

Twenty Seven

Passenger

27 years, 27 years old
Only thing I know, the only thing I get told
I gotta sell out if I want to get sold
Don't want the devil to be taking my soul

I write songs that come from the heart
I don't give a fuck if they get into the chart, or not
Only way I can be, is to say what I see
And have no shadow hanging over me

I don't know where I'm running but I know how to run
'Cause, running's the thing I've always done
I don't know what I'm doing but I know what I've done
I'm a hungry heart, I'm a loaded gun

27 years, 27 years now,
Only thing I know, I know that I don't know how
To please everybody all of the time
'Cause everybody always fucking changing their minds

A little bit faded, a little bit jaded
Don't want to stop, won't be persuaded
To write words I can't believe in,
To see my face on a video screen

I don't know where I'm running but I know how to run
'Cause, running's the thing I've always done
I don't know what I'm doing but I know what I've done
I'm a hungry heart, I'm a loaded gun

Oh oh, oh, ooooh, ooh, oh, oh oh, ooooooh, oh oh, ooh

27 years, 27 years done
Written 600 songs, only 12 get sung
87,000 cigarettes have passed through these lungs
And every single day I wish I'd never smoked one

A week brushing my teeth and a week getting my haircut
8 years sleeping, I'm still tired when I wake up
A whole year eating and I still lost weight fuck
5 proper girlfriends and 5 messy breakups

27 birthdays, 27 new years
30,000 quid, just so I could have a few beers
Ever dying old hopes, ever growing new fears
Don't know where I'm going, but I know how I got here

Don't know where I'm running but I know how to run
'Cause, running's the thing I've always done
Said I don't know what I'm doing but I know what I've done
I'm a hungry heart, I'm a loaded gun