

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 not All the love you'd give
But your heart's still un-caught
How are you supposed to know
How you are supposed to go If 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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