

Boxcars Boxcars Boxcars

Street To Nowhere

Love was thin thread in the seams
of her harsh words and your soft defeat.

but love need never decide.
other girls are Styrofoam inside.
Empty sidewalk, Empty street.
Walk on weary worried feet.
Heaven spreads above the trees,
you set your woman down.
and you can't recreate the sound
of home

Remorse is such a filthy bloodhound
Stalks your steps, nose to the ground
your face is cold against the window pane
across the fields on endless waving grain
Will you rust up come the rain?
Will the tears erode your face?
Its a bitter bloody taste!
you set your woman down
Sink back into the soil.
Let your imagination spoil.
Combust amongst the toil,
you set your woman down
and you can't recreate the sound
of home

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