

Steph Macpherson "Bells And Whistles"

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This is not a straight path
There are bends along the way that I can't see past
Oh, and there are potholes
You could see all the way to China through the asphalt

In our own imaginations
We're the kings and queens of nations
We are not
We are not
Now for all the bells and whistles blown
In sight of all the great unknown
We're lost. We're lost...
We are...

Just out of my sight-line
There's an image, hanging static by the roadside
Warning, honey, turn back
Oh, the odds are all in order
It's a tall stack.

In our own imaginations
We're the kings and queens of nations
We are not

We are not
Now for all the bells and whistles blown
In sight of all the great unknown
We're lost. We're lost...
We are...

Oh and one day
You'll be in the right place
Say all the right words
Feel like you've been heard
Oh and baby
We won't let it change things
Or direct us blindly
Won't let it...

In our own imaginations
We're the kings and queens of nations
We are not

We are not
Now for all the bells and whistles blown
In sight of all the great unknown
We're lost. We're lost...
We are...

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