

Michelle Wright, As Far As Lonely Goes

Underneath the neon sign
of Harry's Bar and Grill
Someone hugs a bottle
to take away the chill.

Oh
but the wind still blows
carries his sleeping soul
as far as lonely goes.

Upstairs in a penthouse
behind a golden door
someone's drinking pink champagne
to keep from being board.
Between the highs and lows
the icy wind still blows
as far as lonely goes.

You would never buy a bottle
to wash away your troubles.
If you could buy a suitcase for your soul.
You would make a pretty package
of all your exrta baggage.
Look it up and send it down the road

As far as lonely goes.
from the has-bents to the haves
from the mansions to the alleys
from the riches to the rags
underneath our clothes.
We're all the same
you know
as far as lonely goes.

I would never buy a bottle
to wash away my troubles...