

Top of the Road

Iwan Rheon

A lovely morning, at least that's what he's told
The sky is blue but cold
And on the same bus with the suits and the fools
The driver's jokes get old
Can you scream silently? Can you just explode?
The bus goes on and on
They said he'd find it at the top of the road
Desire in his soul

All this is, is wind blowing over you
All this is, is wind blowing over you

And then he sees them, their sure flashes of smiles
Those leaflets and their words
They talk of new things and the state of this land
The only way to go
And then they show him what we've been doing wrong
The values that they hold
They said he'd find it at the top of the road
Desire in his soul

All this is, is wind blowing over you
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Can you fight it? Can you fight it?
The truth's on hold but maybe you like it?
Can you fight it? Can you fight it?
The truth's on hold but maybe you like it?

All this is, is wind blowing over you
All this is, is wind blowing over you

You see this boredom is destructive and cold
When brainwashed by false hope
Like many young men he despises us all
Those white, those black, those brown
And it's so easy to just hate him away
Disgusting is what you say

He went and found it at the top of your road
This disillusioned soul
He went and found it at the top of your road
Desire in his soul
He went and found it at the top of your road
This disillusioned soul