

Looking For

The Rosebuds

Looking for a way to hope
Been looking for everywhere I've gone.
Been looking for a way back inside
Can't find the loss when those are too high.
I'm looking for a new routine
With early mornings and plenty of scenes.
I'm looking for my way home,
I'm looking for your answer soft,
But I know it can't be anyway you see
And I know I won't mind any old place tonight.
Looking for a master plan,
Something to build with my own hands.
I'm looking for a place of my own
I'll sell some seeds but the vines have outgrown.
You will laugh and you will shake your hand,
I'll try my best to be a farmland man
Looking for my sanity,
Maybe I'll find it in you and me
But I know it can't be just any old place you see
And I know if it's right, then I won't fight
Cause the air and the fog is like picking up stones
And the cold when it blinks is all the time we'll need.
I'm looking for my way home,
Been looking for another thing I've done
I'm looking for any piece of mind
Out of the city, away from the lights
I'm looking for a new routine,
A way past my vanity.
I'm looking for a place to be,
Maybe I'll find it in you and me
And I know you can't be in the old place, you see
And I know I won't mind any old place to find!