

Colours Run "The Traveller"

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Drag these remains
Through funereal rains
Heavy eyed as we stumble from the club
The kids in the car
They are brighter than stars
And it's clear they are nearly in love

Going where, I don't know
Try to bask in their glow
But my hands shake from the cold

So I laugh and I smoke
As they share some secret joke
And I feel a hundred years old

Why don't we stop

Cos I want to get off
Every mile we drive takes me further from home
I travel alone

Back to the world
With the things I have earned
In exchange for freedom to run
At the crest of the hill
I surrendered to the thrill
Now I'm caught in the cage of acceleration

Stop
Cos I want to give up
Every mile I fall takes me further from home
I travel alone

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