

I hitch-hiked down to London once and I called to let you know,  
An evening at the Marquee Club, Ten Years After or The Who,  
You told me you'd be married soon, so you really couldn't go,  
You let me borrow your brother's tie, but I wanted to borrow you.

CHORUS: Roxane, I loved you, and now you've gone away,  
Roxane, Oh Roxane, did it have to be this way?

Last time from Heathrow Airport I called you on the phone,  
But you said it wasn't convenient the only time that I could come,  
I wanted so much to talk to you but you were just leaving home  
So an empty ghost out of your past just had to wander on.

I was planning to try again in just a month or more,  
This time I'd really track you down, we'd laugh and reminisce,  
But now—out of the blue—you're gone for ever more,  
Did it really have to come so soon, this final emptiness?

CHORUS: Roxane, I loved you, and now you've gone away,  
Roxane, Oh Roxane, did it have to be this way?  
Did it have to end this way?

## Pride of Man

Just drinking beer in the afternoon, and hanging out in the yard  
Down that six-pack, smoke that toke, life sometimes gets so hard.  
Well you know I've always carried a gun, it's my constitutional right;  
I've hunted for nigh on thirty years, now I've got you in my sights.

CHORUS: It's the pride of man, the pride of man,  
Building to the sky again,  
It's the pride of man, the pride of man,  
Tumblin' to the ground again.

Collecting songs in the Hebrides, the waulking women said,  
"His microphone is swollen, almost as big as his head!"  
But don't you see it's the way I am, I've got to follow my muse,  
And in the eternal search for love you either win or lose.

CHORUS

He heard the verdict, asked himself, "Now, why Jah pick on me?  
I broke the rules but I made amends, why waste my symphony?"  
You struggled hard, so hard to speak; your words, "I'm not the same."  
"Life's not fair," your sister said, "yet still we play the game".

I've searched so hard the key to find, phenomena of mind;  
So many years, these abstract joys, they're not the ties that bind.  
Sometimes I think the grass is green, barometer's set fair:  
Tramp that highway, swim that stream, mirages everywhere.  
CHORUS

# Pride of Man

David Gregory

Voice

Just drink-ing beer in the aft - er noon, and - hang-ing out in the yard,  
 Down that six-pack, smoke that toke, Life some-times gets so hard. Well, you  
 know I've al-ways car-ried a gun, It's my con-stit-ut-ion-al right, I've hunt-ed for nigh on  
 thirt - y years, Now I've got you in my sights. It's the pride of man, the pride of man,  
 Build-ing to the sky a - gain, It's the pride of man, the pride of man, Tumbl - in' to the  
 ground a - gain.

# The Wanderer

I dreamed I saw a wanderer, out on the Shiloh hills,  
 He looked so sad I asked him why, he said "I've caused so many ills –  
 I hoped to do some good," he sighed, "I thought that men could learn,  
 But in my name they fight and hate, excommunicate and burn.

"That night that Yahweh spoke to me, I glimpsed a world set free,  
 Judea, Samaria both at peace, no word for enemy;  
 No unclean food, no temple cult, no rituals, rules or priest,  
 The homeless lepers from the street were bidden to the feast."