Sojourn

Greylevel

Sitting on the edge
Of an armchair
My seatbelt unfastened
Shoelaces not tied
Letting the wind mess my hair
Make up all smudged
Waking up all blurry eyed
It's too early in the morning
For my words to come out right
Just getting used to sunshine
I'm still squinting in the light
And it looks like a perfect day
Just to get away
All the mundane
Has bought out the rebel
I was born to be
And it feels like the perfect time
Just to break away
This is my life
It's a sojourn from the norm, oh, yeah
I'm a non-conformist
I like doing stupid things
Like laughing on a train
Or falling in love again
Television, magazines
They tell you how to live your life
But not how to use your brain
It's too early in the morning
For my words to come out right

Just getting used to sunshine
I'm still squinting in the light
And it looks like a perfect day
Just to get away
All the mundane
Has bought out the rebel
I was born to be
And it feels like the perfect time
Just to break away

This is my life
It's a sojourn from the norm, yeah, oh, yeah
I wanna do something I've never done
Dip my toe beneath the surface of a sea
That I've never seen the bottom of
I'm not perfect, don't have to be
Can walk around in just bare feet
I'm comfortable in my own skin
My confidence, it starts within
And it looks like a perfect day
Just to get away
All the mundane
Has bought out the rebel
I was born to be
And it feels like a perfect time
Just to break away
This is my life
It's a sojourn from the norm
A sojourn from the norm, oh, yeah

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