

The Traveller

James Reyne

Well it's a hard time for the traveller
And it's a high time for the poor
Something's very wrong here
This key won't fit the door
I'm gonna call a lawyer
Gonna call the president
Sure I heard the words you said
I just don't know what you meant

Won't manhandle anymore
Just wanna tell the world I'm home
Yes I'm home
Slide over baby
Your bad dream's back again

Got a rifle - totin' man
He's got a shot-gun in his hand
We don't care no more
We've got a dead - bolt on the door
Tonight we're gonna see who wins
We're gonna suffer for our sins
We're gonna knock down all the windows
We're gonna let the cold wind blow

I don't understand the bother
Appreciate the fuss
Fogging up the windows
On a big fat greyhound bus
Everybody's talkin'
There's such a carry on
By the time they form a posse'
I'll be long gone

I'm home
I'm back
I'm home
Ooh alright baby
Your bad dream's back again