

# Mizzy C

## City and Colour

I keep my sacrament stories from my youth  
That I've told before  
Conversations with myself  
Have become such a bore  
Struggling to find the rhythm  
In these blues of mine  
I've been living out of focus  
If I try to change direction  
I might not find what I'm looking for  
But this bitter disposition  
Well now must surely run its course  
Ooh  
Now I've been given the gift of persistence  
But it's become a curse  
Unraveling backward  
In the distance I heard a I can see a man  
On his face there's no trace of time  
There's a strange and mad idea I must find  
If I try to change direction  
I might not find what I'm looking for  
But this bitter disposition  
Well now must surely run its course  
Ooh I wanna change direction  
If I try to change direction  
I might not find what I'm looking for  
But this bitter disposition  
Well now must surely run its course  
So if I try to change direction  
I might not find what I'm looking for  
But this bitter disposition  
Well now must surely run its course  
Ooh

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