

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

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'Cause, running's the thing I've always done
I don't know what I'm doing but I know what I've done
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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