

# I Walk Alone

## Pinhead Gunpowder

I walk a crooked twisting path  
That seems to be landing nowhere  
I lead a loner's life  
Not what I meant to do  
I do what seemed to be  
the right thing at one time  
But now that time has passed  
and I'm the last one  
Walking down this path  
I walk along the same old streets  
Where we used to meet by chance  
But now there's not one familiar face  
There's not one knowing glance  
There's just my memory  
A problem that I seem to have  
Is not being able to appreciate  
or understand  
The present until it's past  
And so it goes away

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