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Train tracks

Staring at a frosty window
A runaway ticket in my hand
Watching the reflections in the glass
Pretending I don't give a damn

I really can't stand looking out
I sit still as miles fly by
My thoughts are catching up on me
Can't forget even though I try

Getting tired of my distractions
They never heal me like you do
Somewhere I know I want better
But I want the better to be you.

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