

Sloan, What's There To Decide?

Where did you go to?
And how did you get there?
Hope you come back soon
I've left you an empty room

Where did you go to?
And how did you get there?
Hope you come back soon
You've left me with plenty of room
To breathe

But I feel like I'm chokin'
You see, can't you see

Whether it's a half a mile
Or a thousand miles
Well, you won't put on your shoes
Just for something to do for me

Whether it's a half a mile
Or a thousand miles
Well, it's probably too far
More like a trip across the stars
To you

And I feel like I'm chokin'
You see, can't you see

What's there to decide?
You think that one step forward
Is one step back
Stuck on a circus ride
It always stops up in mid-air
No one even knows you're there
What's there to decide?

But I feel like I'm chokin'
You see, can't you see

What's there to decide?
You think that one step forward
Is one step back
Stuck on a circus ride
Self assured but you don't care
Don't get blinded by the glare
What's there to decide?
What's there to decide?