

Tombstone

Crowded House

Look at all the plans I made
Falling down like scraps of paper
I will leave them where they lie to remind me
From the past a rumour comes
Don't let it keep draggin' you down
Throw the memory in an open fire
You'll be free

Roll back the tombstone
Let the saints appear
Roll back the tombstone
Make a new man out of me

Beware the passenger
The train already left the station
We are neither at home nor at work
We are moving
Listen to the howling of steel
A face betraying no emotion
Like you never had a chance to be
Wild and free

Roll back the tombstone
Let the saints appear
Roll back the tombstone
Till the lone ranger rides again
Rides again in your mind

Rode across the open plain
All the way and back again