

# Haircut 100, Immaterial

Seasons are changing  
The evening's closing in  
Buy a small house down  
Where everything looks bright  
And cleaned so right  
I hope I can see you  
You seem so far away  
Everyone's leaving, they've got to get away  
And search for that Dreamland so pack your bags  
Create the brand new day  
I hope I can see you  
So many miles from home  
I'm lost without a phone  
But around the world we go  
What can I tell you?  
It's immaterial  
And what can I say now that I'm out in the cold?  
Your letters speak of so many things we find so rare  
A steady job, cold charity  
But it's kinder so they say...  
I hope I can see you  
So many miles from home  
I'm lost without a phone  
but around the world we go  
What can I tell you?  
It's immaterial  
And what can I say now that I'm out in the cold?  
Wherever you set your heart  
It's best to call it home  
But in a modern world  
10,000 leagues are not too far to Rome  
I hope I can see you  
So many miles from home and I'm lost without a phone  
But around the world we go  
What can I tell you?  
It's immaterial  
and what can I say now that I'm out in the cold?  
It's immaterial  
It's immaterial