

## Map Of The World

Monsters of Folk

There's a map of the world on the wall of the room  
Green pins where you want to go  
White pins where you've been  
There isn't even ten  
And you're already feeling old  
Pretty faces stare back from the magazine stack  
That you read when you're feeling bored  
Look through telescope lens that doesn't make sense  
You think you've been there before

Some far of feelings, some up-close kind of ache  
Widescreen reason to look the other way

There's a place by a lake that you go when it's late  
The summer and the crowds are gone  
And you sit all alone, with your thoughts getting  
stoned  
Just waiting for some peace to come  
Like the thing that you tried that you thought that you  
liked  
For a minute, then it all felt wrong  
So you're changing again, all your clothes, all you're  
friends  
It's the same as it ever was

That far of feelings, that up-close kind of ache  
Some widescreen reason to look the other way

It's the road that you paved over Indian graves  
And you wonder why your dreams are crazed  
So you cling to your wife, your kids and your life  
It's nothing that you're gonna save  
Put the razor to your face, hot water for a shave  
Kill the shadow of yesterday  
Clean shirt, clean pants, clean sleeve, second chance  
You're going by another name

Some far of feelings, up-close kind of ache  
That instant karma, always comes to late