

Ian Gillan

"Always the Traveller"

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It's late in the season
Leaves are falling down
Autumn shades
Of red and brown

I heard you were leaving
Mind if I go along
I could hold your hand
And sing you a song

Always the traveller
Adrift in the wind
There's something about you
That's drawing me in

Maybe we'll make it
Through to next year
Go our own ways
And I'll meet you back here

Always the traveller
Adrift in the wind
There's something about you
That's drawing me in

Could I ever forget you
Not for a while

I'll be tasting your sweet, sweet lips
Mile after mile

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