

Kirsty McGee, Spit & Shine

i'll work my way i always have
i'll do whatever you choose
i'll mend your clothes i'll make your bed
i'll spit and shine your shoes
i've wintered in italian sun
i've summered in a caravan
but i know you're a busy man
and i must work my way

i've followed workers on the land
pulled daffodils with callused hands
seen comets rise in cut-glass skies
that curve around the moon
been driven fast on icy roads
by drivers i don't even know
but so long as i get where i must go
i'll work my way

i'll work my way, i'll work my way
i'll work my way, i'll work my way

i work my way i travel light
and i sleep easy every night
and dream of things i'll never own
and places i have never been
see there's a river in my veins
that whispers ever in my ear
the names of places far from here
that still i long to see

but every freedom has its price
these aching hands these tired eyes
and on my face the laughter lines
are interspersed with tears
and though my feet are brown with clay
this restlessness won't let me stay
and wretched though my moving is
i cannot linger here

so i will rise before the dawn
when sleep's dead weight lies on your arm
before the sun burns off the mist
you'll wake to find me gone
sure i might return someday
like the bad penny in your change
but restlessness rides in my veins...
and i must work my way