

Hobos, The

"Thanks"

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This could be a story of mind or soul and we
Sit down round the fire quietly
It's not quite night so we have lots of time
Are you sad?
No we're sleeping
Psychotic paper ships we pass
To each other oh so fast
And think about the father

And I wanna thank you
For what you've done to me
And I want you to forgive me
For everything

Ain't you fed up with traveling around alone
Passing through so many different people
When they try to tell you every day
You are telling them the same
About what's good
And what's evil
But take it easy one day you learn
What is what for
It won't trouble you anymore
It won't trouble you

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