

Sundowner

"Second Hand"

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I spent my time fishing through pockets of old winter coats

Looking for a weathered New York City subway token charm

But instead I found a shattered silver pocket watch

A present given to me to mark my twenty first year

But the time had never stopped

The months rolled on

Nine years passed without a sound

The ticking heart beat dead and gone

I wasted days thinking about how I wasted so much time

I sat alone in my room while the weeks went by

Someone save me from this tomb in Graceland

I was hiding in an attic the past two years

Cuz I'm a fugitive

Call the detectives in

I'm ready to confess

All the terrible things I did

It's time for my sinking heart to rest

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