

# Sleeping In The Train Yard

Gwen Stacy

Welcome to the other side of the tracks  
Where we starve for a high  
And find love  
In all the wrong places  
This is the place of real nightmares  
And every thing's a mistake  
Welcome to the other side of the tracks

Here is a man  
A man that stands before me  
And I can smell Hell on his breath  
And his eyes  
His eyes  
His eyes  
Cut right through me  
His smile reads of death  
Everything he says, he says with such intentions  
Of replacing any recognition  
Of anything you knew

And

Nobody wins  
Nobody wins  
Nobody wins  
Nobody wins

The end is near I can feel it on my neck  
Caused by the belief in second hand grace  
He'll be there won't he?  
He'll be there won't he?

To call this conflict  
Call it lust  
Call it something  
Call it dust

And he'll be there won't he?

I am free to taste this fruit  
With a sword and an armored suit

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Places  
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Tuck coat tails and run...