P.F.M. (Premiata Forneria Marconi) "Traveler"

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Hey traveler
Feel it movin' wide
Sister, I feel a rumble
Magic noise
From the hall to the rafters
No one's voice
Can confuse what you're after

Hey traveler
You're standin' so damn tall
Neighbor, you're not alone
Magic noise
From the hall to the rafters
Raise you voice
If you know what we're after
Make your choice
It's nearly time...

Ahh...

Let your natural line
Allow your life to shine
Now we're sayin' it loud
We gotta get off the ground
Where our energies stroke the sound
Carry the words around
Raise your voice
Something's happenin' to us...

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