

Owen, Gazebo

Alone on a train
You're running towards
Or maybe away from a reason to wake each morning
Your thoughts again drift to us and what we have or haven't become
Your head shakes and you think, "never again";

Its true what they say about fools who leave too soon
They don't ever really move on

Put you hand in your bag and pull out the Carver book you grabbed before leaving
Instead you realize, "in this too she was right";
You make an excuse
You make up a lie
So what's left of your soul like the best friend you just sold to sleep easy at night

Its true what they say about fools who speak too soon
They don't ever really know what they're getting into or out of

You're on your way
The taste of blood from a bitten tongue
You're in need of some new teeth that won't cave in