

Spirit Caravan, C, Yourself

Where are you, what are you looking for?
So far through beyond survival's door

The grip on my heart was like a mortal disease
I thought would never pass
The trip was so hard like a leaf on the breeze
It just kept movin' so fast, too fast

You told me yourself that you were destined
To run and that your feelings were blind
Under the freeway the spirits take form
Staring in the soup line

The result of the end was that you turned
On a friend like it was part of a game
But my heart was not cold a mistake I've been
Told but it will never change, never change