

Broadway Calls, Three Weeks

I've been a slave to this road for so long it seems,
The white lines are never ending,
And they haunt my dreams.
I force these smiles all night,
And it hurts my cheeks,
My stomach turns,
My hair turns white,
It's only been three weeks.
This long term separation,
From lovers getting old.
I break hearts across this nation,
But there's one back home that's killing this boy.
Brace yourself, brace yourself.
The confessions coming in,
Gonna make it loud and clear,
There'll be blood flowing falling from your ears. [x2]
Your selfish words and insults,
Are killing me.
There's no movement on the dance floor,
And my throat can't sing.
My glossy eyes look for you,
But they just can't see.
My stomach turns,
My hair turns white,
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