

## Barstool Warrior

Dream Theater

In a dark and lonely corner of a time-worn dockside inn  
Sits the local barstool warrior, talking to his gin  
Tracing past decisions, he motions for a shot  
Is he doomed to be a man this world forgot?

Just a prisoner of the monster on his back

Call it bad luck, call it fate  
Call it stuck here the rest of my days  
Serves me right, what went wrong  
And where do I belong?

In the glow of flashing lights, on the shoulder of the road  
Clutching at the bruises on her skin  
She tries to signal danger with anguish in her eyes  
Will he see the world of pain she's in?

Or is it too late?

Was it bad luck, was it fate  
Or a past that she couldn't escape?  
It's not right, something's wrong  
Just where do I belong?

Promises made, crying in vain  
All empty, never accepting the blame  
And not letting go of the shame  
A river of tears, as months turn to years  
All wasted on someone not willing to change  
Now only a shadow remains

No one can save you  
And there's no one to save  
It has been written  
You will become all you think, all you feel, all you dream

Now I'm cutting the anchor away  
And I won't look back  
I'm starting a new life today  
Now I see where I belong