Faraway

The Tossers

Well here I am again
In a foreign town where I know no one
On another continent
Well it's four o'clock and I'm with someone
That I haven't met before
But I don't feel like I should leave
Well I might not find the door
Anyway the miracle's stirring meSo play on let 'em play for me
Just drag that bow across the string
So play on let 'em all night long
Oh I love to hear our gypsies songs
Away, away, oh I'm far away from home
Away, away, and the wonder lingers onPostcards, stamps, and songs
And bottles spilled on letters long
The wind through my own hair
At Normandy where I wish you were
Markets strange and surreal
Where black eyes flash from corners dark
The Young ones poor and infirm
They lift their hands to your own heart
Well I've seen this before
Old ones come to passWith empty eyes bed where there's grass
Skites with steel knuckles and knives
Waiting for a thrity franc paradise
Away, away, oh I'm far away from home
Away, away, and the wonder lingers on

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