

Artist/Traveler

Globelamp

Leaves are falling I'm getting cold
These shoes know when they're growing old
I don't always do as I'm told, at least I have a free soul
If you're an artist or a traveler with
tapestries
I gave up making tea years ago or so it seems
I left a box of grapes in Hamburg, Germany
A fool I thought a friend suggested this idea to me
Lavender flowers and all of your supposed
powers
Can't hold up to a meteor shower
If you hop a train or jump on a plane
People may call you insane
The day we met I knew the world would never be the same
If you're an artist or a traveler with tapestries
I left the only girl I love in the Evergreen trees
If you go North tell them I brought her ashes to the sea &
That I always have them right next to me
Oh - I'm getting cold
and I'm growing old
Remember every scar if you're a sculptor
Your memory is the pen if you're a writer
Your body is the tool if you're a dancer
Your brushstrokes show your soul if you're a painter &
Will you be coming home?
If you're an artist or a traveler with tapestries
Who's fallen but gotten up from down on your knees
You'll know the real point of art and poetry is to
Somehow connect with the mystery
Oh - I'm getting cold
Oh oh and I'm growing old

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>