

SHAWN PHILLIPS – I'M A LONER LYRICS

Little Tin Soldier

Once in a town in the black forest
A little white toy shop stood
And a little tin soldier with only one leg
Lived in a castle of wood
And across the room on another shelf
Stood a little glass case
And a tiny ballerina lived in there
All in a dress of lace
And from where the little tin soldier stood
They could see each other so clear
And the little tin soldier watched over her
With a love that was so dear
Then one day sadness came
The tiny ballerina was sold
The little tin soldier was thrown away
And into the gutter he rolled
The water carried him to the sea
And many far-off lands
He made many children happy
As he passed through their tiny hands
But then one day they met again
In a house in the land of Eire
When the clock on the wall struck the midnight hour
They jumped into a fire
And in this fire oh they will stay
Forever and a day
For the fire, Lord, is the fire of love
Just like the peaceful dove

Solitude

Many are the days that pass you by
The dark horse is there 'tis he you must ride
But black is the color of your solitude
You speak to be seen
You shout to be heard
But an echo of light is all that returns
The echo comes in and you rise to its joy
But then it fades out and returns to the void
Then someone will come and share in your life
Who'll hear with your ears and see with your sight
Your life is restored your thoughts are renewed
But black is still the color of all solitude

Nobody Listens

Well the senate's in order, they're callin' the roll
They want everybody there in body and soul
There'll be some agreements, a few contradictions

But it really don't matter 'cause nobody listens

Well things happen all over like in Harlem and Jersey
Well the grown men screamin' like kids in a nursery
The words are all different, it's pure repetition
But it really don't matter 'cause nobody listens

Well this world that we live in is pretty bad off
Your mouth opens to speak, you come out with a cough
We got us some laws and lots of restrictions
But even with night sticks nobody listens

Now I have this friend, he speaks all the truth
But he's almost in jail 'cause his name's Lenny Bruce
He gets up on stage and he speaks of conditions
And what do you know now everybody listens

Well I've finished my song and I'll be on my way
Just a doin' my work and collectin' my pay
Traffic will move and the TVs will glisten
People just watch, they don't ever listen