

Barstool Warrior

Dream Theater

In a dark and lonely corner of a time-worn dockside inn
Sits the local barstool warrior, talking to his gin
Tracing past decisions, he motions for a shot
Is he doomed to be a man this world forgot?

Just a prisoner of the monster on his back

Call it bad luck, call it fate
Call it stuck here the rest of my days
Serves me right, what went wrong
And where do I belong?

In the glow of flashing lights, on the shoulder of the road
Clutching at the bruises on her skin
She tries to signal danger with anguish in her eyes
Will he see the world of pain she's in?

Or is it too late?

Was it bad luck, was it fate
Or a past that she couldn't escape?
It's not right, something's wrong
Just where do I belong?

Promises made, crying in vain
All empty, never accepting the blame
And not letting go of the shame
A river of tears, as months turn to years
All wasted on someone not willing to change
Now only a shadow remains

No one can save you
And there's no one to save
It has been written
You will become all you think, all you feel, all you dream

Now I'm cutting the anchor away
And I won't look back
I'm starting a new life today
Now I see where I belong