

Atlas Losing Grip "Riding The Tube"

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Just an ordinary morning in an ordinary life.
Concrete city walls, sometimes you feel so small -
unsatisfied,
Categorized, just a letter in a book, common
Fiction in other peoples eyes. Daytime rush in the
subway,
Reminds once again that life is running faster than
A runaway train. All these daily routines feed the need
To break free. Where are your demands on what your
Own life means? Sometimes you feel so small - I know
It's hard not to. You wanna see it all - it's waiting there
For you. Daytime rush in the subway reminds you once
Again, you're a blindfolded driver in the wrong lane.
Close your eyes, dream away. Under ground the tide
Is grey. Say goodbye to the tracks, ride the real waves,
True dreams are here to stay. Ride the real waves.
Dreams are here to stay. You're a blindfolded driver in
The wrong lane.

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