

All Those Roads

Words and Music by Steven Brandick © 2006

Foreigner

Oh, close your eyes.
Come take a walk with me
to a land full of light where people see things differently.
Where up becomes down.
Flat becomes round
and fast is the last thing that will be found.
They're all crazy it sure appears,
but kid, you're the foreigner here

Take a walk through the market.
Feast with your eyes and your nose.
Take a taste from a cauldron of what
God only knows.
You'll see gizzards and guts,
strange fruits and nuts,
and slaughtered pigs hanging with flowers
in their butts.
They're all crazy it sure appears,
but kid you're the foreigner here.

CHORUS

You're a foreigner
You look different.
Dark eyed ladies love you.
You're a foreigner.
You are different.
Lord above!

You step over the border
into a time machine.
You wake up in the morning
in another century
where there's just rich and poor
and poor can buy anything
that is for sure.
They're all crazy it sure appears
but kid you're the foreigner here.