

# The Lonely Maze

[Sean Rowe](#)

Oh I'll never get to the moon  
But I've seen the universe in a blade of grass  
Oh I've built my questions a raft  
And I send them floating there on a lake of glass  
And though this weight is like a stone  
It is hard to drop the things I've come to know  
Oh my mind is lost to the ground  
Like the crickets are lost against the highway sound  
Oh how I've been a thief with my voice  
While all the leaves just sing the truth out loud  
Take this mask and burn my page  
And I will leave my wallet in that lonely maze  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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