

Powderfinger, Passenger

Caged

You hold so tight until your knuckles show

Escape

As far away as you could ever know

You sink them all down

And watch them float up

Until the wheel has spun around

You will be bound by what you are

You stand in the corner

With your face stripped of colour

For what?

If you want to be a passenger

Climb aboard with me we're leaving now

Step outside and see another world

Only if you want to be a passenger

Chained

So many places you'd prefer to be

Than framed

By a picket fence and salary

You sink them all down

Then watch them float up

Until the wheel has spun around

You will be bound by who you are

You're tied to the corner

With your hope twisted under

In knots

If you want to be a passenger

Climb aboard with me we're leaving now

Step outside and see another world

Only if you want to be a passenger