

Bush, Fugitive

We got the soul, we got the honey
To stay alive we keep on running
House is on fire, we're petrol-stained
We stay on the move, ahead of the flames
We are the new accelerators
Faster we go before they make us
Maybe we did, maybe we don't
Let's see your face as you throw the stone

I am a fugitive on the run
I carry the weight of what I've done

Those born of sweat through eyes of love
Bring more light than 5000 hertz
It's not where you're from but where you go
And what you believe is more than you know
Open your head, open your head
Hold me close as we jump off the edge

I am a fugitive on the run
I carry the weight of what I've done
So don't carry the weight
Don't carry the weight
Don't carry the weight
Don't carry the weight, weight, weight

You can't change the world
But you can change what's to come
You can't change the world
But you can change what's to come

I am a fugitive on the run
I carry the weight of what I've done
So don't carry the weight
Don't carry the weight
Don't carry the weight
Don't carry the weight, weight, weight
Weight, weight, weight, weight

Don't carry the weight, weight, no