

# 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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