Alex Lloyd, Travel Log

Home again in the morning Sick and tired of this game I forgot my own warning Don't forget your own name

No, no Oh, oh

Traveling through the night

Oh, oh

Everything will be all right

Oh, oh

Traveling through the night

I can't fly 'til I get home in the morning

Nothing I do seems to matter

Every act come pre-arranged

When my mind is bruised and battered No one here but me to take the blame

Take the blame

Oh, oh

Traveling through the night

Oh oh

Everything will be all right

Oh, oh

Traveling through the night

I can't fly 'til I get home in the morning

Oh, oh

Traveling through the night

Oh, oh

Everything will be all right

Oh, oh

Travel ling through the night

Oh, oh

Everything will be all right

Oh, oh

Traveling through the night

Oh, oh

Everything will be all right

Oh, oh

Traveling through the night

I can't fly 'til I get home in the morn

In the morning