

## Cab

## Train

New York snow this time of year  
There's nothing more beautiful to me  
Except for you  
Making my way on the town  
And I'm seeing familiar places, faces  
In my pile of coffee grounds

The days are better, the nights are still so lonely  
Sometimes I think I'm the only cab on the road  
Sometimes I think I'm the only cab on the road

Watching my breath rise in the sun  
Pulling myself in two made one  
Helplessly feel for my phone and drive away

This new rhythm I pursue  
Is just my getting over you  
Telling myself that I need to

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I'm still looking for a play no one said that it was fair  
To be alone

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