

The Wreckage

Ruston Kelly

I was taught to love
I was taught to give
I was told to shape this life I live
By the work of an honest man
Guess I never learned
That it could burn down
With everything I earned, if somehow
It slipped right out of my hands
Like a hurricane blowing through the sand

Now I'm standing on the corner
Watching cars go by
Wondering why I'm so numb inside
Dust cloud hanging up over these lights
Somebody's running from their crumbling life
Caught by the trouble and the pain
And brought down to rubble by the shame
Where the smoke's rising up through the rain
And where only ashes remain
And I can't bear the thought
It was all my fault
That everything fell apart
Cause I swear I've got a good heart
I just don't know where to start
When the waters are rising too high
And I feel like a child
Here among the wreckage

Cause every time I wake
The morning takes
Another piece of my strength and my faith
For so many years and I've never known why
And the only things that numb the pain
Are the same damn things that eat away
Any chance I'll ever know who I am inside
But even if I've lost my mind
I've forgotten for a little while

That I'm standing on the corner
Watching cars go by
Wondering why I'm so numb inside
Dust cloud hanging up over these lights
Guess I was running from my crumbling life
Caught by the trouble and the pain
And brought down to rubble by the shame
Where the smoke's rising up through the rain
And where only ashes remain
And I can't bear the thought
It was all my fault
That everything fell apart
I swear to god I've got a good heart
I just don't know where to start
To build it up again
And I feel like a kid
Here among the wreckage

When the darkness settles down

Over these empty city nights
And the bars have closed
Everyone's gone home
But no not me
I'm walking between the shadows and the light
Trying to run or trying to hide
From a ghost
I'm thinking bout the faith
That only came with the hearts of the young
While we ran through wild woods
Under our summer suns
I'm thinking bout my dad
Carving that cedarwood gun
I wonder what he'd think of me now
And think of the man I've become
Would he understand these roads I've run
But something tells me
He fought the same things once

I can't bear the thought
It was all my fault
That everything tore apart
But I was blessed with my mother's heart
And I know it'll help me start
To find my way again
Maybe I will learn to stand
Here above the wreckage
Above the wreckage
Above the wreckage