

# Crowded House, Tombstone

Look at all the plans I made  
Falling down like scraps of paper  
I will leave them where they lie to remind me  
From the past a rumour comes  
Don't let it keep draggin' you down  
Throw the memory in an open fire  
You'll be free  
Roll back the tombstone  
Let the saints appear  
Roll back the tombstone  
Make a new man out of me  
Beware the passenger  
The train already left the station  
We are neither at home nor at work  
We are moving  
Listen to the howling of steel  
A face betraying no emotion  
Like you never had a chance to be  
Wild and free  
Roll back the tombstone  
Let the saints appear  
Roll back the tombstone  
Till the Lone Ranger rides again  
Rides again in your mind  
Rode across the open plain  
All the way  
and back again