

# Map Of The World

## Monsters of Folk

There's a map of the world on the wall in your room  
Green pins where you want to go  
White pins where you've been, there isn't even ten  
Your already feeling old Pretty faces stare 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 before Some far off feeling, some up close kind of ache  
A wide screen reason to look the other way There's a place by the lake that you go when it's late  
In the summer when the crowds are gone  
You sit all alone with your thoughts getting stoned  
Just waiting for some peace to come Like the thing that you tried that you thought that you liked  
For a minute then it all felt wrong  
So you change it again all your clothes, all your friends  
It's the same as it ever was That far off feeling, that up close kind of ache  
Some wide screen reason to look the other way It's the road that you paved over Indian graves  
And you wonder why your dreams are crazed  
So you cling to wife, your kids and your life  
There's nothing that your gonna save Put the razor to your face, hot water for a shave  
Kill the shadow of yesterday  
Clean shirt, clean pants, clean slate, second chance  
You're going by another name Some far off feeling, an up close kind of ache  
That instant karma always comes too late

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