

## Where to Begin

### My Morning Jacket

Up and up and up I climb,  
When I came up I was so far behind,  
My head takes a lickin',  
But my heart keeps on tickin',  
Just the same.

Always startin' over but somehow,  
I always know where to begin.

Round and round and round I ride,  
And just when I looked I hadn't even began,  
To feel the effect,  
A cool, dark fever,  
On the brain.

That feelin' takin' over,  
Like a holy rollercoaster,  
To the grave.

How can I await the day?  
And last the night I'm here to see?  
How do I await the mother lode?

It's the art of feeling naked in your clothes.

Again, again, again I tried,  
That's how I knew I would never be denied,  
That face in the mirror,  
Who could it be? It was my own.

That cool, dark figure,  
That's when I knew I was alone.

On and on and on I drive,  
When will I know I have finally arrived?  
So far I've gone, so far to go,  
It never ends.

Always starting over but somehow I always know where to begin,