

I met a man named Byron Black  
And he carried his life strapped to his back  
On a sidewalk in Houston he called home  
Crying 'Don't you forget me' he said  
Don't you forget me  
You don't know  
What it's like to walk alone  
You don't know  
And I hope you never will

Every stride  
Wears the soul more thin  
Until it's slowly worn down to nothing  
Every stride  
Wears the soul more thin  
Until it's slowly worn down to nothing  
And what can I do now?

Faces of people he would see  
They were colder than any city street  
And the days go on and on  
And they just walk by  
He said "I'm disappearing"  
He said "I'm disappearing"  
You don't know  
What it's like  
To walk alone  
You don't know  
And I hope you never will

Every stride  
Wears the soul more thin  
Until it's slowly worn down to nothing  
Every stride  
Wears the soul more thin  
Until it's slowly worn down to nothing

And we all were given names  
But our hearts don't work the same  
By-products of an evolution  
Lost souls look for a lost solution  
Now...

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Wears the soul more thin  
Until it's slowly worn down to nothing  
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Every stride  
Wears the soul more thin  
Until it's slowly worn down to nothing  
No!