

Ryan Shupe & The RubberBand, Carry Me Away

The geese are flying south and that's where I want to go
Cause winter's coming on and it'll be 43 below
And I've seen their cold, pale faces frozen to the bone
See we don't have a fireplace and we don't have a home
And I've seen them lying in the streets
Their words are frozen in the air
And I've seen them tattered torn and huddled in the snow
A cold reminder that it's coming time to go
So when I hear that whistle blow
I'll catch the next train out of town
I'm not sticking round this city here I'm heading southbound
And like the geese are flying south
It'll carry me away from here

Carry me away , carry me away, away from here
To another day, to another day, take me there

Huddled round the fire many fingerless gloves
Searching for some kind of warmth
Searching for some kind of love
But out here it seems all my friends turn into enemies
And probably not enough times do you find me on my knees
But I pray for him to carry me away from here
I seek shelter in an alley It's a funny life to choose
A sick sense of humor but I feel I've nothing to loose
So I wander through the night catching train after train
I'm running from my problems I feel I've nothing to gain
And I cry out but the whistle drowns my voice in the air