

My early memories only come in handfuls
And those that follow span a decade uneventful
They live in VCRs that play my scrapes and scars on a screen for all
'Cause I was never one to look at them as anchors
But something lighter like a souvenir or postcard
I packed them up to drive and carry on 'til I called a new town home

I wanted more for myself than seeing life in the shade of this town
To always follow footsteps that never left; I wanted more for myself

Just because I've got my head in the clouds
Doesn't mean that my feet are off the ground
And if we're meant for things, then maybe I'm meant to be here

I wanted more for myself than seeing life in the shade of this town
To always follow footsteps that never left; I wanted more for myself

I've got my head in the clouds
I've got my feet on the ground x2

And if we're meant for things, then maybe I'm meant to be here

I wanted more for myself than seeing life in the shade of this town
To always follow footsteps that never left; I wanted more for myself x2
(I carried on to drive and called a new town home)