

Sleeping In The Train Yard

Gwen Stacy

Welcome to the other side of the tracks
Where we starve for a high
And find love
In all the wrong places
This is the place of real nightmares
And every thing's a mistake
Welcome to the other side of the tracks

Here is a man
A man that stands before me
And I can smell Hell on his breath
And his eyes
His eyes
His eyes
Cut right through me
His smile reads of death
Everything he says, he says with such intentions
Of replacing any recognition
Of anything you knew

And

Nobody wins
Nobody wins
Nobody wins
Nobody wins

The end is near I can feel it on my neck
Caused by the belief in second hand grace
He'll be there won't he?
He'll be there won't he?

To call this conflict
Call it lust
Call it something
Call it dust

And he'll be there won't he?

I am free to taste this fruit
With a sword and an armored suit

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Tuck coat tails and run...