

Bread Crumbs

Aslyn

There is a corner
Somewhere off Broadway
There was a story, never told
I was the ears
When the first time it opened
63 years, like dirty gold
He sang like the angels heard him, oh

God, tell me it's over
This life on my shoulder
Is killing my soul
Bread crumbs on a lonely
Street, they don't own me
They're making me stone

He spoke of the water
His faith and his daughter
His answers and questions of the war
Said when he was younger
His dreams were his heartland
He can't find his way back anymore
And then, like a prayer, he left me, oh

God, tell me it's over
This life on my shoulder
Is killing my soul
Bread crumbs on a lonely
Street, they don't own me
They're making me stone

Somedays, I am restless
For why? My best guess
Is there's a message to impart
I'll always remember
More than an ember
One lonely sailor in my heart
A shout from the mouth, all I hear, oh

God, tell me it's over
This life on my shoulder
Is killing my soul
Bread crumbs on a lonely
Street, they don't own me
They're making me stone

God, tell me it's over
This life on my shoulder
Is killing my soul, soul
Bread crumbs on a lonely
Street, they don't own me
But they're making me stone, yeah