

Well, my bags are packed, I'm ready to go
Whichever way the world is tilting
Because I won't get back the part of my soul
I sold to the devil for a coffee for the road
I never wanted to get anywhere
I never wanted to get anything
Desire is the point of everything

There's a line of shadows on the far horizon
It could be stormclouds and it could be mountains
All my life I've been gazing to the far horizon
It could be stormclouds and it could be mountains

I have never been a wise man - living too fast and recklessly
Too quick to judge, too quick to act and forgive and forget
And always gone before the reckoning
I grew up listening to the distant hum
Of the traffic on the Great Western Road
Wishing I was gone
Screaming out to the wind - bring it on, bring it on

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All my life I've been gazing to the far horizon
It could be stormclouds and it could be mountains
Breaking open...