

BREAK AWAY

Johan Sinnema, november 2017

Break away, break away, break away.

Once I was young and eager, full of hopes and plans.
I just had it all laid out, a fine future laid ahead.
Followed all the good advices, I did what I should do.
Lived up to expectations, lived the life they wanted me to.

A good citizen I was, respected, helpful and all.
In our little society, I played a responsible roll,
I should be happy, I should be content.
At least that's how it's all, supposed to be in the end.

Break away, break away, break away.

But something kept on nagging, nagging at the back of my head.
Is this what I really want, does it make me feel alive.
With every day my restlessness grew, no meaning I could find.
I saw only one way out. That was to leave it all behind.

*Where will you go?
I still don't know.
What will you do there?
I don't know yet.
How will you be living?
Why throw it all away?*

*I wanna sail the oceans, climb the highest tops.
I wanna ride the plains of Africa and the waves in Australia.
I wanna meet other peoples and make a lot of friends.*

So I bought me a ticket, I don't remember where.
I knew I had to get out of there, before I changed my mind.
With every mile my freedom grew, I felt lifted and I loved it so.
Just being on the road again, explore the world and all.
Let my feet take me where they choose, let them lead the way.
Only commitments to myself, enjoy the moment and be content.

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