

# 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