

# Make My Way

Paul McDonald

When you roll down your window  
And ask for directions  
Can you count on the answer  
That you would receive? If you've ever been taken  
By that passed along pay back  
Why ask in the first place  
You might not believe But I won't be confined to road maps  
Or let assholes decide  
I'd rather be lost  
Than afraid to take a ride And if it's a sin  
No place on earth will I ever fit in  
And I don't mind  
Someday I pray I just may as I make my way  
As I make my way  
As I make my way  
As I make my way Well, I might have been helpful  
Or a mischievous bastard  
But when I'm thinking about it  
I do what I can In the infinite halfway  
Where everyone meets me  
And by the laws of pure error  
Do we exchange and understand? I'm yelling as loudly  
As my lungs will allow  
I wish I could whisper  
Can you hear me now? And if it's a sin  
No place on earth will I ever fit in  
And I don't mind  
Someday I pray I just may as I make my way  
As I make my way  
As I make my way  
As I make my way Could be no one has the meaning  
Of what anybody says  
But so we don't feel lonely  
We decide that we do We might be speaking English  
But what does that mean?  
Can you honestly tell me  
What color is blue? Well you try an explanation  
Or try to wonder why  
But if I'm lost in your driveway

All I really can do is try And if it's a sin  
No place on earth will I ever fit in  
And I don't mind  
I've looked and searched her over countless times  
And I'll do it again  
Someday I may finally want to stay  
Someday I pray I just may as I make my way  
As I make my way  
As I make my way Make my way  
Make my way  
Make my way  
Make my way  
Make my way  
Make my way  
As I make, as I make my way

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