

Tourniquet

"Ghost At The Wheel"

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You finally noticed
Did it dawn on you slowly
Or was it a blast of cold air?
You're adrift on an ocean of silence
You lost track of the last time
There was anyone here

You sought the silence
Scuttled any and all
Who didn't see things the same
Well actions turn quickly to habits
You slipped your moorings
And soon you were drifting away

Swept with the tide
Pulled out to sea
No course or sense of direction
Swept with the tide
Pulled out to sea
A lost ship adrift
With a ghost at the wheel

To some you're a memory
Others choose to say, "I do not remember at all"
Some wait and pray
And scan the horizon
Hoping that some day
They'll see you come home

Swept with the tide
Pulled out to sea
A lost ship adrift
With a ghost at the wheel

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