

A row of mirrors before me and I can't see my reflection.
My life is so far is far from my expectations.
It's getting lonely in this parking lot of life.
I guess my punishment is my salvation,

wish I could find a way to roam.
Driving home always gives me the blues,
Singing songs about what I feel like inside,
Keeps me coming back for more.

It's getting lonely in this parking lot of life,
I guess my punishment is my salvation.
I tread the thin line,
You don't know who to follow home your life is so far,

Is far from your expectations.
It's getting lonely with this parking lot of life.