

Golden Earring, Nomad

From the Album:

* To the hilt

Gone - With the northern sun
Cross that far horizon
World of a thousand faces
I can't find my oases
There's a black ice in the sky
And wells are runnin' dry
Doomed to voyage till life's end
Load up strike camp again
Gone - Along the highway ribbens
Past city dwellings
I can see how far they are
From the stickers on their cars
But I'm a nomad
Can't look far ahead
Doomed to travel to life's end
Load up strike camp again
Yeah I've seen you down below
From my hotel window
On the run Star treks' on
We've got a dream in common
We've got a dream!