

## Twang, The "Williamsburg"

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Three unwise men travel underground  
Feeling inside makes a buzzin sound  
Lost their bearings lost all direction  
Still they push on

These stepping-stones are all overgrown  
Been led up the garden path  
The voice leads them on though the face is unknown  
They're surrounded by strangers.

They wanted to go there until they got there  
Tried to find the road that led back and that no where  
Then they turned the corner it shone  
They found what they were looking for  
A smile behind the door in Williamsburg

Three unwise men must be leaving soon  
Feeling inside starts to fill the room  
So naive to what the future holds  
Still they push on.

These stepping-stones are all overgrown  
Been led up the garden path  
The voice leads them on though the face is unknown  
They're surrounded by strangers.

They wanted to go there until they got there  
Tried to find the road that led back and that no where  
Then they turned the corner it shone  
They found what they were looking for  
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