

Passenger, A Song For The Drunk And Broken Hearted

Sweet Sunday afternoon
September's golden brown
Summer Always fades too soon
Like the laughter of a clown

And shadows fill the room
Where sorrows come to drown
Your heart's a lead ballon
As you sink another one down

I know it numbs the way you feel
Blurs what is right and what is real
And there's no love left you can steal

For the joker laughs along
As the jester's outsmarted
And the gambler tries to win back what he's lost
As the sad man sings a song
For the drunk and broke hearted
And the fool
He never knows how much it costs