

Blue Rodeo, The Seeker

You were the seeker
Then you found there's nothing to find
It'll all come down to you in its own good time
No one's the older
No one's the wiser
No one cares
When every step takes you from nowhere
Going from somewhere to here

Your quiet eyes almost vacant
There's no need to explain
The fine line between stealing and giving
In the landscape of the saint

You were the dreamer
Who got lost in your escape
When beauty became a prison
You found your freedom in the mundane

So when will I see what you see
You say it's got nothing to do with being worthy
When will I see what you see

When you've gone and lost
What you thought you never had
And you're numb with the fear
That it's never coming back
It makes no difference
It's gonna be what it's gonna be
Sometimes the purest gold comes from
The hands of a thief

So when will I see what you see
You say it's got nothing to do with being worthy
When will I see what you see
When will I see what you see