

Direction

The Scenic

Lazy sunday afternoon,

I was strolling along the sidewalk strips down on 7th avenue.

A stranger asked me for direction, I said "I don't have a clue,

I swear I'm just as lost as you."

(You belong) We spend our whole lives here looking for direction.

(You belong) And we always end up right when we begun.

(You belong) We spend our whole lives here, looking for direction.

(You belong) And we always end up right when we begun.

An old man is standing by the Bistro with a coffee in his hand.

And his cigarettes have burned out, and his eyes are sunken in.

Recollection of my father's ghost.

I knew him well. Now he's just a silhouette.

(You belong) We spend our whole lives here looking for direction.

(You belong) And we always end up right when we begun.

(You belong) We spend our whole lives here, looking for direction.

(You belong) And we always end up right when we begun.

You got the sun on your face, shining like a smile

Brighter than the melody of any song we sing.

Never give in, keep pressing on; Gotta believe in better days.

Reminutions of the irony we always seem to crave.

And you belong. And you belong.

(You belong) We spend our whole lives here looking for direction.

(You belong) And we always end up right when we begun.

(You belong) We spend our whole lives here, looking for direction.

(You belong) And we always end up right when we begun.

Lyrics submitted by Troy.

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