

The Day Of The Loner

Rough Silk

Below the mighty cliff
where the lovers use to hide
they found a skeleton on the beach
the day the loner died
it just lay there with broken bones
in the rays of the sunset's light

well, the loner was some kinda relict
from another century
the sidewalk angels gave him a smile
when he helped the lost for free
he always wore a long black coat
and some real old working shoes
some years ago he had been a teacher
'til the stormflood made the news

the day of the loner

he lost his wife and kid
and - for sure - the will to live
he turned to heavy drinkin'
and then he jumped off that mighty cliff
it must have been a miracle
he didn't die or even got hurt
and the next day he went down to the dark part of town
a crusader against the dirt

the day of the loner....

the cops, they never caught him
and they left with a smile on the face
and the years rode away but the loner stayed
until someday he lost the race
but as the smoke cleared just a long black coat
but no body was ever found
and somewhere nowhere a teacher met
his family on heavenly ground

the day of the loner....