

Tim Barry "222"

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I ain't strayed on happiness or feigned content
But everywhere I go it seems
It's somewhere that you've been
From Asheville to Portland
In airports and vans
From Arizona to Washington State
I expect to see you there
Hiding in the Queens Gate Yard
Or up along the James
Making plans of life's patterns
That somehow lead us back again
Nathan says he misses your teeth when you smile
And I feel alone
And your girl she ain't calm yet
But we all hope she'll come around
And I see your parents when I can
And talk to 'Cole when she calls
Been keeping busy when the sun is high
And hiding when it falls

And I don't feel alone
When I look up anymore

You always knew you'd be leaving
And slowed down with each step
Keeping time with every stride
With few words said
Below Orion's belt in dark skies
And Fulton Yard in the sun
On endless cross ties and steel rail black lines
On high or feeling numb
And I forgive you quietly leaving
And I forgive you for what I saw
You know I'll be alright I heal myself well
On solitude and alcohol
I miss the hell out of your stories and your white lies
And voice calling on the phone
"just checking in, it's been awhile now,
Been three days since we hung out."
Just go on ahead if you need
I'll meet you when I get there
Just know I won't go easy man

I'll kick and punch till there's nothing left

And I don't feel alone
When I look up anymore.

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