

The Seeker

The Who

I've looked under chairs
I've looked under tables
I've tried to find the key
To fifty million fables

They call me 'The Seeker'
I've been searching low and high
I won't get to get what I'm after
Till the day I die

I asked Bobby Dylan
I asked The Beatles
I asked Timothy Leary
But he couldn't help me either

They call me 'The Seeker'
I've been searching low and high
I won't get to get what I'm after
Till the day I die

People tend to hate me
'Cause I never smile
As I ransack their homes
They wanna shake my hand

Focusing on nowhere
Investigating miles
I'm a seeker
I'm a really desperate man

I won't get to get what I'm after
Till the day I die

I learned how to raise my voice in anger
Yeah, but look at my face, ain't this a smile?
I'm happy when life's good and when it's bad I cry
I've got values but I don't know how or why

I'm looking for me
You're looking for you
We're looking in at each other
And we don't know what to do

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