

Tribal Nomad

Abney Park

Out in the endless barren wastelands, out in the lands of the free.

There lives a stone hard people, and they share this life with me.

It's not a life for the weak of heart, or for all, most do agree.

But for wandering tribal nomads, it's the only life we see.

Torches aglow
Chattel in tow
It's time to go
I'm a freehand, out in the wasteland

Torches aglow
Chattel in tow
It's time to go
I'm a freehand, out in the wasteland

Out past the edge of the open wasteland, edge of the land of the free,

People live like cattle, and they live in misery.

There's sickness, crime, and suicide, in the cities by the sea,

...

And they're told their life is better but that's not the life for me.

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