

## Speechwriters Llc

### "Wayback"

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The apple of another man's eye  
You and I were getting high  
In the middle of a broken down downtown  
Nobody else around to interrupt us  
I'd ask you if you want to get corrupt as the time allows  
But I don't see how  
We could ever walk the high road in this town  
So I look at you and burn as the summer setting sun  
goes down

And it's a story I imagine's been told  
Since the apple crop of old got sold  
To a brown-eyed girl named Eve  
And the price of paradise became too much for me  
So I cover up my nakedness before you and stand  
Half a shadow of a broken and dilapidated man  
Caught hanging 'round the stairwell  
Staring at the slippers that you're wearing  
Like a ruby pair of high-heeled shoes

And if there's nothing left to lose, why do I hesitate so?  
Yeah, it's going to bruise, but the pain's not so great  
So anyone could tell you, it doesn't hurt a goddamned  
soul  
Or take up too much time

But something tells me I should go  
Grab my things and hit the road  
Sing my things you'll never know  
And walk too slowly  
On the way back home  
I find it easier to breathe  
And tell myself what to believe

Another night falls and nobody calls  
It's got you staring at the walls  
As the thoughts of all that crawls get the best of you  
'Cause there's a million ways to die, but it just takes  
one  
For everything you're working on to come undone  
Luck favors not the rich, middle, poor nor prepared

man  
And going anywhere can result in getting scared out  
your chair

So take this paranoia from my shaking hands  
And be there when this jet plane lands  
To put me back together  
In the shape of a man that can hold you tight  
And I will bury you in tales of a land  
Where everything is always going just like we planned  
Much better than the shit that we're in  
But you're drifting again  
I can't seem to make it through to you

But that's the way it always goes  
And I should probably find my clothes  
I'll sing my things you'll never know  
And walk too slowly  
On the way back home  
I find it easier to breathe  
And tell myself what to believe

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