

Curt Smith, Gone Again

He's gone again
Pulls me with him each time
I should ask him when he's home

He's gone again
Pulls the blinds to hide the bars
He shows me when to bleed

And time will tell
If all that I could be was changed
By his remote disdain

He's gone again
Onto the train he holds the reins
Of emptiness and fear

He's gone again
Into the arms of solitude
He constantly reveres

And I will cease
To seek delusional relief
In these defining years

Emerald eyed he dreams of disowning
Brown eyed and homely justifies
A little too late the wrong man returns
To say goodnight

He's gone again
Pulls me with him each time
When attempting to atone
He's gone for good
And I discover irony
And ask him when he's home