

Wandering

Radical Face

I fall asleep in a comforting mess
The room is yellow and the windows the deadest white
I smell the ghost of your dinner
And the space heater is glowing like a miniature gate to hell
I hear the dogs as I dress myself
I pin the letter on the back of a paper plate
It tells you that I'm gone now
And I'm sorry if I don't make it back

Well, I know it's a good life
Yeah, I know it's a good life
But I've gotta keep moving
I was made to keep moving
And I know it's a long shot
It was always a long shot
But I'm trusting my aim now
Yeah I'm trusting my aim

And I know it's a good life
Yeah, I know it's a good life
But I've gotta keep moving
I've gotta stay on the move

I had a dream but I called it a plan
A stream of hopes that I figured would serve me well
But then the dream turned sour
Sometimes delusions aren't the comfort you want them to be
Now I'm broke and my luck's run out
My new acquaintances will never be someone to trust
My house is now a grave yard
And it's hard to fall asleep with no one watching your back

Well you've got my name now it's all the same
It don't mean much but you can have it all
And I sold my heart for another start
I had my face burnt, I shattered it all
Now the price is a big one

Well, I had me a good life
Yeah, I had me a good life
But I had to keep moving
Oh I was made to keep moving
And I know that I messed up
Yeah, I know that I messed up
But I still gotta keep moving
Yeah, I still gotta move

Though my mind is made up
And I'm no different now, but
I follow the questions because I'm bored with the answers
I'm bored with the answers
Sure I missed a lot
And I'm no better off but,
Sitting idle ain't a thing I was built for
I gotta keep moving
Gotta stay on the move, gotta...

Well, I had me a good life
But I've gotta keep moving
Well, I had me a good life
But I've still gotta keep moving