

I Walk Alone

Pinhead Gunpowder

I walk a crooked twisting path
That seems to be leading nowhere
I lead a loner's life
Not what i meant to do

I do what seemed to be
the right thing at one time
But now that time has passed
And I'm the last one
Walking down this path

I walk along the same old streets
Where we used to meet by chance
But now there's not one familiar face
There's not one knowing glance

There's just my memory
A problem that I seem to have
Is not being able to appreciate
or understand
The present until it's past
And so it goes
Away