

Return

Tigers Jaw

Keep to myself until it's over,
I can't see it but I know it's there.
And if you'd like the sight of failure for a change,
Well you can call me anytime.
Little boy, with all that weight upon your shoulders,
You know you never stood a chance
G.L. was a drive, and I'm outside,
And I've never felt further from home.
It's permanent, like ink on skin.
Return is a foreign word.