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Chris McCaughan "Your Self Portrait"

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I tie my shoes Leave the house Board the train, keep on moving Keep on moving

Thoughts are thickening These trees fill me like you're whispering The night is fading

Hey there friend, I think we had a lot in common The feeling is dead Or maybe it's just lost and needs to be found again

Just keep on moving

A manic walk, but hey it's just the panic talking So keep on breathing Don't stop creating

I stared and studied the structure of your face To feel connections; Some form of deeper meaning My skin will crawl and in the morning it will fade a little

I can't find home Yeah, I'm a stranger in this city now Tonight I think she might be losing me Tonight I know she'll never set me free

I feel nothing I want nothing I am nothing

I feel nothing I want nothing I am nothing

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