

# 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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