

Gone

Pulley

I don't plan anything I'm trying to come home.
Thoughts of you are always on my mind.
A runaway from problems my excuse when I am there.
You roll over once again I'm gone.
It's old it's plain to see this life of tragedy.
Save it for later that's what we always said.

What will that do for us
Tried to paint a picture of the times we once shared
You never seemed to be so concerned

The story goes like this you say I'm almost never there
Independent is what you've always want
An arm to hold on someone to sleep next to in the night
Rolling over once again I'm gone
Look through the backlog and index of thoughts
This time it won't get to me.