

Not Inside - Outside

Robin Trower

Keep my eye to the horizon
Hour by hour, day on day
Capture the word that I can fly on
When truth comes into breed

Once I knew a real believer
The heart became his one true home
All that he said grows that much deeper
Now that he's gone

Not inside, outside
Get outside this whole mess

Bring yourselves to my table
Take all the bread and wine you need
But if we confuse fact with fable
We will be deceived

I'll go back to my beginning
Even through the darkest dark
And every prize that I'm not winning
Will not leave his mark