

Paper Lions

"Travelling"

Visit "[Travelling](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Travelling the road,
Last known is where I want to be
My compass directing, electing,
An open road with golden trees
But there's an old man in need on the ground,
try not to make a sound
He holds out his hand as I walk away,
I hear him say

Please don't be a stranger in my place

Travelling come to a tavern for a momentary rest
I see the old man
That I passed on the road in his distress
As I turned to go I can hear him say,
"Son, stay. Have a drink, I'll pay."
Let bygones be gone,
It's all in the past,
We raise a glass

Please don't be a stranger in my place

What if I could be what you wanted me to be
What if I could see what you wanted me to see
Come on and show me

Please don't be a stranger in my place

Visit [Paper Lions](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.