

Chris Edwards "Quandary Towns"

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Every day seems to find another way
To lead me to a place where I don't want to stay.
I just want to cling to the pieces
Of what's been tossed away.

You know it's just so hard to find
Any rhyme or methodology in these here times
It's gotten harder
To put my foot in the door
After so many years spent
Looking up from the floor.

I looked up and Lord, I looked down
Been around them quandary towns
Been pulled right through the wringer
Lord, the world's out to shoot me the finger.

So tired of running into those
Who have something to say about every thing.
I guess they got all the right answers,
Provided you got the right questions for them.

The right questions,
Yes, the right questions.

I looked up and Lord, I looked down
Been around them quandary towns
Been pulled right through the wringer
Lord, the world's out to shoot me the finger.
Lord, the world's out to shoot me the finger.

Every day seems to find some other way
To lead me to a place where I can't really stay.

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