

## **Rory**

# **"Packed More Trunks Than The Jersey Mob"**

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There's no turning back from here  
So many unfamiliar faces  
This fright train is running off the track

Hey mister can you help me?  
I seem to have lost  
My way back home  
There's no more taking chances  
Embrace the ghost and kill this doubt  
You can devour your demons  
But they'll never let you go

There's no turning back from here  
I'm leaving and I'm never coming back again  
This gun is cocked  
And suited with a bullet  
Called regret

A million channels on the tv  
All reruns of past mistakes  
The static neither fact nor fiction

It's my excuse to get some sleep  
Pulse racing I can feel the tension  
Sweat dripping as it cuts across my brow  
How hollow can a person feel?

There's no turning back from here  
I'm leaving  
And I'm never coming back again  
This gun is cocked  
And suited with a bullet  
Called regret

How can you mean all those things you said  
The lies that you told?  
The blood has been washed off my hands  
By the grace you've shown

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