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Thinking Him the gardener, they went away.
And so they know Him not to this very day.

* * * *

Sittin' in the library,
Hearin' that Muscle Shoals Sound
In the cathedral of my mind.

Watchin' all the people,
Seein' 'em shuffle through
With grave and secret purpose.

Feelin' kinda lonely,
Readin' my all-knowin' book
On the Origin of the Man.

Thinkin' kinda clearly,
Wonderin' uneasy-like
On the future of most mankind.