

# Virgos Merlot, Knowing Burns

Searching for the right phrase  
Put a name on this new haze  
I rub my eyes and I still cant see  
Im blind in a new way

I cower under the shelter Ive made

Ports of call in new land  
Busy making a new plan  
Think I lost myself at sea  
Send a rescue when I can

Although theres not much left to say

And still these words ring through  
To your own self be true  
And careful what you learn  
Sometimes knowing burns

Strike one up for the new age  
Not sure were on the same page  
The way this whole thing looks to me  
I could win at a snails pace

So many times I should have stayed