

Cab

Train

New York snow this time of year
There's nothing more beautiful to me
Except for you
Making my way on the town
And I'm seeing familiar places, faces
In my pile of coffee grounds

The days are better, the nights are still so lonely
Sometimes I think I'm the only cab on the road
Sometimes I think I'm the only cab on the road

Watching my breath rise in the sun
Pulling myself in two made one
Helplessly feel for my phone and drive away

This new rhythm I pursue
Is just my getting over you
Telling myself that I need to

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I'm still looking for a play no one said that it was fair
To be alone

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