I'm traveling not running
I don't like it here
From cracks in the pavement
Faces appear
I'm sleeping not coming
Fantasy's far
If you don't want to get there
Then stay where you are

Sometimes I feel, just a little bit older Sometimes I feel, for you

I could have been
Anything for you
I could have been old
I could have been blue
We could have been two
But I'll make it clear
All of this for you
But I wasn't here

I'm travelling not running
I don't like it here
The crime that I touched you
Was paid for in fear
I'm sleeping not coming
How much can you see?
How much do you know
Of the places I'll be?

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I could have been old
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We could have been two But I'll make it clear All of this for you But I wasn't here