

Fairytales & Firesides

Passenger

We are bitter losers, snarling through our smiles
We're the lost boys, in the supermarket isles
We're Christmas dogs, dumped by the side of the road
Confused, we will run for miles
We are road rage
We are stone age
We are wild

We are busted light bulbs, in a backstreet neon sign
We're the shaking gun, in a service station line
We'll drink though we're drunk,
We'll sink though we've sunk
We're fucked but we say that we're fine
We are rampage,
Missing back page's in our spine

We long, for journeys and the roadside
We long, for starlight and the low tide
Yeah, we long, for fairy tales and firesides
And oh,

We are coffeehouse cynics,
Too righteous, too rigid to believe
Disappointed romantics,
Scraping the heart's from our sleeves
We're the toothless drunk,
We're the ageing punk
Yeah, we are Adam,
We're the apple and we're Eve
We are beggars with shiny pennies, on our knees

We long, for sunlight on the hillsides
Yeah, we long, for yesterdays and hindsight
Oh, we long, for fairy tales and firesides
And oh,

Yeah we long for carnivals and fairground rides
Oh, we long for journeys and the roadsides
Oh, we long for fairy tales and firesides