Friends Back East

Jawbreaker

Welcome to your new home. Here's your bed. You'll sleep alone. Getting everything you wanted and some. Here's the kitchen. Cook alone. Look at the water boil. At the table sit and stare. Soup with bread with so much to care for...
All my friends back east keep asking "What have you done with your life?" Just a little too strung out to lie. Suddenly it seems so clear. Rejecting what you can't have. Light a candle, smoke and pray all good sins will find you one day. Now another month is gone. Soon it will be a year. Go to bed and say out loud, "Is it over where it's all gone wrong?" My ambition keeps getting in the way. When I found my voice there's nothing left to say. Inhibition keeps me behind this door. My life's a running joke. What am I? What am I running for?

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