

# 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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