Traveller's Chant

Rizzle Kicks

Last week, I was passenger on a car seat
thinking of decision's that I made within a heartbeat
she used to make my heartbeat, it usually alarms me
lungs are overworking and I can't breathe
yes, I convinced myself I didn't like relationship malarkey
she said, wait you didn't ask me how I felt
I said I love that you're a nice girl
and I'm sorry but this really wasn't timed well
it kinda feels like it was maybe a blur
maybe coffee can tell us but I'd mainly prefer
feel like I've gotta scratch the surface, gotta break it to learn
and now I'll multiply the times and wish the tables had turned
I call this the travellers chant
whether you're sitting on a train or in the back of a car
thinking, maybe it's me, yes I do have places to be (got places to be)
and do I start at the end or end at the start
in this little bit of time, will I get very far
maybe it's me, yes I do have places to be
and I'll be there
yes, yeah the other day I was sitting in a train but in other place
I was on my way home or maybe some would say
I was thinking bout the days I wanna run away
I've only really got a couple mates
me, myself and I, how clich

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