

# All Roads

Dan Mangan

In a million billion years  
As we return to where we came  
Will the memories remain?  
Like the stillness of a frozen dawn  
Or the beat after the moment's gone?

The thing I thought that was in the way?  
Well, it was the way  
The thing I thought that was in the way?  
Well, it was the way  
As for what, maybe, there was to say?  
I don't know what to say

Are we the stillness of that frozen dawn?  
Are we the beat after the moment's gone?  
Are we a toddler in a marathon  
Where all roads lead to sweet oblivion?

The thing I thought that was in the way?  
Well, it was the way  
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Well, it was the way  
As for what, maybe, there was to say?  
Here we are howling at the moon  
Here we are pissing in the wind  
Feeling like a brick in Brooklyn

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Well, it was the way  
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Well, it was the way  
As for what, maybe, there was to say?  
I don't know what to say  
The thing I thought that was in the way?  
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