

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...