

Hang on Parade...
Catching up again
Where's the feeling we knew then
(Whisper, my friend...)
So we pick up, with empty cup
In dreaming we thrive
As we doze alone, and cradle stone
Am I alive?
...And all is fine on Kinakeet Island
Where they dance and sing
Lament the Brave
Ghost Rider the waves are rolling thin
Bang on Parade...
A magic place will wait
So we shop the streets, so indiscreet
Our eyes sedate
So we pick up with empty cup
And march along
As nostalgia plays from the tower waves
The ghost of a song...
...And all is fine on Kinakeet Island
Where they dance and sing
Lament the Brave
Ghost Rider the waves are rolling thin
We're on our way to Kinakeet Island
Lament the Brave
We're in the band....We're in the band...
Horizon Bound. Forever, horizon bound

We're in the band...We're in the band
Drawing lines in the sand
Living our lives hand to hand...
...On a warm night, in my mind
Ferry ride...