

The Wanderer

A Life Once Lost

First in line to cash in on what I created
Last in line to beat the dead horse
I try and try but who cares at the end of the day
I figure that you only wanted to make me feel this way
So that you can feel better about yourself
I will dance across the floor
I'm pointing fingers
And laughing
Because you can't
Destroy me
Second best
I had nothing more to give
Is it safe to say that none of this mattered anyway
Now I've become the wanderer
Forced to become a man who is
Searching for something real to feel
Now I've become the wanderer