The Tourist

Lucy Spraggan

She said she hated tourists
But she wanted to travel the world.
Said the best things in life were free
And then worked all day to feed herself.
She said you never know what you got until it's gone
And she complained about the rain like she'd never seen the sun.
She said good things come to those who wait
And then she waited four hours for a cancelled train.

She said:
You try and catch me
I'll never stop running.
With a pound in my pocket and my life inside a bag.
You try and catch me
I know where I'm going
I'll be half way round the world before you even know I'm gone
She said I'm moving on.

She fell in love with a book once;
Fell in love with the page.
She fell in love with the author
Didn't remember his name.
She read your soul weighs nothing but a lump in your throat
The one's you see less are the one's you love most.
So she burnt that book and flew down to the coast.

She said:
You try and catch me
I'll never stop running.
With a pound in my pocket and my life inside a bag.
You try and catch me
I know where I'm going
I'll be half way round the world before you even know I'm gone
She said I'm moving on.

So she's sitting on a train with her bags at her feet
Stories entertain every pair of ears that she meets.
She's got gold in her soul.
What she wants, nobody knows.
She's got two right feet and a bag full of clothes.
She's got gold in her soul.
Going nowhere slowly and that's what she needs
She's on the right track to where she'd rather be.
She's got gold in her so-oul.

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I'll never stop running.
With a pound in my pocket and my life inside a bag.
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