

## No Pointing Arrows

Heartless Bastards

I am coming to the end of this road  
My cursed hands they are worn and swollen  
For a long time I've been carrying this load  
Now I'm resting my arms of these things have been holding

Oh now where do I go  
When there ain't no signs or pointing arrows  
So many things that I wanted to fulfill  
That I could not think straight and I could not sit still  
And I could not sit straight and I could not think still

I am doing the best that I can  
With what I've been given, these things I have taken  
Nothing has ever turned out as I planned  
But that's how the path of life is what you make

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When there ain't no signs or pointing arrows  
So many things that I wanted to fulfill  
That I could not think straight and I could not sit still  
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Animal born in, oh, to my self  
I got so many reasons to look outside myself  
All the old familiar faces  
And the unfamiliar faces  
That's what every day is, and I do it again

Oh, in the morn' I wake with the sun  
Oh, in the evening another day is done  
And oh I feel restless, I never have guessed  
That I'd be at this point at the end of this road