

Pockets

Finish Ticket

My town, empty like my pockets
I chase your shadow for a while
But I can't crack a smile
Ghost town, living in this small town
Towered by the city lights
On these lonely nights.

Oh my friend
It's been long
No need to pretend
You're just one step ahead
And I'm hot on your trail
But then you run, run, run from me

Your voice, muffled in a phone call
There's laughter in the background
And it's all around
So take me, take me to the concrete
Show me to the angels, the industry

Oh my friend
It's been long
No need to pretend
You're just one step ahead
And I'm hot on your trail
But then you run, run, run from me