

The Anywheres, Start The Clock

the time has come
to close the door behind you and start the clock
I'm parked out front
so pull the suitcase to the car, throw it in the trunk
and we've been so patient
we've waited such a long time for another year
and we've got the scars
so it's time to take the clutch, throw it into gear

now I'm on the road
feeling hungry
but I want that time again
and we're on the road
feeling lucky
but I want that time again

and it feels like rain
falling through the sunroof, onto our heads again
and I can't explain
how something I wanted so much one day could have caused this pain
but we're always waiting
for that robin to swoop down, perch upon our hands
and when it doesn't, the need to fly away might not go as it's planned

that's why I'm on the road
feeling helpless
but I want that time again
we're on the road
feeling hopeless
but I want that time again
that's why I'm on the road
going backwards
but I want that time again
and I see the stars,

they're falling faster
but I want that time again
and I'm on the road
going nowhere
but I want that time again
we're going home
we're going backwards
but I want that time again
and we're on the road
we're going nowhere
but I want that time again
and I see the stars,
they're getting closer
but I want that time again
and we're on the road
we're going nowhere
but I want that time again
and we're going home
we're getting closer
but I want that time again
and we're on the road
we're moving faster
and I want that time again
and we're going home
we're getting closer
and I want that time again
and we're on the road
I'm feeling hopeless
and I want that time again

and we're going home
I'll drive forever
and I want that time again
I want that time again