

# Robert Post, New Born

I lost my voice  
I bit my tongue  
Don't have a choice  
But to remain quiet

Tomorrow I will hop a train  
Travel away the rain  
Travel away

And come back new born  
And come back new

I lost my way  
Where are all the good time girls  
The ones with jewelry and pearls  
Maybe Ill catch her soon

Tomorrow I will hop a train  
Travel away the rain  
Travel away

And come back new born  
And come back new

Tomorrow I will hop a train  
Travel away the rain  
Tomorrow all my lack of rain  
I travelled away the pain  
Travelled away

And come back new born  
And come back new  
And come back new born  
And come back