

I keep recycling stories from my youth  
That I've told before  
Conversations with myself  
Have become such a bore  
Struggling to find the rhythm  
In these blues of mine  
I've been living out of focus  
Bearing of life and lie

If I try to change direction  
I might not find what I'm looking for  
But this bitter disposition  
Well now must surely run its course  
Ooh

Now I've been given the gift of persistence  
But it's become a curse  
Unraveling backward  
In the distance I heard a dirge  
I can see a man  
On his face there's no trace of time  
There's a strange and mad idea I must find

If I try to change direction  
I might not find what I'm looking for  
But this bitter disposition  
Well now must surely run its course  
Ooh

I wanna change direction

If I try to change direction  
I might not find what I'm looking for  
But this bitter disposition  
Well now must surely run its course

So if I try to change direction  
I might not find what I'm looking for  
But this bitter disposition  
Well now must surely run its course

Ooh