Land's End

Thomas Kinkade

The work is done and the record pressed
Now you're doing battle
With the fickle press
You've got to strike the hammers
And pull the bow
And another fool
Is just another show
It's all the same
And you've seen it before
And don't it seem like too long a time
Since you were sweating in the streetlight?
Too many dreams, not enough schemes
And a bike with no gears to ride
With the wheels going too slow
So, you tell 'em:
"I'm leaving London for Lands End
With a green tent and a violin
I'm going to strike the hammers
And pull the bow

Just another day to forget this show
And come back to me"
Come back to me
Darling come back to me
Come back....
Now don't it seem like to long a time
Since you were sweating in the spotlight?
Too many jeers, not enough cheers
But when you sing you've got nothing to hide
Singing: "where does the time go?
And where did the time go?"
Oh Darling when will you ever learn?
The grass is always greener,
Its everywhere you turn
You'll see it:
Everything you're sure of is up for change
We're all stuck on this spinning stage
Spinning around and round
And round and round and round

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