Pavlov's Dog

How many times has he waited there
Beneath the boughs of angel hair
Woolen coat pulled tight against the wind
That whipped and chaffed his face
And left him that much more apart
From his old dreams that new lovers
Cannot own or hope to ever know
What's behind an old man's lonely eyes

When he's alone and the sun is high
Children laugh and he'd like to hide
Days like these seem to hang on
For so long
They seem to drag him down
And leave him that much more apart
And he wishes someone would invite him home
To pass the time
Or to maybe find some time
Or maybe

Did you see him cry

Did you ever watch him pace
And all the ways he tries to hide his face
Misplaced in a world not like his own
And did you ever stop to speak
Or hear him try to tell about
How she and he were lovers
Just like you
And they were just like you