

Troubled Man

Quiet Lights

Troubled man in the supermarket aisle
In the only place he feels heâ€™s still worthwhile
Reading labels on the things heâ€™ll never own
Never quite sure how to find his only home

Troubled woman wearing silver in her hair
Hanging mirrors over every hall and stair
Hoping when her husband enters in a blur
He might recognize himself as well as her

In the twilight of our dreams
They unravel at the seams

Troubled daughter in her academic years
Sitting outside of the lecture hall in tears
Troubled son selling everything he owns
Save a picture of his father by the phone

In the twilight of our dreams
They unravel at the seams
As our days to night return
We remember we were

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