

Given good ground to walk around on  
It would mean so much to me to see  
Things for my still young self or else  
I might not believe whatever people  
Say in their own ways, colourful faces  
And easy going shame almost telling me  
Things I need to know  
We're travelling, looking for the world  
Thinking in different words

I'm not leaving you  
No way friend, you'd ever last  
Yo no voye  
Sweet earth boy  
You'll have to think and wait

Given wide skies to search and fly  
It would sure seem to me that it's so  
Full of everything, either seen or unseen  
Endless night displays, cosmic death rays  
That hold your feet in place while  
Your mind runs away  
What I didn't know is that no one's going  
This old bus sits while jungles laugh and sing  
Nobody filled me in