

# Passenger

## Powderfinger

Caged  
You hold so tight, until your knuckles show  
Escape  
As far away as you could ever know You sink them all down  
And watch them float up  
Until the wheel has spun around  
You will be bound by what you are You stand in the corner  
With your face stripped of color  
For what? If you want to be a passenger  
Climb aboard with me, were leaving now  
Step outside and see another world  
Only if you want to be a passenger Chained  
So many places you'd prefer to be  
Then framed  
By a picket fence and salary You sink them all down  
Then watch them float up  
Until the wheel has spun around  
You will be bound by who you are You're tied to the corner  
With your hope twisted under  
In knots If you want to be a passenger  
Climb aboard with me, were leaving now  
Step outside and see another world  
Only if you want to be a passenger

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