

Turin Brakes, Road To Nowhere

The dad he was fifty, the kid was nine years old
He stood there like a miracle, with the kid's heart in his hold
I think I might be dying, at least that's what I'm told
Inside kid is crying, for the dream has just been sold

I'm only nine, I'm already feeling the strain
It seems everyone's dying or curling up in pain
Well it's just a losers game, dad
It's just a loser's game

Come try and catch me, I'll catch me if you can
I'll be the first to miss the grip of your hairless boney hands
Well people run for shopping malls but you're waiting in the sky
Oh which consumer will you crush and which will you let burn

I'm only nine, I'm already feeling the strain
It seems everyone's dying or curling up in pain
Well it's just a losers game, dad
It's just a loser's game

Oh, put the sun in the back of this vehicle
Remember the sun, where the beach boys were playing
Run for the sun

Oh dad, ain't it sad
That we're on this road to nowhere (x3)
I know

I'm only nine, I'm already feeling the strain
It seems everyone's dying or curling up in pain
Well it's just a losers game, dad
It's just a loser's game