Rottin' Apple

Strung Out

Hey tired man I see you walk alone.
The wrinkles on you face, a map
Of all your pain
Your expression becomes an open book
Of time, filled with pages of forgotten hopes.
Good intentions, regret, disillusion with
Life, animosity, unbridled purity.
All these things I swear I see
And your eyes tell me all you could never be.
So many times I've stared
Into the eyes of the young, the old.
The lonely and the wise.
Just to find a glimpse of all I
Have not seen
Just to find some peace for my
Jaded made.
Don't wanna live my life by
the second hand of a clock that's
Long since past me by
You say I've got to stay in line
We'll your line is going nowhere and
So are you.
Choices decisions made smokin' away
The pain inside
Sit back and watch it all go by
We could never find the peace
Of mind we need
We hid it all away for another day
Sit back everything's gonna be alright.
Rivers of pain map your agin'
Skin your expression a journal
Of where you've been
All your dreams and your chances lost
You walk along that dotted line
Do you remember a time
When you used to dream?
Do you remember a time when
You used to Live?
All your dreams and chances they're

All gone.
So you gave it all away unable
to say all you wanna say
Look at you now - turned our to be
Face of misery
Look at you now a rottin Apple's all I see.

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