

Post Funk

Dear Valley

I have got this kind of lust
This wanderlust
It is telling me to go
So I must go

It's calling, calling
I must answer
It's calling, calling
I must answer

I can't control this lust
This wanderlust
It is telling me to go
So I must

It's calling, calling
I must answer
It's calling, calling
I must answer

Four, three, two, one
I've got the van parked out front
Wake up, let's go quietly
We won't tell anybody

This fever has a name
It's wanderlust
It is telling me to go
So I must go

Nothing can stop me
I am free
Nothing can stop me

Salt water
Red boulder
White sand
Black sky
Salt water
Red boulder
Drive, drive, drive, drive

Run while you still can
Jump while you still can
Swim while you still can
Climb while you still can

I want to get a motorcycle
And ride through Mexico
I want to feel the desert heat
I want to sleep beneath the trees

La la la la la la...

It's calling, calling
I must answer
This fever in my brain is wanderlust

It is telling me to go
So I must

It's calling, calling
I must answer
It's calling, calling
I must answer

I feel it in my blood
I feel it in my bones
There's places I must go
I must go

Nothing can stop me
I am free
Nothing can stop me