

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