

# 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

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

Follow me (8x)