

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
Traveling 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