I Walk Alone

Pinhead Gunpowder

I walk a crooked twisting path
That seems to be leading nowhere
I lead a loner's life
Not what i meant to do

I do what seemed to be the right thing at one time But now that time has passed And I'm the last one Walking down this path

I walk along the same old streets Where we used to meet by chance But now there's not one familiar face There's not one knowing glance

There's just my memory
A problem that I seem to have
Is not being able to appreciate
or understand
The present until it's past
And so it goes
Away