

Pulley, Lifer

a row of mirrors before me and i can't see my reflection.
my life is so far is far from my expectations.
it's getting lonely in this parking lot of life.
i guess my punishment is my salvation,
i wish i could find a way to roam.
driving home always gives me the blues,
singing songs about what i feel like inside,
keeps me coming back for more.
it's getting lonely in this parking lot of life,
i guess my punishment is my salvation.
i tread the thin line,
you don't know who to follow home your life is so far,
is far from your expectations.
it's getting lonely with this parking lot of life.