

You Won't Find Me There

10,000 Maniacs

I'd like to know
What makes you stay
While your eyes still search for escape.

You think that I
Don't feel the cold (babe),
But I wait while confessions unfold.

You'll never make a living from reading minds
Or from getting your direction from exit signs.
Look into your heart
And you won't find me there.

You won't find
Me where you hide
And that makes us a matter of time.
Like trees exposed by fall,
Time reveals it all.

Tell me you want to do everything
But you're stuck up to your knees.
And I'm less likely pushed forward
By ambition than a breeze.

But there's a flame
That must be fanned,
And it appears as a beckoning hand.

Don't think cause you're not,
Talking you're being kind,
You've been getting there
Tells your direction from exit signs.
Look into your heart
And you won find me there.