

# 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  
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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

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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

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