

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