

A town without a name
A stranger without a face
It's the same old game
In a different place

Blown in by the wind
Passed without a glance
The last next of kin
A victim, of circumstance.

Stuck on the fence
Between dusk and dawn
Only to pay the pence
So you can move on

Trapped in you biding
Now your free to go
The fears you've been hiding
Exposed for all to know

The weight has been lifted
the smoke clears the air
Your life has been re-gifted
A new born baby, without a care.