

# Passenger, 27

27 years, 27 years old  
Only thing I know, the only thing I get told  
I gotta sell out if I want to get sold  
Don't want the devil to be taking my soul

I write songs that come from the heart  
I don't give a fuc\* if they get into the chart, or not  
Only way I can be, is to say what I see  
And have no shadow hanging over me

I don't know where I'm running but I know how to run  
'Cause, running's the thing I've always done  
I don't know what I'm doing but I know what I've done  
I'm a hungry heart, I'm a loaded gun

27 years, 27 years now,  
Only thing I know, I know that I don't know how  
To please everybody all of the time  
'Cause everybody always fuc\* changing their minds

A little bit faded, a little bit jaded  
Don't want to stop, won't be persuaded  
To write words I can't believe in,  
To see my face on a video screen

I don't know where I'm running but I know how to run  
'Cause, running's the thing I've always done  
I don't know what I'm doing but I know what I've done  
I'm a hungry heart, I'm a loaded gun

27 years, 27 years done  
Written 600 songs, only 12 get sung  
87,000 cigarettes have passed through these lungs  
And every single day I wish I'd never smoked one

A week brushing my teeth and a week getting my haircut  
8 years sleeping, I'm still tired when I wake up  
A whole year eating and I still lost weight fuc\*  
5 proper girlfriends and 5 messy breakups

27 birthdays, 27 new years  
30,000 quid, just so I could have a few beers  
Ever dying old hopes, ever growing new fears  
Don't know where I'm going, but I know how I got here

Don't know where I'm running but I know how to run  
'Cause, running's the thing I've always done  
Said I don't know what I'm doing but I know what I've done  
I'm a hungry heart, I'm a loaded gun