

# Just Floating

Childhood

Searching for my home  
Leave my alone  
It didn't suit you so you hide your hand from me  
Your movement reflects my speech  
Your word restrains my reach  
Fall back inside why should I hang my head for thee

Someday missed what I was told is now all here  
In my mind I was a saint, but maybe I was wrong  
Maybe I was wrong  
Hide your head from me

Waiting for her best friend  
Force my feet looked on her  
Cause I don't beat desire  
Desire for me

Someday missed what I was told is now all here  
In my mind I was a saint but maybe I was wrong  
Maybe I was wrong

I was a baby in the wind  
No direction just floating  
I was a baby in the wind  
No direction just floating