

# 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 sea Oh, 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 name A gypsy by the footprints standing in the rain  
Here comes the National Express  
Here comes the National Express  
Here comes the National Express True the station was empty then  
Light bulbs were broken, announcements grim  
Children to follow, how they talk  
Children to follow, where they walk Wheres 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 name A gypsy by the footprints standing in the rain  
Here comes the National Express  
Here comes the National Express  
Here comes the National Express Ancient survivor from the parish far away  
With the dream they all share  
Words fly through the station Here 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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