

Idy "Trainrides"

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Sitting still,
sitting in silence
as I ride,
ride these rails homeward.
Resting my head,
feeling homesick,
and aching for this girl's sweet words.
Just as something darling takes seat,
that same one I'd prayed wouldn't fill.
But, she's just euphoric, just like pills, to me.
I'm restless, so stupid,
and I am sitting here slipping,
but now it's my stop,
this scene's ending.

Because never in this sad, young, life have I felt this
far from right,
as to walk away from the addictive smile of this sweet
stranger.
Never in this whole damn life have I felt this far from
right,
as to walk away from the addictive smile of this sweet
stranger.

As I embark on this empty
parking garage I feel something,
solace or fondness, or malice.
Swallow it and get to driving.
And there's auburn hairs on my car's seat,
stealing the gazes from sunbeams.
And, now I'm sleeping in Tom and Bern's living room.
Riding their lone couch to dream of you,
because my floor is scarred from your clothing,
and my burned CD's bring no relief.
But, I'm home sweet home here in misery.

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