

Transit, Outbound

On an outbound train surrounded by strangers
I wonder just where they'll go.

As the world flies by right outside my window
I see the birds in the sky with nowhere else to be.

As our train car derails and rolls into the ocean
I'll be honest I wouldn't miss a thing about these
cold-hearted towns and the distance between
everyone here and everything.

As the world flies by outside of my window
I'll be honest I wouldn't miss a thing.

When compassion is dead we'll drown ourselves
in a sea of paper that glitters like gold.

Some say that hate that it speaks in whispers
but I can hear their curdling screams.

And as our train car derails and rolls into the ocean
I'll be honest about everything.

As the world flies by outside of my window
I'll be honest I wouldn't miss a thing.

As the world flies by outside of my window
I'll be honest about everything.

With the exception of a few familiar faces this place will never feel like home.

So we keep our distance and we learn to say goodbye.

This place will never feel like home to me.