

Dynamic Road Service

"Meet Me"

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Summer came and changed my mind, I'd travel to be
free
People would't come with me, miss something that'll
Please
If I look inside myself, I hope I find some peace
Never ending journey that is gonna be so long - long

I will tie myself onto a treehouse without wood
Nails and plastics in the air will linger where I stood
All my nights are orange-grey with cities down my foot
Toxic colours and tvs will blind me on my way - way

Meet me on my way to my inner life I feel like flying
Trough my heart and all I feel I never noticed, what
I've been

If I had a dingo I would cover it inside
Of bags of porcelain in red, staring mystified
Other dwarves would come on down they've got
something
To hide
I will sigh and you won't mind if I stay on that cloud
- cloud

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