

THE GREAT MISSING FACT

You were talking plain to me
It was about something
You were giving me a gleam
I was feeling nothing

You were drawing me a dream
I was hoping for a fun fling
You were scamming up a scheme
But I knew it was a done thing

Chorus

*I feel so out of touch
With the what is what
I've been hanging out too much
With the what is not*

Perhaps there is another world
Hidden somewhere deep below
Where the longing of language
Draws us silent and slow

Where the melody of emotion
Floats through us so easily
Like the radiant moon's intensity
That turns the darkened world aglow

Where no one has to write the final act
And no one is waiting on the great missing fact

Chorus

*I feel so out of touch
With the what is what
I've been hanging out too much
With the what is not*

Chuck Casey
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