

Julie Schreiber Band

"Tourist"

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I wish air clouds could hold me up
like I thought as a child, growing up
I wish I could sound
soothing as the rainfall
but i am only, a drop from the storm

Feel like a tourist out in the country
Once this whole world was all countryside
Feel like a tourist in the big city
soon I will simply evaporate

the streams up north
the drums down south
they take across afganistan
a long time ago
you're shuffling your feet into the next dimension
soon skyscrapers, will be everywhere

I feel like a tourist lost in the suburbs
soon our whole world will be up in sprawl
feel like a lover along the ocean
feel like a teardrop streaming off your chin

some will bet against you
try even to prevent you
but not many can stop you man
if you got a perfect plan

can they possibly try
demand to know why
they would bow to you
in this sad thousand generations

feel like a tourist out in the desert
somehow it feels like the devil's breath
feel like a tourist out in this swampland
this world is just of water and land

everywhere I go are the tourists
but if you stay with me I'll always be around

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