

Broadway Calls, Three Weeks

Ive 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,
Its only been three weeks.
This long term separation,
From lovers getting old.
I break hearts across this nation,
But theres one back home thats killing this boy.
Brace yourself, brace yourself.
The confessions coming in,
Gonna make it loud and clear,
Therell be blood flowing falling from your ears. [x2]
Your selfish words and insults,
Are killing me.
Theres no movement on the dance floor,
And my throat cant sing.
My glossy eyes look for you,
But they just cant see.
My stomach turns,
My hair turns white,
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