

# James Reyne, The Traveller

Well it's a hard time for the traveller  
And it's a high time for the poor  
Something's very wrong here  
This key won't fit the door  
I'm gonna call a lawyer  
Gonna call the president  
Sure I heard the words you said  
I just don't know what you meant

Chorus  
Won't manhandle anymore  
Just wanna tell the world I'm home  
Yes I'm home  
Slide over baby  
Your bad dream's back again

Got a rifle - totin' man  
He's got a shot-gun in his hand  
We don't care no more  
We've got a dead - bolt on the door  
Tonight we're gonna see who wins  
We're gonna suffer for our sins  
We're gonna knock down all the windows  
We're gonna let the cold wind blow

Chorus

I don't understand the bother  
Appreciate the fuss  
Fogging up the windows  
On a big fat greyhound bus  
Everybody's talkin'  
There's such a carry on  
By the time they form a posse'  
I'll be long gone

I'm home  
I'm back  
I'm home  
Ooh alright baby  
Your bad dream's back again