

Gone, with the northern sun  
'cross that far horizon  
World of a thousand faces  
I can't find my oases  
There's a black ice in the sky  
And wells are runnin' dry  
Doomed to voyage till life's end  
Load up, strike campaign

Gone, along the highway ribbons  
Past city dwellings  
I can see how far they are  
From the stickers on their cars  
But I'm a nomad  
Can't look far ahead  
It's a voyage till life's end  
Load up, strike campaign

Doomed to travel till life's end  
Load up

Yeah I've seen you down below  
From my hotel window  
On the run, Star Trek's on  
We've got a dream in common  
We've got a dream in common  
We've got a dream