

# Artist/Traveler

## Globelamp

Leaves are falling I'm getting cold  
These shoes know when they're growing old  
I don't always do as I'm told, at least I have a free soul  
If you're an artist or a traveler with  
tapestries  
I gave up making tea years ago or so it seems  
I left a box of grapes in Hamburg, Germany  
A fool I thought a friend suggested this idea to me  
Lavender flowers and all of your supposed  
powers  
Can't hold up to a meteor shower  
If you hop a train or jump on a plane  
People may call you insane  
The day we met I knew the world would never be the same  
If you're an artist or a traveler with tapestries  
I left the only girl I love in the Evergreen trees  
If you go North tell them I brought her ashes to the sea &  
That I always have them right next to me  
Oh - I'm getting cold  
and I'm growing old  
Remember every scar if you're a sculptor  
Your memory is the pen if you're a writer  
Your body is the tool if you're a dancer  
Your brushstrokes show your soul if you're a painter &  
Will you be coming home?  
If you're an artist or a traveler with tapestries  
Who's fallen but gotten up from down on your knees  
You'll know the real point of art and poetry is to  
Somehow connect with the mystery  
Oh - I'm getting cold  
Oh oh and I'm growing old

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>