

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
The thing I thought that was in the way?
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
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
The thing I thought that was in the way?
Well, it was the way