

Art Of Fighting, Ride After Ride

well no one ever said
time goes faster when you're dragging your bones
stuck at home
and in your eyes I caught
the actual fire of just what living could be
and that's gone from me
so you had to go
oh why did I move so slowly
mouth frozen over the word wait
running like it wasn't too late
on train lines on bus rides
through snow storms through clear skies
past house lights past windows
through curtains catch fire glows
and so what riches lay
out there where you went to where I never could go
cause my holes might show
and I still think of you
in my mind I watch you catching ride after ride
it all opened wide
and you should know
I'd have run from myself lurching
like something broken for the gate
running but it was too late
on train lines on bus rides
through snow storms through clear skies
past house lights past windows
through curtains catch fire glows
past dinners past laughter
close your eyes go faster
past missing past hoping
past drinking past smoking
past old books past new clothes
to nights where no moon rose
past phone calls past hands held
kiss them like they're the whole world
past loving past taking
to new starts you're making
I'm watching from back here
I'm so glad you got clear