

Cotton Cat, On the Underground Train

Soon I'll get home
The morning will come too quickly
With half woken eyes I will not see much more than my toes
But music will make me smile
As soon as I hear the busker at Green Park
I'm walking slowly
I'm walking slowly
I'm walking slowly to the night.
I'm walking slowly
I'm walking slowly
I'm walking slowly to underground.
Life's like a sea
It's swinging but not flowing
The less I can take from these days still the more I could give
My hands are rough and worn
But they would not tremble taking out big torn.
Can you feel? Leaves are falling down
Life gets old and passes by down the main street.
Can you see? Moon has cruel face,
Stars are mocking me in rage I'm escaping.
I'm walking slowly...
Down the escalator
I carry my pride and headache
Heartless and empty wax figures of people around.
Some feel they live in vain.
Some feel life is journey
On westbound Richmond train.
Can you hear? Earth is torn apart,
Birds are dumb and sun is blind, air is painfull.
Can you see? Sky is gonna break,
Wind is joining our hands in a rainbow.
We're walking slowly
We're walking slowly
We're walking slowly from the night.
We're walking slowly
We're walking slowly
We're walking slowly from underground.