

Nomad

Golden Earring

From the Album:

* To the hilt
Gone - With the northern sun

'Cross that far horizon

World of a thousand faces

I can't find my oases

There's a black ice in the sky

And wells are runnin' dry

Doomed to voyage till life's end

Load up strike camp again

Gone - Along the highway ribbons

Past city dwellings

I can see how far they are

From the stickers on their cars

But I'm a nomad

Can't look far ahead

Doomed to travel to life's end

Load up strike camp again

Yeah I've seen you down below

From my hotel window

On the run Star treks' on

We've got a dream in common

We've got a dream!

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