

The 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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