## Exit, Lonely Man's Wallet

a lonely man smokes his last cigarette as the cold breeze enters the bar still afraid from what he is there's only so much gin can fix i've written pages in the book big enough for chapters the hurt won't leave when will it quit

i'm gonna throw it all away so don't try and stop me i'm not me

and as the hours pass on by a lonely heart beats on in time living's become only existing and that's just what people do get in the car and drive on home eight years becomes a lifetime i'm gonna take this car off the side

they found his wallet in the wreck an ace of clubs and ninety cents i don't want to tell the story of this tortured soul but i see him every day mirrors open up the room they say i'm not me