

Steve Morell "Loneliness"

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Loneliness across this land
We walk the line hand in hand
Covered in a vacuum of love
Touched by a golden glove

Separated life's our game
The price you pay for being in fame
Cold days, hot nights
Art doesn't know human rights

Loneliness means holiness
Loneliness is the only dress
You might say it means emptiness
For us it feels like happiness

You listen up to the way we talk
you are watching down the way we walk
creating dreams that you might follow
so realize they're all made of sorrow

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every night we hang out restless
music's the answer, I see no question
sometimes it feels like I'm breaking down
lights and voices all around

Written by Steve Morell / Sept. 2007

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Taken from the forthcoming album :

"The Life and Death of Jimmy Pheres and his Rise from
the Underworld"

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