

Mizzy C

City and Colour

I keep my sacrament stories from my youth
That I've told before
Conversations with myself
Have become such a a bore
Struggling to find the rhythm
In these blues of mine
I've been living out of focus
Bearing of life and lie If I try to change direction
I might not find what I'm looking for
But this bitter disposition
By now must surely run its course
Ooh Now I've been given the gift of persistence
But it's become a curse
Unraveling backward
In the distance I heard a dirge
I can see a man
On his face there's no trace of time
There's a strange and mad idea I must find If I try to change direction
I might not find what I'm looking for
But this bitter disposition
Well now it surely run its course
Ooh I wanna change direction If I try to change direction
I might not find what I'm looking for
But this bitter disposition
By now it surely run its course So if I try to change direction
I might not find what I'm looking for
But this bitter disposition
By now it surely run its course Ooh, ooh, ooh

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