Question

Son Volt

My mind's made up to pacing across the floor
No point in staying if we're not saying war
I don't mind hanging around
Whatever now and what else can I do?
It's a question of youThoughts careen till I can't stand up
Where's the crime in a streak of bad luck?
Words to pick at, retreat from
Words that fester if only to get at the truth
It's a question of youWhat it all comes down to
Is a different set of values
To throw away or mobilize to use
It's a question of youNo time to be singular
Here's hoping that the feeling gets through
The sound of sound beginning leads to places
Where reflections break anew
It's a question of you

Songwriters
JAY FARRARPublished by
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