

We used to walk there all the time. Up by the railway line.
I try to go there but it's hard. End up in my backyard.

I'm here alone with this guitar, the paint is peeling off and I
can see every scar.

Got half a song I wrote for you and I got half a bottle left to
get me through.

Been waking up in daydreams.

Waking up to the fact that I'm still here and I know you won't
be.

I'm heading for another lonely year.

Most nights you'll find me underneath an empty Midwest sky,
half drunk and fading where I'm drinking with your ghost and I'
m watching planes go by.

And nothing changes but the time. Get stuck on the same few lin
es.

I could just write how it went, but that's now this one ends.

I'm here alone with this guitar, the paint is peeling off and I
can see every scar.

Got half a song I wrote for you and I got half a bottle left to
get me through.

Been waking up in daydreams.

Waking up to the fact that I'm still here and I know you won't
be.

I'm heading for another lonely year.

Most nights you'll find me underneath an empty Midwest sky,
half drunk and fading where I'm drinking with your ghost and I'
m watching planes go by.

And (I'm) finding out I don't do very well alone,
but I know that you're not coming home. (2x)