

3-11 Porter

"Pawn Ticket"

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Cover your tracks and don't retrace your steps
To what you left behind
I can't see you the way you see yourself
But inside my mind
A picture of the one I love
Falling down and giving up

Did someone tell you you would find the truth
A few drops in a spoon
Just what truth did you uncover
Cornered in a rubber room
With a couple of pills to kill the pain
But not enough to stop the rain

Cover your tracks
Because it's not as if you need directions to
The place where you trade money and your pride
For a gram of untruth

It all comes down to what we have seen
Different stories
Same song, different key
My words cannot do justice to my fears
Let them rest in peace, those lonely years

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