

Good Intentions

Finger Eleven

This isn't the outcome
That I wanted or expected
I don't recognize this place
But I love the warm reception

Yet everything's familiar
Like I've seen this place before
But my memory is convenient
I forget when I should have known

I've been thinking about
How my good intentions
Keep me turned around
I don't know the road or the destination
But I think I'm about to find that out
To find that out

There isn't a last known place
Or time or said location
That I can recall
And take me from this misdirection

And everyone's a suspect
'Cause they cannot be my friends
Have I lost my intuition
Is it me or is it them?

I've been thinking about
How my good intentions
Keep me turned around
I don't know the road or the destination
But I think I'm about to find that out
To find that out

Now my good intentions
Keep me turned around
I don't know the road or the destination
But I think I'm about to find that out

Yeah, my good intentions
That keep me turned around
I don't know the road or the destination
But I think I'm about to find that out