

Empty glasses on the table
Rows of bottles without labels
No-one drinks with friends no more
Look to yourself and that's for sure

Pull up all the roots I'm growing
I'm on my way
Don't know quite just where I'm going
I'm on my way

I'm on my way
I don't know when but I'm going soon
On my way
It won't be long, perhaps this afternoon

I'll follow signs that point the way
To yet another empty day
Seems it's just my generation
But I never leave the station

Memories that come it seems
To haunt me always in my dreams
Trains go whistling by forever
I'll just hope for sunny weather

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