National Express

Mark Olson

Once I lost my self-respect
I was stranded in blue and all by myself
Then my luck came up to me
I want to ride with you by the seaOh, my love
These traveling blues got a hold of me
It makes no difference what you do or where you stay
When you come home, you will know your nameA gypsy by the footprints standing in the rain
Here comes the National Express
Here comes the National Express
Here comes the National ExpressTrue the station was empty then
Light bulbs were broken, announcements grim
Children to follow, how they talk
Children to follow, where they walkWheres my home?
How could I lose this in a day?
It makes no difference what you do or where you stay
When you come home, you will know your nameA gypsy by the footprints standing in the rain
Here comes the National Express
Here comes the National Express
Here comes the National ExpressAncient survivor from the parish far away
With the dream they all share
Words fly through the stationHere comes the National Express
Here comes the National Express
Here comes the National Express
Here comes the National Express
Here comes the National Express

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