

Wander Drug

Thomas Giles

The broken sun lifts upon the street
Deliver the decades
Memories of those who once moved a beat
Must find a soul
Who can sing with me
The empty rooms and cluttered streets
Stare at the dashboard
Reminds this man of what used to be
I know you're out there
with you melodies
Hands beat down and knocks the photograph
from the dashboard
My blank eyes stare towards the crowd of loss
I'll never surrender
I'll find my design
Search for my kind