

# 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