

Ryan Matthew "Railroaded"

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Well I smoked my throat out last night
Hoping you'd call or just stop by
Now I'm wheezing like the Oakland sky
Feeling like the rusted tracks and forgotten dream of
the old train lines
It's a perpetual stone in my shoe
One that I'll always be trying to shake loose
An ache in my chest and a thorn in my side
More than a scratch beneath this skin
Somewhere between the beginning and the end
I don't feel a lot lately
I don't feel whole lately
I don't feel much lately
But that's how I hide
That's how I hide
You wrote it down not to draw attention to yourself
You lit the pilot just to blow it out
Here the conversation's always too loud
And we're as pathetic as the jumper that listens to the
crowd
To say I miss you wouldn't be enough
I feel like Tom Waits singing Diamonds & Rust
And I'm as pathetic as a junkie who knows what he
does
It's a perpetual stone in my shoe
One that I'll always be trying to shake loose
An ache in my chest and a thorn in my side
More than a scratch beneath this skin
Somewhere between the beginning and the end
I don't feel a lot lately
I don't feel whole lately
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But that's how I hide
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