

Freedy Johnston, Trying To Tell You I Don't Know

Well I sold the dirt to feed the band
Falling right through my hands
Yes I sold the map up to the sky
Falling down always

Trying to wake up in your head
Trying to cry with the red light on
Trying to tell you I don't know

Well I sold the dirt and bought the road
Let me tell you right where we're going
Yes I sold the house where I learned to walk
Falling down always

Fifty bucks to use the van
Trying to find your city
Trying to get back my guitars
Trying to tell you I don't know

Well I sold the dirt for a song
Bleeding on every note
Yes I sold the map up to the sky
Falling down always

Trying to sing what I can't say
Trying to throw my head away
Trying to cry with the red light on
Trying to tell you I don't know