

# 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