

Falcon, The

"The Routes We Wander"

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Tonight, tonight, the captain's dreams are bad
Searching for the tear and distant shore
Amidst the sluts, the drifters and the thieves
He doesn't dream of landing any more

Drowning in these tumblers
Tumbles through these doors
Swinging out to cold cement
From sticky, hard tiled floors
This is the route we wander, girl
Every god-damned day
So, swallow hard and wipe them dreams away
(Dreams away)
Swallow hard and wipe them dreams away

Come to life, come to life, come to life, come to life
again
Come to life, come to life, come to life, come to life
again

Woah!

The stove and the cold killed the men and the dogs
The last glimpse of sun then all winter is gone
Chained at the ankles, bound at the wrists
Stuffed into mail-sacks and tossed into drifts

Come to life, come to life, come to life, come to life
again
Come to life, come to life, come to life, come to life
again

Woah!

The lunar eye is burning, boring through me, digging
deep
Into my chest, into my head, into my days, into my
sleep
These dreams, these days, don't give me no peace
These dreams, these days, don't give me no peace

Come to life, come to life, come to life, come to life,
come to life woah!
(These dreams, these days)
Come to life, come to life, come to life, come to life,
come to life woah!
(These dreams, these days)

Woah!
Woah!
Woah!
Woah!
Oh!

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