

Train, Blind

The color of my hair is changing, my skin is soft
too soft for a man my age, and I am never alone
Where is time taking me
Nothin is real, this is how I feel
And nothing is wrong but everything takes too long
How did this end up me against you
With everything that I say, and everything you do
Your smile is changing yea, where is time taking you
Cause nothing is real, this is how I feel
And nothing is good, but I don't mind being blind
if you don't mind doing time
Nothing is wrong but everything takes too long
Hey by the way, when I fell to your
waste side, did I crash or just slide
Hey by the way, when I pulled myself up
To your waste side did I hurt you or just slide in
So this is how it feels to get a little older
and some would say wiser
But we know what that means, maybe not
when maybe that's what that means, maybe not
Cause nothing is real, this is how I feel
And nothing is good, but I don't mind being blind
if you don't mind doing time
Nothing is wrong but everything takes too long
Hey by the way, when I fell to your
waste side, did I crash or just slide
Hey by the way, when I pulled myself up
To your waste side did I hurt you or just slide in