

No Arrows

Sam Roberts

In the sun it's hard to measure
What is pain and what is pleasure,
Spent a lifetime separating,
All the turmoil from the treasure
We were young and we were able,
Working under the table
Put your pennies in with mine
We can write our own fable
Lost in the fog again, again.

Some days it's hard to give her
What she needs I can't deliver,
Got no answers on my tongue I
Got no arrows in my quiver
I'm lost in the fog again, again.

And you never saw it comin' now
And the answers don't come runnin' out
Lost with no arrows,
Just shadows in my heat

Some things are hard to fathom,
They come down right to the atom,
Got no time for borrowed stories,
Got no time for borrowed fashion
Either way I just can't figure
How you wrap me 'round your finger
How you keep me under thumb
Find a way to pull the trigger
I'm lost in the fog again, again.

And you never saw it comin' now
And the answers don't come runnin' out
Every day you have to find your way,
Every single day you have to find your way.
There were times we were barely alive
And there were days that we lived under colourless skies
Never said that we didn't try
But realize you can paint it any way you like
I'm lost in the fog again, again.

With no arrows,
Just shadows in my heat.
No shadows,
Just arrows in my heart.
No shadows,
Just arrows in my heart.