

# The Distance

CunninLynguists

And he travelled (Repeated)  
And he travelled far (Repeated)  
I can feel the distance (Repeated)

The streets kept coming and coming and coming? through his tracks  
And every scene he spied was all the same  
He kept running and running and running and never looked back  
He never realised how far he came  
And it didn't matter that the latter part hadn't bothered him  
Rather all the sadness that followed him as if it was a ball and chain  
It was a long await, his posture had changed fraught with his fault and his anger  
Until he wouldn't respond when they called his name  
It was all part of the game, it started as a play to get ends  
It left him with the breath of debt and less friends  
And yet he never questioned where the quest went  
And when dissenters didn't deem him special  
He did his best to impress them and this led to regrets then  
Still he was dead-set on success and distress  
He only expressed through a sent text  
Addressed to anyone he hadn't met yet  
The tires peeled on desire's wheels  
Again he said, "I can feel."

The distance

The city had changed him as he reflected on the decade that passed  
His life, he reckoned at last, was a staged pun  
With a fantasy masked where the grave was dug  
A double life revamped and the other side bites till it tastes blood  
So he drives to escape driving a stake through his great love  
Incessantly trying to shine through the bars like a caged sun  
Dissecting a piece of the strange run  
With the dirty southern niggers working for crumbs  
In some underground dank club  
Where there's nothing but strained hugs from mother and father  
And a strange son cause he can't recall when he became one  
Though the shame is heavy and weighs tons  
He still finds a way to place blame on what they've done  
Visits they've stayed away from  
And perhaps it was that all along so he just carries on  
And he can barely call because the talks are rarely calm  
He wears his calluses like a tux to a daily prom  
Wearily feeling forever young until they play the song  
And his patient wife waits gracefully while he breaks the dawn  
Racing across the States to raise the stakes and cost to pay it off  
Debating cons of procreation on the hopes to trade it off  
A basic honest home relations, how'd they know it would take this long?  
But he placed his honour in the way he crawled  
All that means is he hits the floor harder from farther up in case he falls  
He's racing towards the exit so disconnected  
He felt compelled to misdirect his perspective  
I can feel

And the more that I stand still  
The closer I get still

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