After You My Friend

Lagwagon

Here he is, he saves a grin
He wants to be the one who doesn't have to sink a level
Indiscrete, in his retreat
All he needs is just a taste of the bitter pride
He held in her name
Embrace the solitude in ordinary fucked up state of grace
Far away from the days he bared the cross she used to wear
In some resolve well aware
A little pitiful, a pin up boy they dress in grieving wear
Well at ease in consent in the drift of undertow
He won't justify the pity from them
When he knows....fools in love are arrogant
Their sermons cloud his breathing air
He's in love with an isolation from emotions
Here he is awaiting sentence
A fool to think that anyone can escape guilt and anguish
A subtlety that can't be learned
A subtlety that can't be taught
He is caught in the lure of second thoughts
He might still care
As he settles down well aware
Bound in secrecy. His voice will only dignify their
But his sorrow is signified
Well aware of his pride

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