

Journey

Paul Weller

Cut all the corners, step on the old routine
Oh what a joke these twenty-four years have been
Honey, in my mind I can see your star
I know who you are I've been learning
All right, so now we know which way the wind blows
Let's get up and go, no returning

Pack up your sorrow, put away your evening star
Don't change your clothes, I like you just the way you are
I know you've been sleeping under a big black cloud
And you never been allowed to be honest
Well I'm no saint but I'll carry you home
There's a place of your own if you want it

Soon we'll be sailors, sailing on the salty sea
Where the waves of the world would be the one and only company
Come up and see the world it's like a ship going down
It's running a-ground, it's all over
But these flying fishes are gonna jump up and smile
Every league, every mile, to terra nova