The Seeker

Johnny Pearson

I've looked under chairs
I've looked under tables
I've tried to find the key
To fifty million fables
They call me the seeker
I've been searching low and high
I won't get to get what I'm after
Till the day I die
I asked Bobby Dylan
I asked the Beatles
I asked Timothy Leary
But he couldn't help me either
They call me the seeker
I've been searching low and high
I won't get to get what I'm after
Till the day I die
People tend to hate me 'cause I never smile
As I ransack their homes they want to shake my hand
Focusing on nowhere investigating miles
I'm a seeker, I'm a really desperate man
I won't get to get what I'm after
Till the day I die
I learned how to raise my voice in anger
Yeah, but look at my face, ain't this a smile?
I'm happy when life's good and when it's bad I cry
I've got values but I don't know how or why
I'm looking for me
You're looking for you
We're looking in at each other
And we don't know what to do
They call me the seeker
I've been searching low and high
I won't get to get what I'm after
Till the day I die

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