

Tunde

"Long Way Home"

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Standing on the shoulders of the morning
You can see the moon
That lonely sickle scrapes the sky
And it's rising on the widow's peak
Of the afternoon

And it's a long way home

Ashtrays are graveyards for the cigarettes you smoke
Second-hand spirits rise from the filter
Headed for heaven but they
Stop at the ceiling
And into the walls they soak

And it's a long way home

I caught you looking at yourself
Who could blame you?
I was looking at you to
Baby, all the things you are afraid of
Are not afraid of you

And it's a long way home

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