

Traveling Song

Ryn Weaver

Oh, father time
That meet a maid who lends one lively winking eye
We dance a borrowed chick while hiding from the fine
Oh, what I wouldn't spend to lend you mine, hmm

Nobody knows where they are going
Oh, how we try to wrap our minds
Over the edge of all our knowings
Be it a bang or the divine
Tip of my iceberg blues are showing
I've never been one for goodbyes
So, 'till I meet you there, I'm singing
A traveling song to ease the ride
And so you know, everywhere I roam
I'll see you on the road, ooh

Oh, I take it in vain
All the plans and moves that we made
Half a heart is aching to grow
So many times, just lovers you know, I know, I know
Your eyes are the rain, just a soul that's changin' in shape
I'll be laughin' all of the way
Thinkin' 'bout the days, oh

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So, farewell to my friend
He who taught me to love like a beast
And to feast like the queen that he fed turtle soup
Little boy from Paris to the States, check the facts
That was Magical Max

He was black sheep and mischief and loved for his craft
Then he told me that I was Apollo 13
On that very last day, he said
"Shoot for your dreams, little girl, to the stars,"
Well I'm taking you with me
Now this one is ours
And I know what you'd say, you'd say
"On with the show,"
So on we go

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