Nothing to Show

Crawdad Republic

I'm trying to jump into something and go with the flow,
but there ain't no water in that watering hole.
Waiting for rain it ain't good for the soul.
We're all looking for someplace to go.So I jumped on the road, started kicking up dust.
Never asked for directions to I don't know what.
People tossing advice around I cannot trust,
so I'm heading to somewhere or bust.There's no one to blame when you're lost in yourself,
no horizon to claim, no map that can help.The road it feels worthy but the traveler feels doubt.
All the words that I've spoken dry up in my mouth.
I've been to the East and I've been to the South,
but neither provide a way out.There's no one to blame when you're lost in yourself,
no horizon to claim, no map that can help.I saw lots of sights I'd never seen before,
skyscrapers and canyons there's got to be more.
Cross enough land find yourself at the shore.
There's no patch when your soul's feeling torn.Theres no one to blame when you're lost in yourself,
no horizon to claim, no map that can help.
And, there's nothing to see when you've got your eyes closed,
there's no one to be if you've got nothing to show.

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