

Railroaded

Matthew Ryan

Well, I smoked my
Throat out last night
Hoping you'd call
Or just stop by

Now, I'm wheezing
Like the Oakland sky
Feeling like
The rusted tracks
And forgotten dream
Of the old train lines

It's a perpetual stone
In my shoe
One that I'll always
Be trying to shake loose
An ache in my chest
And a thorn in my side

More than a scratch
Beneath this skin
Somewhere between
The beginning and the end

I don't feel a lot lately
I don't feel whole lately
I don't feel much lately
That's how I hide
That's how I hide

You wrote it down not to
Draw attention to yourself
You let the pilot just
To blow it out

Here the conversation's
Always too loud
And we're as pathetic as the jumper
That listens to the crowd

To say I miss you
Wouldn't be enough
I feel like Tom Waits
Singing, 'Diamonds and rust'
And I'm as pathetic as a junkie
Who knows what he does

It's a perpetual stone
In my shoe
One that I'll always
Be trying to shake loose
An ache in my chest
And a thorn in my pride

More than a scratch
Beneath this skin
Somewhere between

The beginning and the end

I don't feel a lot lately
I don't feel whole lately
I don't feel much lately
But that's how I hide
That's how I hide