

I want to live where soul meets body,  
And let the sun wrap its arms around me,  
And bathe my skin in water cool and cleansing,  
And feel, feel what it's like to be new,  
'Cause in my head there's a Greyhound station,  
Where I send my thoughts to far-off destinations.  
So they may have a chance of finding a place where,  
They're far more suited than here.

BAda-bada ba-bah  
bada ba-ba bada ba-bah  
bada ba-ba bada-ba  
bada bada-bah

I cannot guess what we'll discover,  
When we turn the dirt with our palms cupped like shovels,  
But I know our filthy hands can wash one another's,  
And not one speck will remain.

And I do believe it's true that there are roads left in both of our shoes, But if the silence takes you then I hope it takes me too.  
So brown eyes I hold you near, 'cause you're the only song I want to hear  
A melody softly soaring through my atmosphere.

Where soul meets body.  
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