Nowhere

Joe Buck, Jr.

Is this the life you made
The kind of life you fake?
Is there a point we break
Or do we sing that same old song
And hope they play along? We follow
We're well on our way now to nowhere
To nowhere
We're so far away from getting somewhere
From where getting somewhere, yeah, yeah, oh
Please stop the broken record
Your worthless effort
That makes you feel like God
So play that song
And watch it all go wrong
Where do we search to find the honesty
In a world so fucked up and bleeding?
Knowing we will follow
We're well on our way now to nowhere
To nowhere
We're so far away from getting somewhere
Close to anything at all
At all, at all, at all, at all, yeah
We're well on our way now to nowhere
On our way
We're so far away from getting somewhere
From where getting somewhere
We're well on our way now to nowhere
To nowhere
We're so far away from getting somewhere
Close to anything at all, anything at all

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