Empty Hand

Eliza Doolittle

I don't have the reflection,
Of anybody checking their face,
In the shade of my glasses,
One way ticket on the fast train,
And I'm solo all the way.
I could maybe read a novel,
To push away the trouble,
That sits in the pit of my tummy,
But I know that it will find me,
When I finish the last page.
An empty hand I wave goodbye,
I feel a tickle in my eye.
No I'll never, sever any time,
Tired of the journey,
No hand held in mine,
No I'll never, sever any time,
Tired of the journey,
No hand held in mine.

Will I always feel it more,
On a day when there's a storm,
Or a raincloud, so dangerous and lonely,
No one ever told me,
That the darkness is my fault.
And I'm looking out the window,
And losing both my dimples,
As they enter the ends of my smile,
'Cause I am a thousand miles,
From the place I need to go.
And empty hand I wave goodbye,
I feel a tickle in my eye.
No I'll never, sever any time,
Tired of the journey,
No hand held in mine,
No I'll never, sever any time,
Tired of the journey,
No hand held in mine.

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