

Plowshare "Tarmac Kills My Past"

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The lights are shining with an orange glow
The night is cool, I live on the road
Devouring miles, enjoyin' full board
Bright lights big city, they sang it very well

The night air is my life, it's like breath, in my lungs
Burning wheels running fast, Tarmac kills my whole
past

I always restart, changing my way
They call me a fool, I am the fugitive
I have no friends, I never forgive
This new born child, is goin' to fly away...
The night air is my life, it's like breath, in my lungs
Burning wheels running fast, Tarmac kills my whole
past

They call me a coward, they think I am broke
Perhaps immature, or trying to escape
But I assure you that I'm not to blame
I'm Just The Explorer, leaving the dark smoke
The night air is my life, it's like breath, in my lungs
Burning wheels running fast, Tarmac kills my whole
past [repeat]

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