

Banks Tony, K2

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Fugitive
K2

You and me, we got to go somewhere,
Somewhere where there's air to breathe,
Even though we can't see daylight,
Somehow we can feel the breeze, oh no,
Gonna be there someday, gonna make it some way.

Climbing cross the hills on pathways,
Where wiser men would fear to tread,
The air itself seems made from treacle,
Our shoes they feel they're made from lead, oh no,
Gonna be there someday, gonna make it some way.

I got to know how you feel,
Got to know who you are,
Got to know from where you come,
You and me got nowhere to go,
Nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide,
Ways appear, then disappear forever, all around.

We wander down between the houses,
Then walk among the fields again,
If we always keep on moving,
We know we'll get there in the end, oh no,
Gonna be there someday, gonna make it some way.