

# Chris Rea, Curse Of The Traveller

On the restless road to nowhere  
There's no certain peace it seems  
Desire to keep on moving  
till the river of dreams  
Is it just because someone told you  
Is it just because you found  
Old freedom feels uneasy when duty is around

When allegiance asks the questions  
Old freedom twists and turns  
And chokes on codes of honour  
On the sword of no return

And it's the curse of the traveller  
The curse of the traveller  
Got a hold of me  
And it won't let you be

And in sleepless nights  
You'll call her name  
And feel loneliness cold to the bone  
And when the daylight breaks  
This old tired heart aches  
To be such a long way, such a long way from home

And you long for the harbourlights  
But you'll never be free  
Of the craving for refuge  
And the call of the sea  
Always wanting to sell up  
But always needing to buy  
So till the road leads to somewhere  
And that river runs dry

It's the curse of the traveller  
Ain't gonna let you be  
The curse of the traveller  
And it sure got a hold of me