

# Loneliness

Steve Morell

Loneliness across this land  
We walk the line hand in hand  
Covered in a vacuum of love  
Touched by a golden glove Separated life's our game  
The price you pay for being in fame  
Cold days, hot nights  
Art doesn't know human rights Loneliness means holiness  
Loneliness is the only dress  
You might say it means emptiness  
For us it feels like happiness You listen up, to the way we talk  
you are watching down the way we walk  
creating dreams that you might follow  
so realize they're all made of sorrow Separated life's our game  
The price you pay for being in fame  
Cold days, hot nights  
Art doesn't know human rights Loneliness means holiness  
Loneliness is the only dress  
You might say it means emptiness  
For us it feels like happiness Loneliness across this land  
We walk the line hand in hand  
Covered in a vacuum of love  
Touched by a golden glove You listen up, to the way we talk  
you're watching down to the way we walk  
creating dreams that you might follow  
so realize they're all made of sorrow Separated life's our game  
The price you pay for being in fame  
Cold days, hot nights  
Art doesn't know human rights every night we hang out restless  
music's the answer, I see no question  
sometimes it feels like I'm breaking down  
lights and voices all around

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>