

Strangers

Ron Pope

I said goodbye to Los Angeles then I boarded the plane
Searching for a version of myself before the pain
And the players in my story, they still look much the same
But the boys I used to laugh with, I am watching as they change

We grow up, we grow old, we move on and we grow cold
We're afraid, so we stay, feeling things we just can't say
It is hard enough when you are standing out there all alone
And the ones you love are changing into strangers

The ritual we play at is so simple and so pure
With a hint of desperation in my voice, cause I'm unsure
Aching for a simpler time but needing so much more
Remembering those nights that seemed so endless long before

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All my failures at redemption overshadowed by success
I do not think I have earned and so I'm fraying at the edges
And my seams have come undone
So I wonder when enough is enough

Think about that dancer, in her rapture in the dark
And my longing for her answer, for some beauty, or a spark
And that never ending hunger as she laid there in my arms
Moving forwards, looking backwards, still unsure of what we are

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