Soul Searching

The Infamous Stringdusters

I'm just a man making my way
Sometimes a sinner, sometimes a saint
I carry on, do the best I can
But still I struggle with who I am

Soul searching

Once was a girl that held me tight
And I took her love like a thief in the night
After all this time, I'd never dream
That I'd be holding on to her memory

Soul searching
Soul searching

Who am to judge, who am I to preach
If sometimes I wonder what I believe
I've traveled this life, looking for signs
I've picked me apart one piece at a time

Soul searching
Soul searching

Which bridge should I cross, which one should I burn
After all the mistakes, after all the wrong turns
I'm learning to let go, learning how to heal
But I'm still searching, guess I always will

Soul searching
Soul searching
Soul searching

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