

# 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?