

## Splendid Isolation

Dead to Me

He's thinking of the hungry rats  
Inside his stomach and he knows that  
Nothing ever changes anyway

He can see himself there  
He knows that look, it's called despair  
His father taught him to wear it well

So he put his ear to the door of his youth  
And he heard a groundswell of remorse now

There's no splendid isolation  
For the abandoned generation

It gets hard to maintain  
When the brightest of shells  
Weather and fade anyway  
Do what you can before it's too late

Arms stretched, she's on her back  
Her hollow words ring from her past  
She's been running from that every day

She can see herself there  
She knows that look, it's called despair  
Her mother taught her to wear it well

She puts her ear to the door of her youth  
And she heard a groundswell of remorse now

There's no splendid isolation  
For the abandoned generation

It gets hard to maintain  
When the brightest of shells  
Weather and fade anyway  
Do what you can before it's too late

I spent a lifetime searching with tired eyes  
I had the best intentions but they went away