

# Map Of The World

## Monsters of Folk

There's a map of the world  
On the wall in your room  
Green pins where ya wanna to go  
White pins where ya been  
There isn't even ten,  
You're already feeling old  
Pretty face stair back  
From a magazine stack  
That you read when  
You're feeling bored  
Look through a telescope lens  
It doesn't make sense  
You think you've been there beforeSome far off feelings  
Some up close kind of ache  
White screen reason to  
Look the other wayThere's a place by the lake  
That you go when it's late  
It was summer and the crowds were gone  
And you sit all alone with  
With your thoughts, gettin' stoned  
Just waitin' for some peace to comeLike the thing that'cha  
Tried that you thought you liked  
For a minute then it all felt wrong  
So your changin' again  
All your clothes, all your friends  
Just the same as it ever wasThat far off feeling  
That up close kind of ache  
Some white screen reason to  
Look the other wayIahhOuuIahh  
La dumLa dum  
La dum  
La dumIt's a road that you've paved  
Over Indian graves and  
You wonder why your dreams are crazed  
So you cling to your wife,  
Your kids, and you life  
There's nothin' that you're gonna save  
Put the razor to your face,  
Hot water for a shave

Kill the shadow of yesterday  
Clean shirt, clean pants,  
Clean sleet second chance  
You're goin' by another nameSome far off feeling  
Some up close kind of ache  
That instant karma  
That always comes too lateIahhOuuIahh  
La dumLa dum  
La dum  
La dum  
La dum

Songwriters

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patents pending.

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