Lost Motel

Strung Out

A picture on the wall, Like a postcard with a better view of
All things absent from Room 209.
Diana sips from an empty glass of hope she poured last night,
The clouds above reflect the shape of
all she's gotta leave behind.

We always think there's something better in the place we are not,
In dreams the reality of it all,
Nobody's happy where they're at and we all wanna be somebody else

Another scribbled stationary book of lies,
Another staged confession that just goes unheard,
Harry Detroit in 304 made one last promise now,
I'm going out without a trace a vanishing act before your eyes

Nobody wants what they have got and what they got is not enough,
In dreams the reality of it all,
A lighter shade of green the grass maybe if I
believe it so, then I'll be home.

Here I go uncertain that if what I find is what I want,
the best for me is everything,
I reach for the same as what I'm running from,
I guess I'll never, guess I?ll never know

Is it the struggle that we live for,
Is it keeping us alive to breathe to want, to know, to love

Just one more day
Just one more way

So here I go
I'm half the way to home
I'm half the way to home
I'm half the way to home

Lyrics submitted by Gabriel.

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