

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