

# How Will I Ever Find My Way Home?

British Sea Power

I'm leaving here  
Getting out of this place  
Leaving here  
Getting out of this place  
Only certain kinds of people  
Can take these things

Get up in the morning  
I'm paying my bills  
Watching a storm cloud form over the hills  
It appears I was waiting for my old self

I don't know what I'm made of  
Or where from I came  
Don't even seem to remember my name  
Or why the ghost's alive in this cave

They say she's on the run  
It's over, it's over, it's over, it's over  
And thought then can turn action  
And I dig and I dig and I dig and I dig

'Til my head is so sick and so clear

I'm leaving here  
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Can take these things

I'm tired and lost and feeling blown  
Running around in a field, just out of my skull  
How will I ever find my way home?

Get up in the morning  
I'm paying my bills  
Watching a storm cloud form over the hills  
It appears I was talking to my own self

They say she's on the run  
It's over, it's over, it's over, it's over  
Then thought turns into action  
And I dig, and I dig, and I dig, and I dig

'Til my head is so sick and so clear

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