

# Railroaded

Matthew Ryan

Well, I smoked my  
Throat out last night  
Hoping you'd call  
Or just stop by Now, I'm wheezing  
Like the Oakland sky  
Feeling like  
The rusted tracks  
And forgotten dream  
Of the old train lines It's a perpetual stone  
In my shoe  
One that I'll always  
Be trying to shake loose  
An ache in my chest  
And a thorn in my side More than a scratch  
Beneath this skin  
Somewhere between  
The beginning and the end I don't feel a lot lately  
I don't feel whole lately  
I don't feel much lately  
That's how I hide  
That's how I hide You wrote it down not to  
Draw attention to yourself  
You let the pilot just  
To blow it out Here the conversation's  
Always too loud  
And we're as pathetic as the jumper  
That listens to the crowd To say I miss you  
Wouldn't be enough  
I feel like Tom Waits  
Singing, 'Diamonds and rust'  
And I'm as pathetic as a junkie  
Who knows what he does It's a perpetual stone  
In my shoe  
One that I'll always  
Be trying to shake loose  
An ache in my chest  
And a thorn in my pride More than a scratch  
Beneath this skin  
Somewhere between

The beginning and the end I don't feel a lot lately  
I don't feel whole lately  
I don't feel much lately  
But that's how I hide  
That's how I hide

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