

Mr Bagatelle

Mud

Hit the road to paradise
Never more to turn again.
Never stopping to think twice,
This mind of mine will never plan.

Call me Mr Bagatelle, you know me well.
Call me Mr Bagatelle.

Signs and places I ignore
Alone again I drift away.
Happy, hungry, smiling paw,
I hear the whispers as they say.

Call me Mr Bagatelle, you know me well.
Call me Mr Bagatelle.

Ah, the wanderer.
This wanderer, wasting my life away.
Maybe I've been blind,
But I can't find, peace of mind.

At home with superficial love,
I couldn't face another day.
Traveling light and living rough,
It's better than you are I pray

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Call me Mr Bagatelle.