

# Rootless

Youngblood Hawke

The world is feeling warmer  
The path rolling to your door is a jungle  
I'll be back because I never left

Down the dirty sidewalks stream  
Dressed in their finest dreams  
All the gold and revelry  
Like the ghosts of New Orleans

Pupils bigger than the canyons in the sea  
Darling, what would you do if you were me?  
If you were me, twisted in the vines  
Hoping that you would see

I'm feeling rootless in my wandering mind  
Time is moving, it's moving

I see you creep into my room like smoke  
Under my door, I can feel you in my throat  
You ain't no good but you're good enough  
I'll give you all my time but not my love

'Cause I'm trying to bring it home  
But you're standing in my way  
Bandits with red handkerchiefs  
Covering their face

It takes a whole lot to shake  
Don't get caught up in the time spent  
You're walking round in circles  
Asking where the time went

I'm feeling rootless in my wandering mind  
Time is moving while I'm feeling rootless  
Without you I am rootless, I am moving

I'm feeling rootless, so I keep on moving  
I'm feeling rootless, so I keep on moving on

I'm feeling rootless in my wandering mind  
Time is moving while I'm feeling rootless  
Without you I am rootless, I am moving