

Rue Royale

"The Search And Little Else"

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Grew up in a maze where I was afraid of the moon
And in the haze of youth I went along to look for you

And it was miles and miles
Miles and miles of twist and curve
And it was days and days
Days and days with no stone left unturned

And in my younger years I thought I had for myself
An answer for everything at ready given me to help
And in the wilderness I often ran like hell
Never to let give in I'm for the search and little else

And it was miles and miles
Miles and miles of twist and curve
And it was days and days
Days and days with no stone left unturned
[x4]

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