Table For One

Passenger

So I sit on this table for one
And pour me a drink that'll last
I'm not drunk I just miss being young
And I grew old too fast

My wife she breaks and she bends
My children they don't understand
I came here tonight in search of a friend
But I'm the invisible man

'Cause I've swallowed my tongue
And I've polished my gun
And I've sat on my secrets for years
With my stiff upper lip
My composure won't slip
And I've hidden each silent salty tear

I sit on this table for one
And I have been here before
It's a little less than I'd had in mind
But I wouldn't ask for more

And my mother she taught me to write
And my father he taught me his trade
And I wish that they could both be here tonight
To see what a mess I've made

'Cause I've swallowed my tongue
And I've polished my gun
And I've sat on my secrets for years
With my stiff upper lip
My composure won't slip
And I've hidden each silent salty tear

My sons and my daughters don't know me at all
I've dug in trenches and put up walls
I whisper I love you each night as they sleep
But no one hears me when I speak
On this table for one

So I sit on this table for one
I won't go till they tell me to leave
Why'd they teach me to follow my dreams
When dreams are all they can be?

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