

## **Blue Rodeo "The Seeker"**

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You were the seeker  
Then you found there's nothing to find

It'll all come down to you in its own good time  
No one's the older  
No one's the wiser  
No one cares  
When every step takes you from nowhere

Going from somewhere to here  
Your quiet eyes almost vacant

There's no need to explain

The fine line between stealing and giving  
In the landscape of the saint  
You were the dreamer  
Who got lost in your escape  
When beauty became a prison

You found your freedom in the mundane  
So when will I see what you see  
You say it's got nothing to do with being worthy

When will I see what you see  
When you've gone and lost

What you thought you never had

And you're numb with the fear

It makes no difference

That it's never coming back  
It's gonna be what it's gonna be  
Sometimes the purest gold comes from

The hands of a thief  
So when will I see what you see  
You say it's got nothing to do with being worthy

When will I see what you see

When will I see what you see

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