

The Scenic, Direction

Breezy Sunday after noon, I was strolling along the sidewalk
Stripes, down on seventh avenue, a stranger asked me for direction
I said I don't have a clue. I swear I'm just as lost as you.

[x2]

You belong, spend the whole last year looking for direction
You belong, and we always end up right where we begun
An old man is standing by the bistro with a coffee in his hand
And his cigarette is half burnt out and his eyes are sunken in
Recollection of my fathers ghost I knew him well now he's just a silhouette.

[x2]

You belong, spend the whole last year looking for direction
You belong, and we always end up right where we begun
You belong, and we always end up right where we belong
You've got the sun on your face, shining like a smile
Brighter then the melody of in his song we sing
Never give in, keep pressing on, you got to believe in better days
Premonition of the irony we always seem to crave
And you belong, and you belong

[x2]

You belong, spend the whole last year looking for direction
You belong, and we always end up right where we begun.