

# How Was I Supposed to Know

Cris Cab

A picture of yourself  
Armed with all you'll know  
Stabbing through the dark  
For a place to go  
It's the pages it's the past  
It's the roots that trip that grow  
Search yourself for something  
For something you've not done  
Bothered off and living  
A life of your own  
In the city where convenience  
Is the throw of a stone  
How are you supposed to know  
How you are supposed to go  
So you take to living  
Living is all you`ve got  
Dodge the fake and fiending  
And all the things you're notAll the love you'd give  
But your heart's still un-caught  
How are you supposed to know  
How you are supposed to goIf you'd take the time to cut once you measure twice  
To find out the best things to know  
A dream in rewind like you're a man of the mice  
To find out the best way to go  
Wouldn't that be nice if you could cut once you measured twice?  
How are you supposed to know how you are supposed to go

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