

## **Chris Rea**

# **"Curse of The Traveller"**

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On the restless road to nowhere  
There's no certain peace, it seems  
Desire to keep on moving  
Till the river of dreams

Is it just because someone told you?  
Is it just because you found  
Old freedom feels uneasy when duty is around?

When allegiance asks the questions  
Old freedom twists and turns  
And chokes on codes of honor  
On the sword of no return

And it's the curse of the traveller  
The curse of the traveller  
Got a hold of me  
And it won't let you be

And in sleepless nights  
You'll call her name  
And feel loneliness  
Cold to the bone

And when the daylight breaks  
This old tired heart aches  
To be such a long way  
Such a long way from home

And you long for the harbor lights  
But you'll never be free  
Of the craving for refuge  
And the call of the sea

Always wanting to sell up  
But always needing to buy  
So till the road leads to somewhere  
And that river runs dry

It's the curse of the traveller  
Ain't gonna let you be  
The curse of the traveller

And it sure got a hold of me

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