

Every Mother's Son

Traffic

Once again I'm northward bound,
On the edge of sea and sky
Tomorrow is my friend,
My one and only friend
We travel on together searching for the end
I'm a traveling soul
And every mother's son

Although I'm getting tired
I've got to travel on
Can you please help, my god?
Can you please help, my god?
Can you please help, my god?
I think it's only fair
Once again I'm northward bound,
On the edge of sea and sky

Together we will go and see what waits for us
A backdoor to the universe
That opens doors