

Direction

Mat Kerekes

I need direction for all of my callousing
Standing, screaming that "the time is now"
Spend your money when you're rich in a way you don't need
A bare perfection all of the way down
I need substance, spit me out into the street
You're heavy, almost continually
You can take it but you better give it back to me
Spend your week searching for a way out
I need direction, feet first into me
Where do you find yourself when you are out?

I dive in quick then I stand in the wind until I'm clean
I owe you everything until now
I need substance, give me a time and place
Seed my everything until I'm sound
Nothing is worth it unless you stay put when it's set free
You are perfection all of the way down
You're my perfection all of the way down

I could be anything that you want
I wouldn't mind if you handed me a loaded gun
Crack a smile while you turn the safety off
I'll destroy anything that you want me to
Help me try and understand what you're going through
Crack the door as you turn yourself away