

Tremblings Of Trails

Young Knives

We come undone in foreign parts
Our home is heavy in our hearts
But there's a bubble in Karachi
A Puerto Rican Joan and Chachi
The spirit of this place has long gone
In fact I think it never had one
So terrible and out of place
We've got the same decrepit stars

Got my papers and my ticket for the train
To anywhere, anywhere

Got my papers
Got my papers

We tread with people in their paths
Follow their signs and mystic marks
A mug of tea a cup of Sake
A Virgin Mary with the Marquis
By canoe and coracle
I solely own my carryall
Counting different coloured cars
We've got the same decrepit Stars
My plan has failed
Tremblings of trails
Yearning comforts of the dales

Got my papers
Got my papers
Got my papers
Got my papers and my ticket for the train
To anywhere, anywhere