

Most of it was written by the time the van stopped
On the land by the ocean where the plane had dropped
And I try to talk about it now because I couldn't say it then

The truth of it is no one had slept for days
And likely wouldn't for days still
And it's said more to explain than excuse

Why does the nurse just come and the nurse just leave
I don't know if she believes in what's going on

You say I will say all the things you want to say
Instead of saying all the things you're supposed to say

The tourists came with their tourist smile
And not having been there, there wasn't much to say and they left
With a smile you said 'send them on'
And the tourist light a cigarette he said right now I'm full of
regrets
And I wondered if that's the truth of touring

Maybe tourists always tour around looking for something that can't be found
In their process of touring

Why do I do all the things that I do?
Instead of doing the things that I want to do.

The truth of it is no one had slept for days
And likely wouldn't for days still
And it's sad more to explain than excuse