

25 Years

Clou

Look at you back there
your hands are shaking, contemplating
your next move

There's an empty chair
in a crowded hall bursting in laughter
it's waiting for you

Will you cross the line, will you stay?

Twenty five years on the road back home
longing for a sweet place to belong
twenty five years spent in a chase to find
had it once but left it all behind

Think that is painful
yet you don't know what real pain is
and how it feels

On a brand new day
an old broken man in broken mirror
is all you will see

Mistakes have been made
true hate never dies
Is it hard to lose a friend without proper
goodbye?

Seconds, days and months quickly pass you by
maybe next time I will see you try

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