

Aaron Thompson

"Solitude"

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I'm on a bus with a neon sign
That says double happiness
It's been a lonely July
I'm running out of breath
It's midnight in New England
And I've got the only light
On my way back to Baltimore
Route 95

I'm thinking of a movie
Starring only silhouettes
The more you think about it
The less you understand.
The antagonistic hero
And his artificial grin
Ride their bicycles to war
As the sun begins to set.

Solitude's a root
And existence is the tree
You cannot eat the fruit
Without pushing past the leaves
The harder that it hurts
The louder you can sing

A life without some pain
Doesn't mean a thing.

A gypsy from Los Angeles
Drew visions from my hand
She said I don't know where I'm going
But I'm sure about the end
She pulled out a faded picture
Of an orchard and the sea
Said 'I used to live there
Before the war took him from me'

I thought if broken hearts could kill
We'd all be dying lonely deaths
We'd be actors in that movie

And we'd all be silhouettes

But the hand that goes around the clock,
It comes back again
So stand up and cast your shadows
On the cold pavement.
Solitude's a root
And existence is the tree
You cannot eat the fruit
Without pushing past the leaves
The harder that it hurts
The louder you can sing
A life without some pain
Doesn't mean a thing

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