

## Wander Drug

Thomas Giles

The broken sun lifts upon the street  
Deliver the decades  
Memories of those who once moved a beat  
Must find a soul  
Who can sing with me  
The empty rooms and cluttered streets  
Stare at the dashboard  
Reminds this man of what used to be  
I know you're out there  
with you melodies  
Hands beat down and knocks the photograph  
from the dashboard  
My blank eyes stare towards the crowd of loss  
I'll never surrender  
I'll find my design  
Search for my kind