

Robert Kramer, Knockaround

I'm just walking thru a bordertown
With the wind of change on my back
Trailin' the bad luck, my whole life
I only keep what I don't put down,
I keep a simple life
And feel the past cut, like a knife

Knockaround, I never stay in one place
Knockaround, to ever call it home
You'll never find me, cuz I was born to roam

There's a church in my distant past
Where I made my confession
The priest he blessed me
And forgave my sins
I never wanted to run away
But he left me no choice
Now I'm the reason, for the life I'm in.

Knockaround, I never stay in one place
Knockaround, to ever call it home
You'll never find me, cuz I was born to roam

Nowhere is somewhere
When you're all alone
When you're on the phone
And your life keeps calling, your life keeps calling
Your life keeps calling you home