Mysterious Man

No More

Running away—go to it. Where did you have... in mind?

Have to take care—unless there's a "where." You'll only be wandering

blind. Just more questions. Different kind.

Where are we to go? Where are we ever to go?
Running away— we'll do it.

Why sit around— resigned?
Trouble is, son— The

farther you run— The more you feel undefined— For

what you have left— undone And, more, what you've left behind.