

Jack Russell, Where The Wind Don't Blow

so many times i've found the truth and walked away
so many times i've wished that i could change my yesterdays
up and down these same old roads and i still wonder why
doesn't mean that much to me does it mean that much to you?
is it just my imagination or am i going nowhere?
is it just my imagination?

i'm looking for some inspiration i can't decide which way to go
i'm living in anticipation i'm trying to find a place where the wind don't blow
somewhere there's a place for me to call my home
something's out there somewhere there's someone to call my own
and now the time has come for me to let my spirits fly
does it mean that much to you? 'cause it means so much to me
no it's not imagination 'cause i'm going somewhere
no it's not imagination

i'm looking for some inspiration i can't decide which way to go
i'm living in anticipation i'm trying to find a place where the wind don't blow
i'm looking for some inspiration i can't decide which way to go
i'm living in this desolation i'm trying to find a place where the wind don't blow
i need shelter from this storm a guiding light upon a raging sea
a welcome port with open arms now that's the place i want to be
i'm looking for some inspiration i can't decide which way to go
i'm living in anticipation i'm trying to find a place where the wind don't blow
i'm looking for some inspiration i can't decide which way to go
i'm living in this desolation i'm trying to find a place where the wind don't blow
i'm looking for some inspiration i can't decide which way to go
i'm living with the desolation i'm trying to find a place where the wind don't blow