

# Walkabouts, Forever Gone

Streaks of light  
On the graveyard walk  
Your bright star was crashin'  
Crashin' the dark  
Dreamed of a cold night  
To freeze it in place  
Dreamed of ship bells and thunder  
Ringin' us under  
Dreamed all the way home  
That you'd never go  
Talked up and down it  
Mornin', noon and night  
Alone in the optimists chair  
Said our instincts were right  
But now I know the clean choice  
Was the worst choice of all  
I'd rather feel guilt  
Than this desert inside  
I'd rather steal wicked  
Than lay down in pride  
Gone forever  
Forever gone  
Made a mess of this town  
But that's what we always do  
Throwin' glass to the floor  
Now it's cuttin' right through  
More than a year's time  
'Til ya give up the scheme  
My wood matches meltin'  
The ghosts from your wedding ring  
Never trusted fate  
But I wish that I had  
Fate is what answered  
Your slow cry for help  
Fate was your motive  
Your fate was yourself  
Gone forever  
Forever gone  
Made a mess of this town  
But that's what we always do  
Throwin' glass to the floor  
Now it's cuttin' right through  
Gone forever  
Forever gone  
I'd rather feel guilt  
Than this desert inside  
I'd rather steal wicked  
Than lay down in pride  
Seems like a long time... oooh!