

Lonely Ol L Ride

The cigarette smoke and rapid tapping of feet.

We're waiting for that ride

the ride where we all meet.

Though silent when we get on,

our faces sing endurance songs.

Our faces tell our journeys,

some of them long.

That lonely, lonely train ride.

it's never a happy one, not at any time.

It forces us to remember;

what went wrong stays fresh on our mind.

I'd give anything to move away from here.

I'd give anything to not lie, about how I don't want to leave each
one of you behind; my only interest: saying goodbye.

The train makes its way through the Chi,

I'm pissed at some of the failure I see.

I'm related to all of you.

We're familiar strangers.

I too am someone I ain't supposed to be.

That lonely ol' hurtin' L ride.

It shoots like a star toward its home,

but it leaves me somewhere between here and there in a place I

don't really belong.