

Traveller

The Weather Station

I felt just like a traveler as I went walking up my street.

Every building so familiar but it's like I never seen em.

There's the same rows of houses, row on row.

I felt just like a stranger as I set my key in the door, and lingered.

Standing there on the porch.

Little flecks on the brick, where the paint did not stick, I never could paint in the lines.

I felt just like a tourist, seeing it all for the first time.

Like a guest.

Unsure of what I might find.

I set down my boots where he would hang up his suits and I brushed the snow from my coat, to the skin I was soaked.

I felt just like a traveller, my eyes open wide.

Like a stranger, uncertain and shy.

Everybody's so well meaning, everybody's been so kind.

Called to see if I been eating, wondered when to come by.

You should have called somebody before it ever came to this.

You should have called somebody.

I wish... I wish you'd called me.

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

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