

Hair

"Immaterial"

Visit "[Immaterial](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Seasons are changing
The evening's closing in
Buy a small house down
Where everything looks bright
And cleaned so right
I hope I can see you
You seem so far away
Everyone's leaving, they've got to get away
And search for that dreamland so pack your bags
Create the brand new day
I hope I can see you
So many miles from home
I'm lost without a phone
But around the world we go
What can I tell you?
It's immaterial
And what can I say now that I'm out in the cold?
Your letters speak of so many things we find so rare
A steady job, cold charity
But it's kinder so they say...
I hope I can see you
So many miles from home
I'm lost without a phone
But around the world we go
What can I tell you?
It's immaterial
And what can I say now that I'm out in the cold?
Wherever you set your heart
It's best to call it home
But in a modern world
10,000 leagues are not too far to rome
I hope I can see you
So many miles from home and I'm lost without a phone
But around the world we go
What can I tell you?
It's immaterial
And what can I say now that I'm out in the cold?
It's immaterial
It's immaterial

