

Powderfinger, (Return Of) The Electric Horseman

In my head inside my dreams
Under my hand as no one's seen
Bent to the will of the others
Strange kind of day to discover

That all seasons fail and recover
Don't tie the hands of your brother
All seasons fail and recover

Home ground relief from a name
Feather to breathe and remain
In your climb to be unique
Why don't you see you have all turned out the same

Now all seasons fail and recover
Don't tie the hands of your brother

How do I decide where to go If I don't know who to bring
Share secrets with the wine and the wind

All seasons fail and recover
Don't tie the hands
All seasons fail and recover
Don't tie the hands
Don't tie their hands
Don't tie their hands

In your climb to be unique
Why don't you see you have all turned out the same