

# Afterword

## Wyoming

made-up lives which I'm stuck in  
change unperceived from scene to scene  
this is my final curtain call  
haven't noticed all my curtains fallmade-up lives which I'm stuck in  
change unperceived from scene to scene  
I wave and bow to them and pray  
that their applause won't fade awayI watched them pass  
man by man  
seated in the front rowI watched them pass  
man by man  
possibly they'll never knowthat I have seen the end  
oh I won't tell a friend  
the secret's in the sand  
that's running through my handmade-up lives which I'm stuck in  
will disappear when I'm free from sin  
take me to the sea at last  
away from future and the pastpressure is a precious word  
said the versed boy to the chorus girlpressure is a precious word  
said the versed boy to the chorus girlI watched them pass  
man by man  
seated in the front rowI watched them pass  
man by man  
possibly they'll never knowthat I have seen the end  
oh I won't tell a friend  
the secret's in the sand  
that's running through my handthe moonlight will reveal  
that this is just an act  
other lives remain unreal  
until I learn how to forgettake me to the sea  
take me away  
take me to the sea  
where I have seen the end

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