

Map of the World

City and Colour

There is a map of the world
That lies upon my weary face
Each line representing a mile
I have traveled from place to place
The colours are fading
The edges are tattered
It's grown a little [?] with age
There is a map of the world
That lies upon my weary face

That I cannot erase
I cannot erase
Ooh
I cannot erase

The current of life pulled me under
I was swept away
Expanding the distance between us
Every second to every day
I thought I had given
All I could offer
While trying to keep the dogs at bay
But the current of life pulled me under
I was swept away

Beneath the tidal wave
Beneath the tidal wave
Ooh
Beneath the tidal wave
Beneath the tidal wave
I will be erased

There is a map of the world
That lies upon my weary face
There is a map of the world
That lies upon my weary face