

Poets Of The Fall, Tobacco road

Light breaks the horizon as I lean against this wall
Sunshine wakes the energy from deep within the soil
Once again tomorrow rises from the factory floor
In the open hand lies the key to every door
Voices raise demanding for is right for what is might
Knowing the children before let they have to fight
By the wall a boy steps out, another cigarette
Morning in the city's unwilling to start yet
On tobacco road the lucky boys are singing
But the victims can not show us this humorous day
Knife in hand the boy scratches a message on the wall
On tobacco road his dream will never ever fall
knife in hand the boy scratches a message on the wall
On tobacco road his dream will never ever fall
I remember when I saw a kite saw through the sky
Ask my father if he'd catch that pretty butterfly
Looking in his eyes I saw it was a world away
People on tobacco road may look but they can't play
Evening comes so slowly like a whisper from the deep
All along tobacco road the time has come for sleep
Shadows hide the boy as sunset steals away the light
If it takes forever one day he will have that kite
Tobacco road and the lucky boys are singing
But the victims have no chance to see us today
Knife in hand the boy scratches a message on the wall
On tobacco road his dream will never ever fall
Knife in hand the boy scratches a message on the wall
On tobacco road his dream will never ever fall
Knife in hand the boy scratches a message on the wall
On tobacco road his dream will never ever fall
Knife in hand the boy scratches a message on the wall
On tobacco road his dream will never fall