

Autopilot Off, Byron Black

I met a man named Byron Black
And he carried his life strapped to his back
On a sidewalk in Houston he called home
Crying 'Don't you forget me' he said
Don't you forget me
You don't know
What it's like to walk alone
You don't know
And I hope you never will

Every stride
Wears the soul more thin
Until it's slowly worn down to nothing
Every stride
Wears the soul more thin
Until it's slowly worn down to nothing
And what can I do now?

Faces of people he would see
They were colder than any city street
And the days go on and on
And they just walk by
He said "I'm disappearing"
He said "I'm disappearing"
You don't know
What it's like
To walk alone
You don't know
And I hope you never will

Every stride
Wears the soul more thin
Until it's slowly worn down to nothing
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And we all were given names
But our hearts don't work the same
By-products of an evolution
Lost souls look for a lost solution
Now...

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No!