

## Sometime to Return

Soul Asylum

I ran away I walked a fine line  
wasting time only to find  
you were callin' I think finally  
to remind me I am fine

What you are is what you see  
and you see me and we can be  
something you can call real we are we are we are

Doing the best we can  
working without a plan  
i'm beginning to understand  
its getting out of hand

I have seen these closing doors  
I've woke up on this floor before  
Picked it apart for hours and hours and hours  
Of turning, tossing and looking and listening  
to you and all the fucked up things you do

But you're doing the best you can  
with every grain of sand  
its trickling through your hand  
sayin' catch me if you can

If someday comes early  
comes whipping comes whirling  
to take you for all you have learned  
the tables are turning  
my bridges are burning  
my destination sometime to return

Throw away your calender  
and saddle up your salamander  
get up and get down  
ride in to town and look around  
get up and do something  
no time to choose it  
do it do it do it do it

Doing the best I can, with or  
without a plan, I'm taking what I can get, I haven't seen  
nothing yet. If one day you wake up and find what you make up,  
come and get me, come and take me there. Into your illusion,  
I'll make my intrusion - anytime, anyplace, anywhere. The hour  
glass is draining fast, it knows no future holds no past, and  
all this shit will come to pass - never, forever, whatever.