

James Reyne

"The Traveller"

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Well it's a hard time for the traveller
And it's a high time for the poor
Something's very wrong here
This key won't fit the door
I'm gonna call a lawyer
Gonna call the president
Sure I heard the words you said
I just don't know what you meant

Chorus
Won't manhandle anymore
Just wanna tell the world I'm home
Yes I'm home
Slide over baby
Your bad dream's back again

Got a rifle - totin' man
He's got a shot-gun in his hand
We don't care no more
We've got a dead - bolt on the door
Tonight we're gonna see who wins
We're gonna suffer for our sins
We're gonna knock down all the windows
We're gonna let the cold wind blow

Chorus
I don't understand the bother
Appreciate the fuss
Fogging up the windows
On a big fat greyhound bus
Everybody's talkin'
There's such a carry on
By the time they form a posse'
I'll be long gone

I'm home
I'm back
I'm home
Ooh alright baby
Your bad dream's back again

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