

Backyard Babies, Nomadic

One, two, three, four
I guess it's time to make it easier on ourselves
Is it time to let our feelings have their ways?
I know this time I won't do anything at all
This time I'll let the fire burn out of control
I get a feeling I can make it on my own
Like it's meant to be my kingdom and my throne
But I can only make it last a little more
If I'd only let that fire burn out of control
So c'mon now
Nomadic you, nomadic me
I'm walking on my knees
Nomadic you, nomadic me
A lot of things to see
I got a ticket for a nowhere ride
Everyday I've been a bit outside
Nomadic you
We're so not related, I'm so scared of heights
That's why I never learned to walk into the lights
I know it's time to say again, you'll never send me back
Now it's history but the fire burned out of control
So c'mon now
Nomadic you, nomadic me
I'm walking on my knees
Nomadic you, nomadic me
A lot of things to see
I got a ticket for a nowhere ride
Everyday I've been a bit outside
Nomadic you
Like if I was just nobody
Would I still be such a mess, if I would, I'd never confess
And there's you with all your sorrows
All those tears behind blackened eyes
You hide behind your fake disguise
So c'mon now
Nomadic you, nomadic me
I'm walking on my knees
Nomadic you, nomadic me
A lot of things to see
I got a ticket for a nowhere ride
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