

# Exiles

## King Crimson

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 the 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  
The 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 from 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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>