

Long Since Forgotten, Broken Record

Taking time away to a place unknown.
Before you look away you got to make yourself known.
These places come and go and leave you in the dust.
Every time they pass you by you ask them why.

You sound like a broken record in my head.
Every single time you get ahead,
you fall right back to where you start.

Hide behind a broken screen lost in your words,
losing everything you said you valued most.
Are they even close enough to call you friend?
Screaming at them over and over and over again.
Will you ever really notice?