

Grieves

"He Won't Answer"

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Another night in this black water rain cloud
Kickin through the puddles on his way up to the
Greyhound and,
In his pocket is a letter from his mother, folded up
sayin...
(Where have you been?)
Yeah, but he won't write back
Left his whole life on the nightstand
Open up his wounds and let em bleed onto the white
sand
And you can label him another problem typecast
And stay the hell away from him like everybody else
has
And that's exactly why he flees to the road
Nother notch in the war club he keeps in his soul
And if you ever saw him swing it you would easily know
And have the worried urge to ask him
(Where have you been?)
Yeah, but he won't answer
Blinkin as the headlights pass him
Rip the chills off of his spine and throw em right at chu
But sometimes you don't really get what ask for
And life gets so cold and you can never go back home

Where would you go if could never go home? (go
home)
What would you say if they never even asked you?
(asked you)
Where would you go if could never go home? (go
home)
What would you say if they never even asked you?
(asked you)
Where would you go if could never go home? (go
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The sun rises on a dead open one way
And dilates his pupils like a fire struck his young face
Dead to the world, he's planning his exit to stare death
in the face
(Where have you been?)
Yeah, but he won't fold
He's been waitin for the end of the road
To have this cold world drop off and swallow him whole
It's a one way trip, he don't plan to return
And as the vessel of his escape out eases into the
terminal
Lost, with nothin but a smirk on his face
As he steps off the bus and starts pickin up pace and,
You could see it in the people as he ran past that
everyone was wonderin
(Where have you been?)
He's almost home, and he can feel it in the cracks of
his bones
As he runs up the stairs that pass over the road and,
Without a hesitation stoppin his actions
He leaps from the guardrail and...dives into traffic

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home)
What would you say if they never even asked you?
(asked you)

Daddy was a rolling stone
Mama never gave two shits about a broken home
I said....
Daddy was a rolling stone
Mama never gave two shits about a broken home
(Where have you been?)
I said....
Daddy was a rolling stone
Mama never gave two shits about a broken home
I said....
Daddy was a rolling stone
Mama never gave two shits

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