

She walked through the train, looking for the door
Having paid a full fare ticket, to find her way home
87 days gone by, 3 or 4 to go
her jeans are ripped and tattered, her heart is full of holes.

Abigail, you damn sweet thing, Time to let go of your dreams
And come right down now, come home

Her eyes were filled with thunder, her lungs were full of soul
Her bank account was empty, to make a life she stole
The road was wearing on her, misguided by the hope...
...of sunrise on horizon, but nowhere to go