

# Another Travelin' Song

## Bright Eyes

Well I'm changing all my strings  
I'm gonna write another travelin' song  
About all the billion highways  
And the cities at the break of dawn  
I guess the best that I can do now  
Is to pretend that I've done nothing wrong  
And to dream about a train  
That's gonna take me back where I belong  
Well now the ocean speaks and spits  
And I can hear it from the interstate  
And I'm screamin' at my brother on a cellphone  
He is far away  
And I'm saying nothing in the past or future  
Ever will feel like today  
Until we're parking in an alley  
Just hoping that our shit is safe  
So I go back and forth forever  
All my thoughts they come in pairs  
Oh I will, I won't, I doubt, I don't,  
I'm not surprised but I never feel quite prepared  
Now I'm hunched over a typewriter  
I guess you call that paintin' in a cave  
And there's a word I can't remember  
And a feeling I cannot escape  
And now my ashtray's overflowing  
I'm still staring at a clean white page  
Oh and morning's at my window  
She is sending me to bed again  
Well I dream the dark on the horizon  
I dream the desert where the dead lay down  
I dream a prostituted child touching an old man in a fast food crown  
Oh yeah, I dreamt this ship was sinkin' there was people screaming all around  
And I awoke to my alarm clock it was a pop song it was playin' loud  
So I will find my fears and face them  
Or I will cower like a dog  
I will kick and scream or kneel and plead  
I will fight like hell to hide that I am giving up

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>