

The Exit, Lonely Man's Wallet

a lonely man smokes his last cigarette
as the cold breeze enters the bar
still afraid from what he is
there's only so much gin can fix
i've written pages in the book
big enough for chapters
the hurt won't leave when will it quit

i'm gonna throw it all away
so don't try and stop me
i'm not me

and as the hours pass on by
a lonely heart beats on in time
living's become only existing
and that's just what people do
get in the car and drive on home
eight years becomes a lifetime
i'm gonna take this car off the side

they found his wallet in the wreck
an ace of clubs and ninety cents
i don't want to tell the story of this tortured soul
but i see him every day
mirrors open up the room they say
i'm not me