

Pinhead Gunpowder "I Walk Alone"

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I walk a crooked twisting path
That seems to be landing nowhere
I lead a loner's life
Not what I meant to do
I do what seemed to be
the right thing at one time
But now that time has passed
and I'm the last one
Walking down this path
I walk along the same old streets
Where we used to meet by chance
But now there's not one familiar face
There's not one knowing glance
There's just my memory
A problem that I seem to have
Is not being able to appreciate
or understand
The present until it's past
And so it goes away

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