

## Lowlands

### The Strangers

Driving through the lowlands with the rain upon my face  
Sparkes has got the brandy and were picking up the pace  
Whole world seems in motion, body clock peculiar  
That's the way we do things when we move from place to place

Been mobile now for hours and I cant make out my feet  
Tarmac black refecltive on the north side of the street  
Time to stoke the fires, spray flies from the tyers  
Starts to get hypnotic like it's knocking out a beat

Louis went in for coffee, came back a guru  
All the muscles in flanders couldn't do for our crew  
Work is done and where on our way  
Listen close and you can here them say  
Halle halle alles Louis

So Big Knight, don't you slow down or we'll never make it back  
Need to reach the shore line long before the chasing pack  
Up again at sunrise, spooky how the time flies  
Sleep's a distant cousin when you're on the beaten track