

Robert Post, New Born

I lost my voice
I bit my tongue
Don't have a choice
But to remain quiet

Tomorrow I will hop a train
Travel away the rain
Travel away

And come back new born
And come back new

I lost my way
Where are all the good time girls
The ones with jewelry and pearls
Maybe Ill catch her soon

Tomorrow I will hop a train
Travel away the rain
Travel away

And come back new born
And come back new

Tomorrow I will hop a train
Travel away the rain
Tomorrow all my lack of rain
I travelled away the pain
Travelled away

And come back new born
And come back new
And come back new born
And come back