

Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Lonesome Traveller

Where's that lonesome traveller
Who bids farewell and walks away
Who took away my dreams
To protect them from the day
And where have all the bridges gone
And young lovers burning bright
You can only see them
Under the blanket of the night
I don't know where you came from
You just stepped into the light
Said that we're all travellers
On this dusty road called Life
Who will catch the Wonder
As it rains down from the sky
Bring back all our laughter
Put the sun back up high
And where did all the seasons go
An explosion of shadow and light
You can only see them
Under the blanket of the night
I don't know where you came from...
Who will lay me down
In the coolness of the shade
Stroke my brow, caress my hand
On that eternal day
And where will all my memories go
Will they all fade out of sight
You can only see them
Under the blanket of the night
I don't know where you came from...