

Tourist

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I wish that clouds could hold me up like I thought as a child
growing up
I wish I could sound as soothing as the rainfall
But I am only a drop from the storm

Feel like a tourist out in the country
Once this whole world was all countryside
Feel like a tourist in the big city
Soon I will simply evaporate

They took the strings up north, the drums down south
After they crossed Afghanistan a long time ago
You're shuffling your feet into the next dimension
Soon skyscrapers will be everywhere

I feel like a tourist lost in the suburbs
Soon the whole world will be urban sprawl
Feel like a land lover out on the ocean
Feel like a teardrop streaming off your chin

Some will bet against you, try even to prevent you
But not many can stop you man, if you got a perfect plan
Can they possibly try - I demand to know why they would doubt you?
In this hand, a thousand generations...

Feel like a tourist out in the desert
So hot it feels like the Devil's breath
Feel like a tourist out in the swampland
This world is just patches of water and land
Everywhere I go I'm a tourist
But if you stay with me, I'll always be at home