

Lowlands

The Strangers

Driving through the lowlands with the rain upon my face
Sparkes has got the brandy and were picking up the pace
Whole world seems in motion, body clock peculiar
That's the way we do things when we move from place to place

Been mobile now for hours and I cant make out my feet
Tarmac black refecltive on the north side of the street
Time to stoke the fires, spray flies from the tyers
Starts to get hypnotic like it's knocking out a beat

Louis went in for coffee, came back a guru
All the muscles in flanders couldn't do for our crew
Work is done and where on our way
Listen close and you can here them say
Halle halle alles Louis

So Big Knight, don't you slow down or we'll never make it back
Need to reach the shore line long before the chasing pack
Up again at sunrise, spooky how the time flies
Sleep's a distant cousin when you're on the beaten track