The Anywheres, Start The Clock

the time has come to close the door behind you and start the clock I'm parked out front so pull the suitcase to the car, throw it in the trunk and we've been so patient we've waited such a long time for another year and we've got the scars so it's time to take the clutch, throw it into gear

now I'm on the road feeling hungry but I want that time again and we're on the road feeling lucky but I want that time again

and it feels like rain falling through the sunroof, onto our heads again and I can't explain how something I wanted so much one day could have caused this pain but we're always waiting for that robin to swoop down, perch upon our hands and when it doesn't, the need to fly away might not go as it's planned

that's why I'm on the road feeling helpless but I want that time again we're on the road feeling hopeless but I want that time again that's why I'm on the road going backwards but I want that time again and I see the stars,

they're falling faster but I want that time again and I'm on the road going nowhere but I want that time again we're going home we're going backwards but I want that time again and we're on the road we're going nowhere but I want that time again and I see the stars, they're getting closer but I want that time again and we're on the road we're going nowhere but I want that time again and we're going home we're getting closer but I want that time again and we're on the road we're moving faster and I want that time again and we're going home we're getting closer and I want that time again and we're on the road I'm feeling hopeless and I want that time again and we're going home I'll drive forever and I want that time again I want that time again