

Wandering Soul

Paul Ansell's Number Nine

I'm wanting your body
Your mind and soul for a moral-less state
Of that which I can't get out of my
Endless thoughts of
The sharp edge of you
Cuts my voice
When I say your name
I'm thinkin' that
I'm just a wandering soul
Waitin' for someone to take hold
And I'd choose not to love you
I've been here too many times before
Reflection imagined
You're one thing
In the front of my mind
Staring me into my blue eyes
The sharp edge of you
Cuts my voice
When I say your name

I'm thinkin' that
I'm just a wandering soul
Waitin' for someone to take hold
And I'd choose not to love you
I've been here too many times before
I'm just a wandering soul
Wandering, a wandering soul
Been here too many times before
Been here too many times before
I'm thinkin' that
I'm just a wandering soul
Waiting for someone to take hold
And I'd choose not to love you
I'm thinkin' that
I'm just a wandering soul
Waiting for someone to take hold
I'd choose not to love you
I've been here too many times before

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