

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.