Williamsburg

The Twang

Three unwise men travel underground
Feeling inside makes a buzzin' sound
Lost their bearings, lost all direction
Still they push onThese stepping-stones are all overgrown
Been led up the garden path
The voice leads them on though the face is unknown
They're surrounded by strangersThey wanted to go there until they got there
Tried to find the road that led back and that nowhere
Then they turned the corner it shone
They found what they were looking for
A smile behind the door in WilliamsburgThree unwise men must be leaving soon
Feeling inside starts to fill the room
So naive to what the future holds
Still they push onThese stepping-stones are all overgrown
Been led up the garden path
The voice leads them on though the face is unknown
They're surrounded by strangersThey wanted to go there until they got there
Tried to find the road that led back and that no where
Then they turned the corner it shone
They found what they were looking for
A smile behind the door in Williamsburg

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