

## SOLITARY STEPPING

*Written by Patty Francis*

There's a room in a nearby town where I find myself sometimes,  
In step with fellow travelers on our steep and rocky climb,  
We think that with each other's help we can atone for all our crimes,  
Blind faith the blind can lead the blind.

Some of our eyes burn with elation while some are dull with shame,  
And we all pray or talk to angels that we know by different names,  
But it doesn't really matter 'cause our demons are the same,  
They show me theirs, sometimes I show them mine.

But I leave my good companions when I reach the door,  
Start my solitary stepping like I have time and time before.

And there's another room in a yellow house in a nearby neighborhood,  
I go there every week, pay my money to be understood,  
And the woman there who listens, she's almost as kind as she is good,  
And ever faithful to her oath,

There's nothing I can't tell her and nothing she can't hear,  
And no one gets much closer though she never comes that near,  
Because the space is wide between us and the boundaries are clear,  
It's a curse and a comfort to us both.

So I leave her good intentions when I reach the door,  
Start my solitary stepping like I've done time and time before.

And there's another house I go to when my day is through,  
Sometimes I walk outside at night and stare into the lighted rooms,  
And think how nice it'd be to live there, then I realize I do,  
Strange how a house becomes a home.

And in the stillness of that moment it's easy to believe,  
That I've walked a thousand lonely miles and this is where they lead,  
And in my struggle to discover exactly what it is I need,  
This may be as close as I ever come.

So later on as I walk inside I decide once more,  
To stop my solitary stepping like I have time and time before.