I Know What I'm Here For

James

What a life, a trick of light then everything returns to the sea
You can have whatever you want but are you disciplined enough to be free?
Turning love into a chore promises come cheap dear reader
Another page, another door, follow, follow me
I know what I'm here for hanging on through late December
I know what I'm here for follow, follow me, follow me
Moving on, don't belong, my life turned into a mall
Every line is in the song, follow me out of the fall
What an actor, what a show, going through some holy motions
The bands are sharp but the singers slow everything must go
I know what I'm here for hanging on through late December
I know what I'm here for follow, follow me, follow me
Follow me
Souvenirs, polygraph tests, photographs fresh from the wreck
What a poster saint he'll make in one take, one take
I know what I'm here for hanging on through late December
I know what I'm here for follow, follow me, follow me
Follow me, follow me, follow me, follow me, follow me

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