

Inside, it's so peculiar,
everything feels so frozen and overgrown.
I've seen ten thousand faces,
but they'll never be the ones I've always known.
And nothing feels the same when you're alone.
No one knows how bad you've got it.
Far away and long forgotten.
No one knows that the roads seem cold wherever I go.
I know that I'm old and alone until the day I come back home.
Outside my breath is smoke
as everyone waves goodbye to me on their way home.
I smile like a best friend might,
but I'll never be the one they think they know.
And nothing feels the same when you're alone.
Wide of the mark. It makes me sad.
But grief like this is healthy
when you've had the dreams I've had.
No one knows how bad you've got it.
Far away, but not forgotten.
And the roads seem cold wherever I go.
I know that the roads aren't cold back home.
I know they're gold.
I'm someone different now.