

Old Bones

Broadside

The wind is fucking up my hair,
been watching clouds go by for hours.
Standing on the weathered dock,
thinking of the times and what they cost me.
But was I ready
to turn my back and run
into the setting sun?

I don't wanna grow old.
Sweet dreams,
I've been sold.
Opportunities passed me on my way back,
life's moving too fast.
Different cities through the glass.
All my struggles are captured
in these photographs.

Faces in a crowded room
in my silence, I'm consumed.
They shake my hand and strike a pose
posting memories so I'll know
that I was once known.
But when the moon is low,
why do I feel so damn alone?

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I did what's best for me
with some uncertainty.
I climbed a mountain
to embrace the things I couldn't see.
Always been clear to me
just who I wanna be.
So far from chasin dreams,
cause greatness comes to
those who never sleep.

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Opportunities passed me on my way back home.