain  
To go to the valley and meet with "The One" in vain Drifting down the river  
From the railing we stare  
Journey on to the sea of grass  
The old barge will take us there

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