

American Steel, Wake Up Alone

The year is growing old under a cloudy sky
like pouring new wine into an old glass
we'll drink the bottle dry

just walk with me to the end of the night

haloed streetlights shine down
on an empty street
miles and miles of nothing at all
fall asleep to the sound
of the ringing in my ears
lay my tired head on what could have been
and wake up alone again

reel in another week, order another round
tonight we run from last call to last chance
the barroom clock runs down

haloed streetlights shine down on your twisted sheets
empty bottles all over the floor
fall asleep to the sound
of your breathing in my ear
sleep the dark dreamless sleep of the dead

for this once we'll have company when we wake up alone again