

Separated

Pulley

Here I am in the back again,
Whispers something to a friend.
Plays the songs like he knew his own,
Walk away you're all alone.
Separated it's hard for you,
Wasting time like you only can.
There's much to say, here you are again.
Whoever's listening this time around,
Seem to doubt about your sound.
What's at home, who's life you live?
Someone asks and you never give.
What you have nobody wants.
No self esteem, it's your own fault.
In the back again, whispering to that same old friend.
Plays the songs their his very own.
Walk away you're still alone.