

No Roots

Tom Walker

I like digging holes and hiding things inside them
When I grow older, I won't forget to find them
I've got memories and travel like gypsies in the night

I build a home and wait for someone to tear it down
Then pack it up in boxes, head for the next town running
I've got memories and travel like gypsies in the night

And a thousand times I've seen this road
A thousand times

I've got no roots
But my home was never on the ground
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I like standing still but that's just a wishful plan
Ask me where I come from, I'll say a different land
I've got memories and travel like gypsies in the night

Oh, I count gates and numbers, then play the guessing game
It's just the place that changes, the rest, it stays the same
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