

# Nowhere

David Clavijo

Is this the life you made  
The kind of life you fake?  
Is there a point we break  
Or do we sing that same old song  
And hope they play along? We follow  
We're well on our way now to nowhere  
To nowhere  
We're so far away from getting somewhere  
From where getting somewhere, yeah, yeah, oh  
Please stop the broken record  
Your worthless effort  
That makes you feel like God  
So play that song  
And watch it all go wrong  
Where do we search to find the honesty  
In a world so fucked up and bleeding?  
Knowing we will follow  
We're well on our way now to nowhere  
To nowhere  
We're so far away from getting somewhere  
Close to anything at all  
At all, at all, at all, at all, yeah  
We're well on our way now to nowhere  
On our way  
We're so far away from getting somewhere  
From where getting somewhere  
We're well on our way now to nowhere  
To nowhere  
We're so far away from getting somewhere  
Close to anything at all, anything at all

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