

## **Clint Black**

# **"Where Are You Now"**

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Maybe I took for granted,  
You'd be around,  
To pick me up on my way down.  
I thought my feet were planted,  
Firmly on the ground,  
Till one day my whole world,  
Came unwound.  
Like a ball of yarn,  
Kept neatly on a spool,  
You held the life together,  
Of this broken hearted fool.  
And what once was the exception,  
Now seems to be the rule.

There's a burning question,  
A fire in my mind.  
You always had the answers,  
To the ones I couldn't find.  
So what I'm asking is,  
Where are you now?

What father time would sell me,  
I'd take it all,  
If only you'd be back around.  
What bit of time should spell me,  
I might take the call,  
But there's no way of knowing,  
Where I'm bound.  
So here it comes another,  
Fine mess I've gotten into.  
If I knew which way to turn,  
I'd still turn to you.  
So if everything is said and done,  
What am I supposed to do?

That's the burning question,  
On fire in my mind.  
You always had the answers for me,  
Time after time.  
So what I'm asking is,  
Where are you now?

All I'm asking ... Is where are you now?

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