Never Coming Home

Joseph Vincent

Well it's five in the morning and the light's already broken
And the rainy streets are empty for nobody else has woken
Yet you turn towards the window as he sleeps beneath the covers
And you wonder what he's dreaming in his slumbers

There's a clock upon the table and it's burning up the hour
And you feel your life is shrinking like the petals of a flower
As you creep towards the closet you're so careful not to wake him
And you choose the cotton dress you bought last summer

There's a time of indecision between the bedroom and the door
But the part of you that knows that you can't take it any more
There's the promise of the future in the creaking of the floor
And you're torn if you should leave him with a number

And in your imagination you're a thousand miles away
Because too many of his promises got broken on the way
So you write it in a letter all the things you couldn't say
And you tell him that you're never coming home

She starts running for the railway station praying that her calculation's right
And there's a train just waiting there to get her to the city before night
A place to sleep a place to stay will get her through another day
She'll take a job she'll find a friend she'll make a life that's better

The passengers ignore her just a girl with an umbrella
And there's nothing they can do for her, there's nothing they can tell her
There's nothing they could ever say would change the way she feels today
She'd live the life she'd always dreamed if he had only let her

Now in her imagination she's a million miles away
When too many of his promises got broken on the way
So she wrote it in a letter all the things she couldn't say
And she told him she was never coming home
She told him she was never coming home

I wake up in an empty bed a road drill hammers in my head
I call her name there's no reply it's not like her to let me lie
It's time for work it's time to go but something's different I don't know

I need a cup of coffee I'll feel better

I stumble to the bathroom door, her make up bag is on the floor
It really is a mess this place it takes some time to shave my face
I'm not really thinking straight she never lets me sleep this late
I'm almost done and then I see the letter

In his imagination she's a universe away
Too many of his promises got broken on the way
So she wrote it in a letter all things she couldn't say
And she told him she was never coming home,
She told him she was never coming home,
She told him she was never coming home

I'm gonna live my life
And she told him she was never coming home
I'm gonna live my life in my own way

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