Place To Belong

Little Dragon

I'm running late again the booth is dim
And it is cold and me, Ill miss this place
I'm in a sentimental state
While running late trams forget to stopAnd everything's in boxes
Packed up stamped to go but who knows
So I'm running away running too late
Running to stayMaybe I'll stumble upon a magic wand
A treasure a rocket a place to belong
A place to belongSoon the street lights
An orange glow the cab speeding
As I go so long a quick goodbye
Before I change my mindSo long a quick goodbye
Before I change my mind
So long goodbye, oh oh

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