

No In-between

Transit

I have nowhere to be but I'm leaving again
and that's just how it's always been.
Alone, in this backyard, scratching away at the fences.
Never escaping, never mending.

So enter and exit up, recite your scene.
That same old song, take a bow and move along
and please don't have mercy on a man who flails and folds.
That's just how my friend it's always been.

Do you find yourself clinging to straws for something to hold you up.
Move along, just move along is what I've learned about life.
And I've learned about love, you're either in heaven or you're in hell.
There's no in-between.

That boy grew up too fast, his bones were made of glass.
He threw too many stones, leaving him in pieces everywhere.
He left his pieces everywhere and how he fails alone.
Now he fails alone.

So enter and exit up, recite your scene.
That same old song, take a bow and move along.

So enter and exit, recite your scene.
Your heart always seems in the right place at the wrong time.