

Flowing

Teenage Fanclub

Going to chase the sun from east to west
If loves a wave I'm riding on the crest
Now everything I want's within my grasp
It's time to nail my colours to the mast

New rivers flowing
Reaching for the sea
The scattered seeds we're sowing
The fruit is on the tree

Waiting for the winter to abate
A chance to start again and wipe the slate
The bitter taste that doesn't go away
The shimmer of the headlights in the grey

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