

# Exit, Lonely Man's Wallet

a lonely man smokes his last cigarette  
as the cold breeze enters the bar  
still afraid from what he is  
there's only so much gin can fix  
i've written pages in the book  
big enough for chapters  
the hurt won't leave when will it quit

i'm gonna throw it all away  
so don't try and stop me  
i'm not me

and as the hours pass on by  
a lonely heart beats on in time  
living's become only existing  
and that's just what people do  
get in the car and drive on home  
eight years becomes a lifetime  
i'm gonna take this car off the side

they found his wallet in the wreck  
an ace of clubs and ninety cents  
i don't want to tell the story of this tortured soul  
but i see him every day  
mirrors open up the room they say  
i'm not me