

I Know What I'm Here For

James

What a life, a trick of light
Then everything returns to the sea
You can have whatever you want
But are you disciplined enough to be free?

Turning love into a chore
Promises come cheap, dear reader
Another page, another door
Follow, follow me

I know what I'm here for
Hanging on through late December
I know what I'm here for
Follow, follow me
Follow me

Moving on, I don't belong
My life turned into a mall
Every line is in the song
Follow me out of the fall

What an actor, what a show
Just going through some holy motions
The band is sharp, but the singer's slow
Everything must go

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Follow, follow me
Follow me

Follow me (8x)

Souvenirs, polygraph tests
Photographs fresh from the wreck
What a poster saint he'll make
In one take, one take

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Follow, follow me
Follow me

Follow me (8x)