Gone

Pulley

I don't plan anything, I'm trying to come home
Thoughts of you are always on my mind
A runaway from problems, my excuse when I am thereYou roll over once again, I'm gone
It's old, it's plain to see this life of tragedy
Save it for later, that's what we always saidWhat will that do for us
Tried to paint a picture of the times we once shared
You never seemed to be so concernedThe story goes like this, you say I'm almost never there
Independent is what you've always want
An arm to hold on, someone to sleep next to in the nightRolling over once again, I'm gone
Look through the backlog and index of thoughts
This time it won't get to me

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