

Art Of Fighting, Eastbound

lying in an empty room
sunlight breaking through the blinds
shadows in venetian lines
longing is a state of mind
for home

and I don't where you are, I don't where you are, I don't where you are, I don't where you are
another memory that I refuse to follow
brings itself out of the dark
disappears just like the last
another shiver from the past
is gone

and I don't where you are, I don't where you are, I don't where you are, I don't where you are
london, pretty and dark
new york, maybe central park
tokyo, neon and flash
berlin, baby, dressed in black
eastbound and westbound across
this world you go
to be lost

I thought I might have made it out to see you
ride in on a midnight bus
or on a plane against the dusk
but I don't like to travel much
from home

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new York, maybe central park
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