

Wanderlust

Abney Park

This world is filled with islands
Little specks of sand
Mountain peaks in a cloudy sky

Each one's a different world
And so my sails unfurled
And I will raise my sails high

When I am feeling stagnant
My lungs are filled with mud
I dream of Beijing and Molokai

When I am feeling down
Get my feet off the ground
And throw my head back to the sky

And fly!
And fly!

This world is filled with rust
I could drown in this dust
I need to see the Bhutan sky

I hear my soul groan
I feel my muscles moan
If I can't wander I will die

I could wander alone
Or take my whole damn home
I could give a monkey's eye

As long as the road's clear
A song is in my ear
And I will kiss this place goodbye

And fly!

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