Paul Weller, Push It Along

Push it along
Push it along
Baby I'm gonna ride the train
ride baby

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Push it along
Baby I'm gonna ride the train
ride baby

The desert moon is full, and he lacks a sense
I feel the loving touch of invisible hands
And all across the sky, I could see his eyes
lift me up let my soul just fly (around me)

Push it along
Push it along
Baby I'm gonna ride the train
ride baby (repeat x 3)

Through desert winds that know no reason
Where the only sound is of the season
The heat of the day, the cool of the evening
I'm the only measure, of what I'm feeling

So what to think?
So what to feel?
So what to see?
So what to be?

I'm used to this
I'm used to that
I'll stand in a field
In a scarecrows' hat

*
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* repeat x2

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