

## **Sam Roberts**

### **"No Arrows"**

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In the sun it's hard to measure  
What is pain and what is pleasure,  
Spent a lifetime separating,  
All the turmoil from the treasure  
We were young and we were able,  
Working under the table  
Put your pennies in with mine  
We can write our own fable  
Lost in the fog again, again.

Some days it's hard to give her  
What she needs I can't deliver,  
Got no answers on my tongue I  
Got no arrows in my quiver  
I'm lost in the fog again, again.

And you never saw it comin' now  
And the answers don't come runnin'out  
Lost with no arrows,  
Just shadows in my heat

Some things are hard to fathom,  
They come down right to the atom,  
Got no time for borrowed stories,  
Got no time for borrowed fashion  
Either way I just can't figure  
How you wrap me 'round your finger  
How you keep me under thumb  
Find a way to pull the trigger  
I'm lost in the fog again, again.

And you never saw it comin' now  
And the answers don't come runnin'out  
Every day you have to find your way,  
Every single day you have to find your way.  
There were times we were barely alive  
And there were days that we lived under colourless  
skies  
Never said that we didn't try  
But realize you can paint it any way you like  
I'm lost in the fog again, again.

With no arrows,  
Just shadows in my heart.  
No shadows,  
Just arrows in my heart.  
No shadows,  
Just arrows in my heart.

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