

Simon Townshend, Soul Searching

Soul searching, all alone searching
Soul searching who knows?
Slow burning, on my own burning
Slow burning fool's gold
There's a million ways to save the day
I'm thinking of ways to make it pay
I'm still learning
I've been shunning who I'm becoming
Still dragging me down
But I know one thing, just to be something
Will turn me around, yeah
I'm thinking of ways to save the day
There's a million ways to make it pay
I feel certain
Underneath my skin I breath
And if you see a bit of me that you recognize
Set it free and release the inner child
With no hurting and with no worries
Soul searching, all alone searching
Slow burning fools gold