

Zanzibar Sands

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I'm reading this book: the author's name
Is the same as this kid I knew in nineteen sixty-eight
Alex used to live just a couple blocks away
I never knew him well, but I can see him now

To be honest, he was a funny kid- that hat he'd always wear
Kept mostly to himself, he didn't seem to care
One night I saw him on the road heading nowhere
I offered him a ride, but he kept walking

**Now that same strange boy with his hat in his hand
Walks across Africa to the Zanzibar sands
And I'll read his books of distant lands
It's funny how a funny kid becomes a remarkable man.**

Now I stayed right here, and raised a family
I never traveled far, but at night I dream
Of far flung places I never seen
I get out on the road, and I keep walking

**Sometimes I wonder where I might have gone
If I never settled down in this Massachusetts town?
If I'd stayed in motion, what if I'd planned
To walk across Africa to the Zanzibar sands?**

So I kiss my wife, start my day
Drop the kids at school, and I'm on my way
A remarkable life can be led this way
I got my road and I keep walking

**And I'll read to my kids of distant lands
And children who grow to remarkable men
Some live right here, but some make plans
To walk across Africa to Zanzibar**

from the CD "Home Isn't Home"
by Mark Lemaire and Twilight
www.marklemaire.com/

