

# Take You There

The Flys

Ain't got no rhyme or reason  
Ain't got no soul to speak of  
I ain't got no compass  
Or no sense of self direction  
But I'll call you when I get there

I'll take you there

Ain't got no easy answers  
Ain't got no wicked punch lines  
I ain't got compass  
Or sense of clear direction  
But I'll call you when I get there

I'll take you there

I don't know where I'm going  
But I do know where I've been  
And I'm holding out  
Till I find some answers  
Then I'll be calling for you  
Calling on you, yeah, yeah, yeah

Ain't got no natural calling  
I ain't got no healing heart pin  
I ain't got no compass  
Or no sense of self direction  
But I'll call you when I get there

I'll take you there