

Josh Woodward, The Vagabond

Wasted away on the edge of the city lights
At the top of the Southern heights
You smoked the last one
Breaking away from the cold chains of memory
From the us and the them, or we
Somehow the same
And you were the vagabond at the end of the road
You were never really gone, but you were never really home
You spread your arms on the edge of the jagged cliff
I could feel my arms get stiff
As I clenched your shoulder
Stained skin and scars, and the glow of the Norther star
Above the clamor of the speeding cars
In the valley below
And you were the vagabond at the end of the road
You were never really gone, but you were never really home
And you were the vagabond, lost on the way
You were never really gone, but you were never here to stay
Break of the day, you were standing there
With your vacant stare
Fixed on the view
And you were the vagabond at the end of the road
You were never really gone, but you were never really home
And you were the vagabond, lost on the way
You were never really gone, but you were never really here to stay
And now you're moving on