

Tourist

by Ali Matthews & Samantha Hazton (c) 2010



There's a busker by the river and he's crucifying art
You can hear the children's laughter, there's a picnic in the park

Someone thinks the swans are friendly, feeds them little bits of bread
and I sort of want to tell them but I turn away instead

and count the cost
to be home or to not to be

(chorus)

I'm a tourist in my own town
I'm the uninvited guest
the life behind this velvet wall
is a never-ending test
I'm a tourist in my own town
but I think I'll stay right here
wouldn't want to leave now
without a single souvenir

Young lovers flaunt their hunger and the show will start at 8
and I walk alone and wonder what to love and what to hate

I won't interrupt the romance step on someone else's dream
or the moment might remind me once upon a time... when that was me

so count the cost
to be home or to not to be
oh count the cost
to be home or to not to be... lost

I'm a tourist in my own town
I'm the uninvited guest
the life behind this velvet wall
is a never-ending test
I'm a tourist in my own town
but I think I'll stay right here
wouldn't want to leave now

repeat chorus

I'm a tourist in my own town

