

Bluesboy

Deer Tick

I remember my imagination
I remember feeling it racing
Nowadays I just sit there tracing
Spirals in the palm of my hand

Every day I hear the call
It's got me searching for you

I remember the frozen weather
And feeling a bit thrown together
I'm gonna live like that forever
Locked somewhere inside your head

Every day I hear the call
It's got me searching for a profound nothing

And when you look ahead
And the road appears to be without end
You can take me by the hand
Together we'll stroll into nothing, my friend

Every day I hear the call
It's got me searching for a profound nothingness