

Sometimes thinking I'm really alive I walk,
Breathing freely in the woods and pretend
I can really understand the scent of the pine
The blue of the sky and the strength of the trees;
I even go camping and live in nature
When really I'm dead in my mess-kit world;
Yes, I'm really dead when I think I'm alive
Because I'll never know - I'll never understand
The why of a falling leaf or the where of a blowing breeze.

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