

# Wandering Soul

Alex Parks

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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