

Jay Farrar

"Direction"

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Along for the ride or just watching the time
The spirit of the one constant thread
Policing yourself, a lifelong pursuit
Hanging on to the ring of the bell

And it's out on the town
The world spins around
And the rules we'd rather forget
It's not what we're here for
So dear to die for
Believe it's worth saving yet

City sounds, a life of their own
Never found any other way
Not to preach or teach
Not good at either one
There's a space that shines in the sun

Then it's out on the town
The world spins around
In step with the best intention
It is what we're here for
So dear to die for
Count me in your direction

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