

Dead To Me, Splendid Isolation

He's thinking of the hungry rats
Inside his stomach and he knows that
Nothing ever changes anyway

He can see himself there
He knows that look, it's called despair
His father taught him to wear it well

So he put his ear to the door of his youth
And he heard a groundswell of remorse now

There's no splendid isolation
For the abandoned generation

It gets hard to maintain
When the brightest of shells
Weather and fade anyway
Do what you can before it's too late

Arms stretched, she's on her back
Her hollow words ring from her past
She's been running from that every day

She can see herself there
She knows that look, it's called despair
Her mother taught her to wear it well

She puts her ear to the door of her youth
And she heard a groundswell of remorse now

There's no splendid isolation
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I spent a lifetime searching with tired eyes
I had the best intentions but they went away