

Curse of the Traveller

Chris Rea

On the restless road to nowhere
There's no certain peace it seems
Desire to keep on moving
Till the river of dreams
Is it just because someone told you
Is it just because you found
Old freedom feels uneasy when duty is around

When allegiance asks the questions
Old freedom twists and turns
And chokes on codes of honour
On the sword of no return

And it's the curse of the traveller
The curse of the traveller
Got a hold of me
And it won't let you be

And in sleepless nights
You'll call her name
And feel loneliness cold to the bone
And when the daylight breaks
This old tired heart aches
To be such a long way, such a long way from home

And you long for the harbourlights
But you'll never be free
Of the craving for refuge
And the call of the sea
Always wanting to sell up
But always needing to buy
So till the road leads to somewhere
And that river runs dry

It's the curse of the traveller
Ain't gonna let you be
The curse of the traveller
And it sure got a hold of me