

Vents

"Travelling Man"

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[Vents] Word 'em up, check it out, yo.. 1975, born,
feeling warm and the world cold Elizabeth pigeonholed
blue-collar mould Got kicked out of school at fourteen
Rolled with a bad scene, smoked a bit of green Regular
shit, drifting around, rolling stone Found a job in the
abattoir, feeling alone Jetted to the outback, trying to
bounce back Met a chick, had a couple of kids, rang
dad, how's that? Didn't quite go to plan, moved to
Japan Seeing original man dying for land in Kosovo,
Milosevic gotta go Murdering kids, burning people in
their homes proper bro Came back less than a veteran
Thinking bout the reckoning, who is God? The
benevolent No more running, took twenty-three years
but I fucking found something that mean something,
c'mon! [Chorus: 8X] You just move with such stamina
[Vents] Check it out, yo.. Ay, 1999 born again, Pakistan
back at school Roll with a tool thinking about God's
rule Bounced to Kabul, something to live for Something
to die for, white boy down by law Word the fuck up,
studied to kill Physical stamina, leave your fatigue
bloody for real And I might have to cause right next
door they murdering little kids, land-mines in the floor
And I heard that they're brothers of mine And they
praise the same God, so why they try fucking with
divine law that been there before? The same
government that paid us paid them much more And the
day I got caught, said "Bro, man we one in the same"
and he put a magazine to my brain And they sent me to
the Guantanamo Bay with a gun runner, but I'll be out
in one summer [Chorus: 8X] [Vents] Yo, yo, yo..
checking out the infidel Listen well, praying for a prison
cell Lights on, never dark, can't sleep, man this is hell
Isolated, no charge but I'm crime related Very fucking
cold and they like 'em naked Blindfold, hoping that I
fold Make the pain a little better if you do what you're
told They torture you, who the fuck you been talking to?
Drown slow motherfucker, much more for you Starving,
they laughing, barking threats Pointing weapons at my
head, feeling half possessed Handcuffed till my wrists
numb Five years in a black hole, no trial, nowhere to
run Dad and no mum, ain't phoning them In a vacuum

feeling like alone again Never could sit still but when
they let me out I'ma hit the road and move with such
stamina

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