

Savannah

Rough Silk

Another smoky venue and another long haired band.
Another storm of clapping hands `till the bus rolls again.
Alone in my hotel room with the TV on at night
just to kill the hurting silence after all that noise and light
.

And with every mile and every town
and every curtain fallin? down
I start to feel more like a clown
while the roadies start to load.
Like a drifter on a tumbleweed
- addicted to the sound of speed
- already dead but on my feet
and still on the road

Cry for me - my misery - Savannah
I'm searching for a place to call my home.
Set me free - insanity - Savannah.
You'll be by my side wherever I may roam
- Wherever I may roam.

I watch the world revolving
from my daily window seat.
The bus wheels keep on turning
`till it's time for the backbeat.
So if you think this is glamorous
You better should think twice
`cause it's all about the waiting
and it's all about the lies.

And with every mile.....