Passer-By

Drew Torres

Sometimes the role of the passerby is all I can feel as I watch objectively at my own life. See the past unfold, hear the story told of all my days, my nights, my wrongs, my rights, my lack thereof. And any little thing that makes me up

Why didn't anybody let me know that I'm the reason for this downfall? Why didn't anybody fill me in on what I was missing? What I was missing...

This cold breath from this cold heart. I try but it all just falls apart but I know I can stitch together the pieces for just one more song. Shallow words from this shallow speech matriculates my life lessons and policies. It's not my policy to feel guilty or badger on cuz I know what I speak's done truthfully. And it always seems like a fault to me, every word I breathe, no reasoning. Every point I make is just a pixel of tile of this mosaic life in which I'm tired of treading on.

Lyrics Submitted by Drew Torres

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