

Castles

Tom MacDonald

I see you at the liquor store
Leaving with the cheapest can of beer on the shelf
You ain't living on the street, but you barely making rent
And I relate because I'm struggling myself
I see you smile at the clerk, while you fumble through your purse
I just wish I had a little more to help
I imagine where you living, how you feeling, what you love
And who you'll be if you can make it out your hell
I see you at the bus stop, looking at the sidewalk
Smoking half a cigarette, waiting for a ride
Kinda limp when you walk, and look away when you talk
You're ashamed, I can see it in your eyes
Probably got a NASCAR shirt, and a car that you love
But you're here 'cause you're too afraid to drive
It's been almost 10 years since the day that you crashed
Can't forget about the little boy's life

Everybody's got a story, if you look a little closer
You can see it in the wrinkles in their face
They can hide it in the silence, they can bury it and fight it
But it comes out when their hair is turning gray
You can feel it if you touch them, you can tell that they are troubled
You can hear the story running through their veins
We all travel different roads, and we put on different clothes
Underneath it all we're really all the same

We've all got problems and we all feel alone
We've all been haunted by the secrets we hold
We could fill our coffins with the rocks they have thrown
Or we could build our castles with the sticks and the stones
We've all got problems and we all feel alone
We've all been haunted by the secrets we hold
We could fill our coffins with the rocks they have thrown
Or we could build our castles with the sticks and the stones

I see you sitting on the front porch
Playing with a radio, looking to the sky
Probably living in that house all alone these days
Trying to find a better way to pass time
Got a wheelchair ramp leading up to the door
I can see that you walk just fine
Probably hate it 'cause it isn't getting used anymore
And you only ever built it for your wife
Everywhere that I walk, see you on the sidewalk
Begging for a little loose change for some dope
Probably got a mama and a papa spending everything they make
Tryna clean you up enough to take you home
Used to have a good job, used to get good grades
Used to have big dreams, then you lost hope
When your girlfriend died giving birth to your son
You're the father that he'll probably never know

Everybody has a tale that they're too afraid to tell
You can see it in the cracks in their hands
They can cover it with smiles if you walk a couple miles in their shoes
Then you'll know where they stand
Everyone who really lived had to climb out of a ditch

They were in before they found the right path
If you wanna know the truth about what we been going through
Then try to put your phone away so you can fucking ask

We've all got problems and we all feel alone
We've all been haunted by the secrets we hold
We could fill our coffins with the rocks they have thrown
Or we could build our castles with the sticks and the stones
We've all got problems and we all feel alone
We've all been haunted by the secrets we hold
We could fill our coffins with the rocks they have thrown
Or we could build our castles with the sticks and the stones

We are, the neighbors that you'll never meet
We are, the strangers walking down your street
We are, a million faces in the crowd
We are, the ones the system's tearing down
We are, the people working to survive
We are, more than just our 9-to-5s
We are, the shopping malls and street cars
We are one, it's time to tell them just who we are

We've all got problems and we all feel alone
We've all been haunted by the secrets we hold
We could fill our coffins with the rocks they have thrown
Or we could build our castles with the sticks and the stones
We've all got problems and we all feel alone
We've all been haunted by the secrets we hold
We could fill our coffins with the rocks they have thrown
Or we could build our castles with the sticks and the stones

We've all got problems and we all feel alone
We've all been haunted by the secrets we hold
We could fill our coffins with the rocks they have thrown
Or we could build our castles with the sticks and the stones