

Where Do We Go?

Daniel Johns

Sometimes I'm not trying, most the time I'm dying
Deaf to things I think in my head
Bright lights I'm not buying, traffic can't stop crying
Breathe the words I'm sinking instead

Oh God, what do you know?
Where do we go? What we gonna go through?
Oh yeah, reap what you sow
Minds they will blow, what's the fucking curfew?
I'm not made of stone
Telephone lines, who ya gonna call through?
Lights shine on their own
Where do we go? Where do we run to?

Most the girls I care for, cost me more than tether
Mares inside, the cows have been fed
Cost me more than candles
Looking for the angles
Death to things I think in my head

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Where do we go? Where can we run to?

Warning, warning
Warning, warning
Warning, warning
Warning, warning

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