

The Routes We Wander

The Falcon

Tonight, tonight the captain's dreams are bad
Searching for a dim and distant shore
Amidst the sluts, the drifters and the thieves
He doesn't dream of landing anymoreDrowning in these tumblers, stumbles through these doors
Swinging out to cold cement from sticky hard tile floors
These are the routes we wander, girl, every goddamn day
So swallow hard and wipe them dreams awaySwallow hard and wipe them dreams away
Come to life, come to life, come to life
Come to life again
Come to life, come to life, come to life
Come to life againThe smoke and the cold killed the men and the dogs
The last glimpse of sun, then all winter it's gone
Chained at the ankles, cuffed at the wrists
Stuffed into mail sacks and tossed into driftsCome to life, come to life, come to life
Come to life again
Come to life, come to life, come to life
Come to life againThe lunar eye is burning, boring through me, digging deep
Into my chest, into my head, into my dreams, into my sleep
These dreams these days don't give me no peace
These dreams these days don't give me no peace
Come to life, come to life, come to life
Come to life
Come to life, come to life, come to life
Come to life
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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