

*Where*

Where does love go?  
When she has no hand left to hold  
Does she chase affection?  
Grasping for the wind's fingertips  
She tried the train of forgetting  
But the conductor blew his whistle  
Leaving her ticket of shame  
She raced across steel rails of misery  
Misery loves company  
Company never understood her  
Not how he did  
His eyes would soften  
His ears would listen  
To her in a way  
She could never find again  
If she tried

