

Madman

Sean Rowe

You can call me a madman but I am spoken for
You can take my possessions
leaves me an open door.

And the city has a way just to make you forget about all the stuff you love and thing you don't know yet about
the space that's left where nobody talks about the quiet on the path where nobody walks.

When the road takes me to the other side of the world let a walnut tree replace me,
give my body back to the birds.

You can call me a mad man but I am spoken for.

Should I blame my profession or should I bless the war.

And the city has a way just to make you forget about all the stuff you love and things you don't know yet about
the space that's left where nobody talks about the quiet in the path where nobody walks.

Love inflates you, a balloon,
but just one little pin and your work will try to waste you if you don't have discipline.
When the road takes me to the other side of the world, 'till the end decides to break me,
I will put my hand on the word.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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