

# X Marks the Spot

## Sonata Arctica

You are a man of impeccable taste  
And you know when the X marks the spotWe all need a map for the trail of your thought  
Where to go, the X marks the spotYou seem to have a misgiving  
Hell yeah, you make a living  
Don't add bricks to what we're heaving  
We would so much  
Rather enjoy beach, beer and a fireYou think something somewhere  
Has a copyright for the world  
And you've signed where the X marks the spotYou join a cult, fill the void that you've got  
Deep within where the X marks the spot  
There you stand, talk and holler  
How dark were all your colors  
When you paint another sunrise  
You leave out the sunBirds like you fly straight to heaven, heaven  
Or they slowly float awayHow well do you know those you're calling your own?  
I mean... come on dude!Your starving soul in your house of skin and bone  
You're an island, the X marks the spotThere you stand, talk and holler...Birds like you fly straight to heaven,  
heaven  
Or they slowly float away...You are a circus, but where is the clown?  
There's no map, still the X marks the spotThere you stand, talk and holler...  
Birds like you fly straight to heaven, heaven  
Or they slowly float away down  
Into the night with senior John BarleycornHeaven, heaven  
Or they float slowly away  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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