

# Waltari, Tired

An orphan child walks and sniffs the air  
in an orphan forest  
everybody seems to whip him badly  
in this world of jealousy  
Hes lost in the sea of tears and cant confess  
that he still exists.

He walks alone, hes as weird as a stone:  
He broke his needle and he cant crawl  
(Love him!)

He writes poems on a little red sheet  
showingem to his granny (rest in peace)  
he blows his mind, out in the fields, catching  
just empty space

Chorus

Ride on - ride on - ride on - Ride on to liberation  
Ride on - ride on - ride on - Ride on to destination  
Ride on - ride on - ride on - Ride on to your own sensation  
Ride on - ride on - ride on - Ride till the music nation comes!

He builds a heaven on the top of his room  
forgetting the world outside  
Then one prick comes, showing some interest, saying:  
'I can make you a big star'  
In his mind he climbs to the clouds, throwing  
rotten flowers into the holes of the ground  
So I ask: Who are you? Already leaving?  
Isn't there any time..?

Ride on - ride on - ride on - Riding the liberation  
Ride on - ride on - ride on - Riding the satisfaction  
Ride on...