Pulley, Gone

I don't plan anything
I'm trying to come home
Thoughts of you are always on my mind
A runaway from problems, my excuse when I am there
You roll over - once again I'm gone

It's old, it's plain to see this life of tragedy
Save it for later - that's what we always said
What will that do for us?
What will they do for us?
What will they do for us now?

Tried to paint a picture of the times that we once shared
Never seemed to be so concerned

The story goes like this...
You say I'm almost never there
Independence is what you want
An arm to hold on, someone to sleep next to in the night
Rolling over - once again I'm gone

Look through the backlog, an index of thoughts
This time it won't get to me
What will they do for us?
What will they do for us?
What will they do for us now?

I tried to paint a picture of the time we once shared
Never seemed to be so concerned

(And I don't plan anything
I'm never comin' home
Thoughts of you are on my mind
So I'm never gone...)

What will they do for us?