

# 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