

Soraya, Paris, Cali, Milan

Hitched a ride last night
driving fast never felt so right
I held my hand up high
and grabbed a handful of my life

Theres a feeling of an urgent kind
that makes me run when Im walking
that line I lose myself in the warmth it gives me

I lose myself in its jaded bliss
I dream, I grieve, I make believe
I fly away yet Ill fight to stay

Once again, I face a change
that moves my world into unknown space

This place I call home
is an ever changing array of stones

Paris, Cali, Milan
are my faithful lovers
I fall in their arms

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that makes me run when Im walking
that line I lose myself in the warmth it gives me
I lose myself in its jaded bliss I dream,
I grieve, I make believe
I fly away yet Ill fight to stay

Once again, I face a change
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Unto wisdom and unto glory
unto failure and unto fame
Ill throw myself and I wont
look back Ill crave them all
with no sense of shame

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