

Madagascar

Somewhere off Jazz Street

I won't be taught anymore
That I've been brought down in this storm
And left so far out from the shore
That I can't find my way back, my way anymore
No, I won't be taught anymore
That I've been brought back in this storm
And left so far out from the shore
That I can't find my way back, my way anymore
No, I
No, I
Forgive them that tear down my soul
And Bless them that they might grow old
And Free them so that they may know
That it's never too late
For the many times it seems like a memory
I searched and found the ways you used to lure me in
I found a ways oh why it had to be
Mired in denial and so afraid
If we ever find its true
That we have the strength to choose
Freed of all the chains
We held together
I won't be told anymore
That I've been brought down in this storm
And left so far out from the shore
That I can't find my way back, my way anymore
No, I won't be told anymore
That I've been brought back in this storm
And left so far out from the shore
That I can't find my way back, my way anymore

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