

Frenzal Rhomb, Find Your Own Way Home

Midnight - not everything is alright
Our hero waltzed in, falls down on the floor again
When he gets up - filling his cup
Too blind to even care
What to do if we're not there
He'll be alright
Find your own way
Find your own way home tonight
Naked at the end of tom's bed
Teardrop stains on his cheek but
he's got so much more to drink
And in the morning, he's never such a sure thing
Until the afternoon he finds another bag of goon
And its alright
Find your own way home tonight
No good that you're feeling low
Not gonna save your sight (help your flight)
Cross eyed, a little tongue-tied
Not not good enough to doubt
All the shit that's coming out
No defense until someone take offense
If he can get up off the floor
Get himself out of the door
He'll be alright