

# Lostprophets

## "Directions"

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So pick me up off the floor  
You will not see the town like me  
I wont ask you again if this is real  
'Cause I'm walking out that door  
I'll leave

Always behind the war I know  
'Cause decisions have never been my strong point  
But I don't know what I want, still the road is dark  
In all this time I've had, I've seen the face behind those  
eyes

Is it starting again, in every town it's the same  
(All these stories)  
Runs like a clock and around we go  
Like some twisted carnival ringmaster pointing at me  
Telling me that I'll never make it

But how the hell would he know  
When he dresses like a tramp and looks like shit  
When all's been said and done, I'll still be here having  
no fun  
In all this time I've had, I've seen the face behind those  
eyes

Oh tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow

So who's idea was this?  
You know I don't like really like the dark that much  
It's insane, the more, take the blame  
Admit defeat and swallow your pride, take a ride to the  
dark side  
I don't know what you say and I don't mean to sound  
blast?

In all this time I've had, I've seen the face behind those  
In all this time I've had, I've seen the face behind those  
eyes

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