

Splendid Isolation

Dead to Me

He's thinking of the hungry rats
Inside his stomach and he knows that
Nothing ever changes anywayHe can see himself there
He knows that look, it's called despair
His father taught him to wear it wellSo he put his ear to the door of his youth
And he heard a groundswell of remorse nowThere's no splendid isolation
For the abandoned generationIt gets hard to maintain
When the brightest of shells
Weather and fade anyway
Do what you can before it's too lateArms stretched, she's on her back
Her hollow words ring from her past
She's been running from that every dayShe can see herself there
She knows that look, it's called despair
Her mother taught her to wear it wellShe puts her ear to the door of her youth
And she heard a groundswell of remorse nowThere's no splendid isolation
For the abandoned generationIt gets hard to maintain
When the brightest of shells
Weather and fade anyway
Do what you can before it's too lateI spent a lifetime searching with tired eyes
I had the best intentions but they went away

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