

Pilate, The Travel Song

The road seen beneath the van's headlights,
It's cold so cold, cold enough to feel your sigh

My face up against the window now, don't you know it's cold outside,
Pick up your life as I pass by, can't you see I'm cold inside

We were poor but we had something,
What wasn't poor was poisoned by your fear,
You wanted more, I gave you nothing,
I may be blind...

Each town, each town it seems the same my dear,
It's loud tonight, your heart is ringing in my ear

Walk out the door across the street, don't you know it's cold outside,
Pick up the phone my signal's weak, can't you see I'm cold inside

I think you know...

We were poor but we had something,
What wasn't torn was poisoned by your fear,
You wanted more, I gave you nothing,
I may be blind for I never saw your tears

I think you know...

We were poor but we had something,
What wasn't torn was poisoned by your fear,
You wanted more, I gave you nothing,
I may be blind for I never saw your tears,
As days pass by the gap it now appears,
When I come home please say that you'll be there...