

## In a Big Land

Hungover and broken hearted  
That's the way the morning started.  
The sun was out and the day was pretty.  
The wind was interesting  
And the leaves were changing color.

But, gradually the sky got darker.  
The colors grew starker.  
The air got chilly  
The wind got quiet.  
And, the surroundings became silent.

When I think back to it now,  
I'm still not sure exactly how.  
It all seems so very long ago.  
The memories are vague and out of focus.  
Like a dream you can almost recall.

All I remember is an uneasy feeling.  
The room spinning  
And, my senses reeling.  
Next thing I know,  
I'm looking at the ceiling.

Like the quiet before a storm,  
Or, the eye of a hurricane.  
An uneasy peace in time.  
Like something you'd see on the Twilight Zone, or something.

It's the type of thing that you never forget.  
You feel it coming and just yet,  
There's no way to fight it.  
You try and try with all of your might,  
And, yet...

The cold, cold hands and the beating heart.  
You knew you were in trouble right from the start.  
So, give in now,  
And, play it smart.

When you're running free in the biggest land of all,  
These are a few of the things you may come upon.