

Taproot "A Golden Grey"

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She walks with a sadness like she's never known
Exiting from the back in black from head to toe
A swallow of stale station air
Leaving behind the taste of despair
Almost running into someone she used to know
As fragile as a flower
She wonders if she can go on
It's been a long morning
Another cold back Sunday
It's like she's been awake for hours
Another dying Sunday
She hopes to hide these things behind a darkened veil
She dies inside thinking of every time she failed
It seems like only yesterday
A memory of golden grey
Foreshadowing a pale tomorrow

If she could hold on one more hour
Maybe she can go on
It's been a long morning
Another cold back Sunday
It's like she's been awake for hours
Another dying Sunday
She knows she tried
Stuck in the middle
She blames herself, a little
She knows she tried
Suck in the middle
She hates this sound
It's been a long morning
Another cold back Sunday
It's like she's been awake for hours
Another dying Sunday

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