

Cracked paint, faded signs, she said "I'm done
I feel a lot like this town I'm so rundown
Did the job but it up and died
I've got to find something new that I can be now
So what defines me
Are all my best days and years behind me?
Far from the places we used to talk about
Picked up, chewed on and then spit out"
We kicked rocks a couple blocks and no one talked
"It's amazing I can fit five years in a broken cardboard box
Well I guess I'm still alive"
Blueprints they blew up the story's old
You grab a hold of what gets thrown or else you drown
See ideals and my visions all burn up
When the sun and nothingness beat down
Then we caught our reflection in the window
She said "I act tough, but we both know
That this puffed up face is safe in well worn places
Hurts to let it go
Give me some answers 'cause now I'm lost
So just where are we going now?"