

Exiles

[decibelle](#)

Now... in this faraway land
Strange... that the palms of my hands
Should be damp with expectancy
Spring... and the air's turning mild
City lights... and a glimpse of a child
Of the alleyway infantry
Friends... do they know what I mean
Rain... and the gathering green
Of an afternoon out-of-town
But Lord I had to go
My trail was laid too slow behind me
To face the call of fame
Or make a drunkard's name for me
Though now this better life
Has brought a different understanding
And through these endless days
Shall come a broader sympathy
And though I count the hours
To be alone's no injury...
My home... was a place by the sand
Cliffs... and a military band
Blew an air of normality.

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