

**Passenger**

© 2010 Steve Cowan

From the **All Come Home** CD

I think of you in August on a Sunday afternoon  
Or walking in the sand beneath an orange Mallorca moon  
So much I can't believe that you would have to go away from me so soon

I followed you in springtime to the gates of San Miguel  
And met you in the plaza at the tolling of the bell  
The souls of saints were stirring while the demons had another tale to tell

I was a soldier who fought a different war  
Looking for something upon a distant shore

You took the ride I offered and you shouted at the sky  
You warned me not to love you, and you taught me how to lie  
We set our separate boundaries as we waited for the setting sun to die

I was a soldier who fought a different war  
Looking for something upon a distant shore  
Nobody knows what the future has in store  
I never knew what I was fighting for

A man without a purpose and a girl without a name  
A road without direction that we travel just the same  
To find the good within us we must choose to play a final waiting game

You pan the dull horizon and you think about your fate  
A passenger to nowhere with a feeling that you're late  
How easy it would be to leave it all behind to keep a certain date