

Another fucking day,
it's still a nine to five, I swear.
I don't want to reach the top.
I don't want to be a millionaire.
I know that it may sound crazy,
but it's driving me insane.
Staring out the window of another fucking train.

[Chorus:]

We're walking...
Arm to arm. I won't follow.
Arm to arm. I won't lead.
Arm to arm. Beside me until tomorrow.
Arm to arm. You're walking arm to arm with me.

I'm feeling kind of homesick
when I smell the old pine tree.
I felt you in the breeze,
I close my eyes, it's not so easy for me.
Once or twice, three times a charm.
We were walking arm to arm.
I wanted that for so damn long,
but now it's gone. I've never been so wrong.

(Drop me a line.)

Tell me everything that I've been missing.
(Won't you drop me a line.)
Tell me where you're gonna be when I get home.

2000 years more
won't end this war, my brother.
Half empty, half full.
You're pushing, I'm pulling.

Back in '96, sometimes I sit and reminisce.
Took the train to Hoboken, I didn't know it then, but that is
when I found my place outside this so-called structured life.
Married to my only love and music is my wife.

[Chorus]