

Eddie From Ohio, Sahara

chris was no philosopher
he was an ordinary man
twenty-four and running out of room
a rifle and a pack
and a sack of rice on his back
guided by Tolstoy and the moon
into the Yukon he would go
in search of a higher truth
Christopher would make a break
with this world
but he never escaped his youth

sahara will never be the south of france
obvious with the rising sun
if I had no home
I'd build one in the sand
if I didn't have a love I'd find me one
if I didn't have a love I'd find me one

four months alone in the ice and snow
is a long way from Annandale
locals and trappers and Eskimos
knew better than to trust that trail
at one with the earth he loved so well
a retreat from the civilized
hunger and emptiness took their toll
chris mcandless passed us by

Chorus