

Captain, Where are We Going Now?

Jason Webley

Well the streets have been swept,
And the leaves have all washed away,
And I find myself stumbling,
On something I'm trying to say.
Yeah, the breathing has stopped,
But the hair keeps on growing,
The anchor's been dropped,
But the crew keeps on rowing,
Captain, where are we going now?

Just the echo remains,
Of the refrain of a drunken song.
That I spent all my days,
Training monkeys to sing along.

Now there's some kind of answer,
Being demanded of us.
But tonight is infected,
I guess we should squeeze out the pus.

Yeah there's dust on the rules,
Of this game we're trying to play.
So I can't tell if I'm getting closer,
Or farther away.

Oh, where are you at?
And where are you going?
The wind doesn't answer,
It just keeps on blowing.