

Your Reply

Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes

I walk through a world ridden with confliction
I know everybody can't be right
All I ever get is contradiction
Still they can't prove that I'm here tonight

Where's the time gone, and where's it going to?
They all try to prophesize
What is there in common to a billion people?
What exists when they totalize?

I know you might never hear these questions
From such a little speck of life
Surely you understand why I take my lonely stand
Waiting, waiting on your reply

Must we look to a future in the chill of space?
Or maybe we will just revert
Are we slaves to a power that is so sublime?
Or is it hidden in this clump of dirt?

But if you listen something echoes down through the ages
Once they even tried to chain down time
There must be a reason for the wealth of miracles
That run through the days of mankind

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From such a little speck of life
Surely you understand why I take my lonely stand
Waiting, waiting on your reply