

Pich Paul

"Other Lives Rough Mix"

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Gloria, there's no reason left to cry
All the time
The city's gone
There's no use wondering why
We left behind
Our other lives

When we were young
We could dream of what we loved
But now they're words a mother's read at night
Every night
Some other life

My other life
Is something I won't talk about
In attempt to justify
The need to pull this weight around
Now you're small
Try not to make a grown man cry
You know I try, try not to let you down
Though I may fall
Can't let you see me cry
Can't let you see me cry

Gloria, there's no reason left to cry
Cause I am tired of running all the time
All the time
From my other life

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