

Locnville "There"

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How could you even begin
To change the mood that I'm in,
It's not really a question,
I'm guessing up a wave of accolades that I made,
Forget the lesser, as for the rest,
Well I'll get on it when I get there. (x2)

Oh what a wonderful thought,
To think that you can get out when you're stuck in the
dark,
So keep it moving sweetheart,
Bleeding with a bleak heart is nothing to you,
And even the elite few fail to appease you with nothing
prove,
Oh slow up and let the good times roll,
I'm stepping on the clouds,
Checking on the crowd all surround me me me me.

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And when I get there,
Hope there's roses at my feet,
Everybody dancing,
Hope they're holding on the beat,
And I hope my past excursions are felt,
Working by the urges that determine my wealth,
While I was working on the courage to encourage
myself,
When assurance wasn't further than the hurt that I felt,
So slow up and let the good times roll,
My head is in the clouds,
Barely touch the ground and it's all for me me me me.

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