

# Anything

From Indian Lakes

I took all in our life  
And I sharpened in a box full of ever since and threw  
away the keys  
And if I don't get out of bed  
And try and see the sign  
I will waste away and never dream again

Do we ever dream at all?  
If I take what I have  
Am I holding on to anything at all?  
I have looked out to see  
And seem that I don't see anything at all

I could say that I tried and wait to see  
If anyone would say that I'm a liar and cast me out  
Alone I am always without her  
But where is she now I've been lonely search for  
answers  
Outside

Can my feet touch the sand  
Or is everything turning to gold  
If my legs are no more  
Is there anyway can let you

Can I get back to you  
Can I get back  
Can I get back to you  
Can I get back to you  
Can I get back to you  
Can I get back to you

I'm never coming back to you  
I'm never coming back again  
I'm never coming back again