

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,