

Map reading

Brieve Morison

I was listening to the wallpaper  
You can't build a fantasy out of that  
The radio was playing and paper walls make a  
Lousy insulation I have to wear a hat

I thought everything was going alright  
That afterall it was leveling out  
But afterall maybe I haven't read the signs right  
And map reading's what it's all about  
Oh oh map reading the highway to your soul x2

Now the radio started singing  
And the wallpaper played along  
Then the doorbell started ringing  
Pretty soon everything was joining in the song  
The window panes did a snare break  
And the walls a Leslie bend  
I wondered what have I done now for heavens sake  
And where's all this going to end  
Oh map reading the highway to your soul x2

Took the whole thing out on the road  
I thought I might give it a name  
Life repeats itself so I'm told  
If I get back here I might have to shout it out again  
I've hung out at the cross roads  
Where the blues run the game  
I've been in every kind of direction  
But the blues is always the same  
Oh map reading the hight=way to your soul x2  
I've hung out at the cross roads  
Where the blues is a game of chance  
Or coincidence down a back road  
When you're looking for romance  
I've thrown away maps of treasure trove  
Burned them threw them down and danced  
Discarded ones that showed the storms I rode  
Oh map reading the high way to your soul x2