

Looking for Footprints

XTC

I want a back seat
Because I'm dead beat
I'm respirating
To sounds of the engine

Gives us sleepyheads, sleepyheads
The road ahead it takes us to our beds
Sleepyheads, sleepyheads,
Our minds they race but our bodies are dead
Just like looking for footprints
Looking for footprints

The lights are twisted
Each one is misted
Two, four, and counting
Head nod in twenty