

Dakota Moon, Looking For A Place To Land

(J. Dean, M. Malloy, T. Taylor, B. Mann)

There was a man in his car trying to talk to me
He drove a Pontiac, red, 1963
He shouted numbers and neighborhood streets
I said, "I wouldn't know. I wouldn't know";
And then I said to myself, "what's he lookin' for";
An illegitimate son with an open door
Or else the calling from God he could not ignore

I guess in my own way
Just like him I am wandering, wondering run away
But aren't we all just

Looking for a place to land
Looking for a friend to call
Looking for a destination, conversation, fascination
To protect us from the fall
Looking for the one to love
Looking for a brand new day
Looking for a reason to stand
Looking for a place to land

There was a girl on a train out of Santa Fe
She found her husband in bed with her sister "hey";
She left her soul and her kids when she ran away
Where do you go? Where do you go?

Sometimes the love that you lose is the love you find
Sometimes the pain is the doorway to peace of mind
No matter how hard you try you just can't rewind
Now that you know - where do you go?

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