

Passenger

Powderfinger

Caged
You hold so tight until your knuckles show
Escape
As far away as you could ever know
You sink them all down
And watch them float up
Until the wheel has spun around
You will be bound by what you are

You stand in the corner
With your face stripped of colour
For what?

If you want to be a passenger
Climb aboard with me we're leaving now
Step outside and see another world
Only if you want to be a passenger

Chained
So many places you'd prefer to be
Than framed
By a picket fence and salary
You sink them all down
Then watch them float up
Until the wheel has spun around
You will be bound by who you are

You're tied to the corner
With your hope twisted under
In knots

If you want to be a passenger
Climb aboard with me we're leaving now
Step outside and see another world
Only if you want to be a passenger