

Travelling Alone

Passenger

Australian man, Scandinavian tan,
kicking stones round a square.
Sat for a while and carved out a smile,
as if someone would care.

Said Iâ€™m a long way from the Gold Coast.
For this dive ever known,
Oh and this just ainâ€™t my home.
It was my wife, my dear but sheâ€™s no longer here.
She left me travelling alone.

I never heard silence, ring out like a bell.
I never heard silence, like last night in my expensive hotel.
Well Iâ€™m loving a shadow, Iâ€™m trying to catch the rain.
But I never heard silence, till I heard it today.

She walked out of the hotel,
I could still smell the smoke,
of the burning heart left inside.
She said men are all assholes
And lifeâ€™s a bad joke.

She laughed and started to cry.
See, ten years with this man,
and a life time of plans,
oh, and I loved him to his bones.
Now I have lines on my skin and he has traded me.
He left me travelling alone.

Well I never felt silence, hear me like a train.
I never felt silence, like blood caused through my veins.
Well Iâ€™m loving a shadow, and Iâ€™m trying to catch the rain.
I never heard silence, till I heard it today.
I never felt silence, till I felt it today.
