

So you travel around this country, you're looking for your holy
ghost
And what you're going to find? Is it somewhere where you like to
hide?
So you'll run around your ego, you'll run around your gold coast
You know you got the time, because this prison is our own design

So you're thinking of your future, you're thinking of some old
past
And it's your time to shine, so what you gonna go and leave behind?
And there's no one to be in with, there's nothing left downstairs
And when you feel despair, what's your method to get out of there?

So where you from son? And are you a troubled one?
And if so come under my wing
And what's your story? And is it glory or hate?
Cause that's the only way I think

So you run around this earth top, you run around your headmouth
And what you want to find? Is piece of mind of which you can't
describe?
And is definitely something, and is definitely somewhere
You know the signs are there
Call it a fable, would just be unfair

So where are you from girl? And will you paint my world?
And if so come under my wing
And what's your story? And is it glory or hate?
Cause that's the only way I think