

## Gathering Field "Slightly Aimless"

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I went down to Leo's Lounge  
To look at the faces, listen to the sounds  
Bartender Bernie, look my way he say,  
"Tell me son, how do you feel today?"  
And I say:

Chorus:

"Aimless, aimless, I am feeling slightly aimless.  
Aimless, aimless, I am feeling slightly aimless."

Sad Susan sips her wine  
The boys all say she's easy but she say she's just kind  
She sits beside me, rests her hand upon my thigh  
She notice that I'm quiet and so she asks me why  
And I say:

Chorus

The future is a word don't hold much meaning for me.  
Don't ask me where I'm going, I don't know  
I got something inside me, I gotta find a way to set it  
free  
Where I'm going now, that depends mostly on  
Which way the wind blows  
Which way the wind blows  
The wind blows

Walking home along Frankstown Road  
Thinking 'bout a woman, she's a girl I used to know  
Car pulls beside me, old man driving  
He asks me if I might be needing a ride  
I say "No thank you."

Chorus

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