

No Arrows

Sam Roberts

In the sun it's hard to measure
What is pain and what is pleasure
Spend a lifetime separating
All the turmoil from the treasure
We were young and we were able
Working under the table
Put your pennies in with mine and
We can write our own fable
"Lost in the fog again," again...
Some days it's hard to give her
What she needs I can't deliver
Got no answers on my tongue
I Got no arrows in my quiver
I'm lost in the fog again, again
And you never saw it coming now
And the answers don't come running now
Lost in the fog
With no arrows, just shadows in my heart
Some things are hard to fathom,

They come down right to the atom
Got no time for borrowed stories
Got no time for borrowed fashion
Either way I just can't figure
How you wrap me 'round your finger
How you keep me under thumb and
Find a way to pull the trigger
I'm lost in the fog again, again
And you never saw it coming now
And the answers don't come running now
Every day you have to find a way
Whoa every single day you have to find your way.
There were times we were barely alive
And there were days that we lived under colourless skies
Never said that we didn't try
But realize you can paint it any way you like
Lost in the fog again, again
With no arrows, just shadows in my heat
No shadows, just arrows in my heart

No shadows, just arrows in my heart

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