

Without A Map

Sam Roberts

Honey, don't point that gun at me
You know I only want to be your friend
Why don't you try and get some sleep
I swear I'll never come here again
But wont you she'd some light on me
Tell me baby, who do you see?
This was a land of liberty and now it's closing
It's closing in on me

I'm without a map
I'm walking into a trap
And there's a white flag on the wind
I surrender to the very mention of you
I hope I get to see you again

All the time I'm wasting, all the dreams I'm chasing
Are leaving me behind
All the roads I'm facing, all the days erasing
Well I just about lose my mind
I woke up this morning, the idea was forming
That I'm always on the losing side
But I never believed in resurrection
So I just lay down
Lay down and cried

I'm without a map
I'm walking into a trap

And there's a white flag on the wind
I surrender to the very mention of you
I hope I get to see you again
And when I'm alone laying up all night
Till all the darkness is defeated
And just for one moment everything was right
It was all I ever needed

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