

5 Days Ahead, Market East

These tracks never seemed so lonely. looking through drawers of faded ticket stubs. many memories of fun nights brought down by pictures of you and I on the train together, which only seemed to stop when we kissed. call me weak but its hard to get off this express train of thought that doesnt stop to think about the bad times, but only the good. and I wish you were on this car with me, but you got off awhile back. And I havent seen you since. and these tracks never seemed so lonely. and its like Ive got a million miles to go before I can get over you, and everything you do. someday this train will finally derail; Leaving my heart dead and you forgotten. until then Ill be riding alone. Ill be riding alone. (to where I never know) Ill be riding alone.