

British Lions, Big Drift Away

(john fiddler)

Thinkin' about my past, and I can't help myself
Feelin' like an unwritten book sitting on the author's shelf
Let the printer set the type, 'n even roll the press
Writer, write your story and get me outta this mess!

All of the prophecies written in the fortune stars
Race through my mind in anarchy like railroads of colliding cars
I live like a mirage, and I live like a dream
Many people think that they know me, but they're only outside lookin' in

'n I've been travelling, travelling for so long
I've been travelling, travelling for so long
I've been travelling, travelling for so long
I've been travelling, travelling for so long

So you can't turn my pages or read between my lines
Till the birds have fled their cages 'n there ain't no more gold to find
Let the fiddler play until the break o' day
Hand me that bottle boys and let me drift away

Big drift away!!!

I've been travelling, travelling for so long
I've been travelling, travelling for so long
I've been travelling, travelling for so long
I've been travelling, travelling for so long
I've been travelling, travelling for so long
I've been travelling, travelling for so long
I've been travelling, travelling for so long
I've been travelling, travelling for so long

Big drift away!!!