

Walkabouts, Blown Away

Out past the trees there is nothing to burn
Just an empty gas station, left to me in a will
Just a plate of bad habits and plenty of salt for the wounds
Just a plate of bone china and plenty of salt for the wounds
At night there are voices
By the old station house
They come from an angel with a kerosene tongue
She say's: "there is trouble, a trouble that no one can name"
She say's: "help is too late when the memory doesn't remain";

Blown down the wind
Let the trouble begin
Get blown away
Never look back again

Down on the troubled wind
Down on the troubled wind

You can come on the nightbus and spend a few days
You can set some explosions and fall asleep in this bed
But I know that you won't stay with hundreds of miles to go
Trouble has no friends when trouble needs some place to go

Blown down the wind
Let the trouble begin