

## The Scenic "Direction"

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Breezy Sunday after noon, I was strolling along the sidewalk  
Stripes, down on seventh avenue, a stranger asked me for direction  
I said I don't have a clue. I swear I'm just as lost as you.

[X2]

You belong, spend the whole last year looking for direction  
You belong, and we always end up right where we begun

An old man is standing by the bistro with a coffee in his hand  
And his cigarette is half burnt out and his eyes are sunken in  
Recollection of my fathers ghost I knew him well now he's just a silhouette.

[X2]

You belong, spend the whole last year looking for direction  
You belong, and we always end up right where we begun

You belong, and we always end up right where we belong  
You've got the sun on your face, shining like a smile  
Brighter then the melody of in his song we sing  
Never give in, keep pressing on, you got to believe in better days  
Premonition of the irony we always seem to crave

And you belong, and you belong

[X2]

You belong, spend the whole last year looking for direction  
You belong, and we always end up right where we begun.

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