

# 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 stop And everything's in boxes  
Packed up stamped to go but who knows  
So I'm running away running too late  
Running to stay Maybe I'll stumble upon a magic wand  
A treasure a rocket a place to belong  
A place to belong Soon the street lights  
An orange glow the cab speeding  
As I go so long a quick goodbye  
Before I change my mind So long a quick goodbye  
Before I change my mind  
So long goodbye, oh oh

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