

Prophets Lost

"DIRECTIONS"

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So pick me up off the floor, You will not see the town
like me,

I wont ask you again if this is real cos I'm walking out
that door,

I'll leave,

Always behind the war I know, Cos decisions have
never been my strong point,

But I don't know what I want, Still the road is dark.

In all this time I've had, I've seen the face behind those
eyes.

Is it starting again, In every town its the same (all these
stories),

Runs like a clock and around we go like some twisted
carnival ringmaster

pointing at me,

Telling me that I'll never make it,

But how the hell would he know when he dresses like a
tramp and looks like shit,

When alls been said and done, I'll still be hear having
no fun.

In all this time I've had, I've seen the face behind those
eyes.

Oh tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow.

So who's idea was this? You know I don't like really like
the dark that much,

Its insane, the more, take the blame,

Admit defeat and swallow your pride, Take a ride to the
dark side.

I don't know what you say and I don't mean to sound
blasphemy.

In all this time I've had, I've seen the face behind
those...

In all this time I've had, I've seen the face behind those
eyes

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