

Worn-out Passport

The Copyrights

I wanna die with a worn out passport
In the pocket of stolen jeans
On a beach somewhere I've never been before
Full of people I've never seen

And I want my body filled with
More alcohol than blood
Don't take this as self destructive
Because this wish is filled with love

So we drank and talked for hours
About the places you wanna go
I suggested every country in the world
And I never heard a 'no'

You could never look like a tourist
I might as well have maps unraveled
I wanna die with a worn out passport
And I would really like to travel

Whoa, Whoa

I wanna die with a worn out passport (Whoa)
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Whoa-oh