

Toad The Wet Sprocket, Way Away

Line of people to pass you by
Posing sympathy with its whitewash eyes
With the ladies feigning their mourning cries
And the men shaking hands:
Weigh away
Way away
All the pictures in your mind
As you're passed the thousandth time
Thousandth photograph
Listen to sympathetic lies
As their reasons change under mourning guise
With the gentlemen feigning sorrowed sighs
And drinking champagne:
Weigh away
Way away
As all the people pass and pose
You hold back the tears
And hold onto memories
Small talk hangs like a dirty cloud
Saying nothing real but deafening loud
An urge to run away from the crowd
And mourn all alone:
Make a promise to no-one
Wondering if you'd been worthwhile
Turn away from the chatter
And the hungry smiles