

Track Record, The "No Destination"

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I broke out my favorite shirt and watched the time fly
by
She runs with no one but always offers a smile
All we ever do is walk fine lines between
The things we know we want and exactly what we think
we need
I'm chasing something that may not even exist

You tell me
Does it blow your mind daily?
Are you scared that you've no destination?
You tell me
Will they be forced to take us away screaming?
Oh no I'm in no shape to go
This hoodie is my bullet proof vest

This hardly scratches the surface
I make a point to leave you wanting more
Don't what they're searching
Some like to call it hope
I've seen folks find it in their families
While others in a weekend on the beach
Whatever helps you take it easy is good enough for me

Tell me all about your new friends
The cool things that we do sometimes can mean as
little or as much as we want
Tell me about before I knew you
I hope I've made a difference in your life
Significant enough to cross your mind at night

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