

GROOVE EDITION



1Earthling

Groove Edition Booklet 01

2026 – 2027

Groove Edition — Booklet 01

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COMING HOME THROUGH YOU



Series ID: GE01-01

Diesel smoke in sodium lights,
a bug-splattered windscreen.
Coffee burns in a paper cup,
mile sign says 400 to go.

Chrome rigs humming in the night,
while streetlights fade to black.
This road knows where to go,
this road's hands are on the wheel.

Home ain't a mark on a map somewhere,
it's your light through a midnight door.
When I say I'm coming back,
this time I ain't running away no more.

Tires sing and white lines stream,
while the past gets left behind.
All the roads I ever took
lead home through you tonight.

Vacancy sign buzzing like
it's calling out my name.
Ice machine wails down the hall,
thin door shakes at each call.

Cracked mirror splits my face,
the TV snow lights up the room.
Neon bleeds across the floor,
unsaid words hang in the air.

Home ain't a mark on a map somewhere,
it's your light through a midnight door.
When I say I'm coming back,
this time I ain't running away no more.

Tires sing and white lines stream,
while the past gets left behind.
All the roads I ever took
lead home through you tonight.

Yellow lines start talking plain,
dashboard clock screams 2:09.
Porch light burning miles ahead,
cutting through state lines.

I said I needed open sky,
I was just afraid to stay.
Truth was waiting on that porch.
You were home the whole damn ride.

Tires sing and white lines stream,
while the past gets left behind.
All the roads I ever took
lead home through you tonight.

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HANDED DOWN



Series ID: GE01-02

My life is pain,
not from flesh or bone.
It didn't come from nowhere,
it was handed down.

Society taught me,
society trained me,
society gave me pain.

My life is pain,
they name it wrong.
They say it's mine,
but it's passed along.

Not what I took,
not what I chose,
just the normal way
you were taught to stay.

Society begins at home,
in rules enforced to shape
children into patterns,
reflections of our past.

They say be quiet, they say be calm,
and only their rules rule.
They say home is where the heart is,
but there's no heart in this home.

If I speak, I'm called unstable.
If I stay, you call it proof.
Every name you use to settle things
is built to hide the truth.

My life is pain,
you name it wrong.
You call it normal
and move along.

Not what I chose,
not what I made,
just the price
of how you're raised.

Kids learn early what to say,
which steps keep them in line,
which feelings draw no consequence,
and which ones cross the line.

Normal writes itself in time,
in tone, in look, in place.
Woven into everything
until it wears a face.

You call me mad,
but I see clearly
the patterns you reveal.

You call all this normal,
you say it's true.
I won't be that normal,
I won't be you.

My life is pain,
you named it right,
just not the cause,
just not the crime.

I'll never be your normal.
I'll never pass it on.

I'll never be your normal.
I'll never pass it on.

I'll never pass it on.

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CHOICES MADE TODAY



Series ID: GE01-03

The nights were long and heavy,
with the thunder in the walls.
We learned to move in shadows
when your footsteps hit the halls.

Each whispered warning taught us
a lesson we obeyed.
We learned in quiet corners
of the choices that you made.

Old man, you ruled that house
with a will that wouldn't break.
Threw your shadow 'cross the doorway
like a king without a land.

The kids you tried to shape
still carry what you gave us-
the fear, the fire, the silence
that we're fighting off today.

You said it was survival,
just the only way you knew.
But echoes in the hallway
still remember what you do.

'Cause the damage doesn't show
when you're pushing through the day.
It hides behind the motion
in a way we couldn't see.

The truth comes in the morning,
in the cold light of the day-
tomorrow does the talking
for the choices made today.

We grew up reading signals
in the way you closed the door.
Learned to measure every moment
by the tension in the floor.

Now we're here building lives,
still checking for the quake-
trying hard to break the cycle
that you swore you had to make.

You said it made us stronger,
just the only way you knew.
But the lessons in the silence
still outlast the things you do.

But the damage doesn't own us
like it used to yesterday.
We're stepping from the shadows
that kept stealing light away.

And truth comes in the morning
as we choose a different way-
tomorrow won't be written
by the choices made that day.

We're stepping from the silence
into lives we choose to make.
Tomorrow's ours for taking,
not the choices made that day.

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I MIGHT BE MAD



Series ID: GE01-04

I might be mad, but I'm not as crazy
as the world you say is real.
I might be mad, but I'm not as crazy
as the way you say you feel.

Everybody talking loud,
no one hears a thing.
Everything in the air,
nothing ever lands.

Lights stay on all night,
screens don't ever close.
Say they know the truth,
but circles have no end.

I might be mad, but I'm not as crazy
as the world you say is real.
I might be mad, but I'm not as crazy
as the way you say you feel.

Shadows on the pavement,
always rushing round.
Chasing every moment,
but moments slip away.

Midnight feels like morning,
days go on and on.
People keep on searching,
still staring at their phones.

I might be mad, but I'm not as crazy
as the world you say is real.
I might be mad, but I'm not as crazy
as the way you say you feel.

Headlines spin in circles,
same words every night.
Messages keep moving,
nothing staying still.

Signals overflow,
everybody talks.
Voices fill the darkness,
nothing ever stops.

Round and round again,
same noise every night.
Everybody looking out,
no one looking right.

Round and round again,
voices in the wire.
Everybody talks now,
nothing getting through.

I might be mad, but I'm not as crazy
as the world you say is real.

I might be mad, but I'm not as crazy
as the way you say you feel.

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FREEDOM HOLDS THE WHEEL



Series ID: GE01-05

Freedom's like a fire I can't outrun,
burning through the dark when the day is done.
Hands on the line when the road gets tight,
foot on the edge but I hold it right.

License in a whisper in the back of my head,
take what you want, don't look ahead.
Running past the lines just to feel that rush,
leaving what I break in a cloud of dust.

One road cuts you open, leaves you clean.
One road feels like fire, burns too deep.

Freedom holds the wheel when the road turns hard,
license lets it slip when you push too far.
You feel it in your hands when it all goes wrong,
freedom keeps you steady, pulls you on.

Headlights shaking in a pouring rain,
good hearts cracking under silent strain.
Steady hands keep holding to the line,
while the night comes down every time.

One road cuts you open, leaves you clean.
One road feels like fire, burns too deep.

Freedom holds the wheel when the road turns hard,
license lets it slip when you push too far.
You feel it in your hands when it all goes wrong,
freedom keeps you steady, pulls you on.

Every turn of the wheel shows where you stand,
every second slipping through your hands.
You can hold the line or let it slide,
you don't get it back once you cross that line.

Freedom holds the wheel when the road turns hard,
license lets it slip when you push too far.
You feel it in your hands when it all goes wrong,
freedom keeps you steady, pulls you on.

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I REMEMBER YOU



Series ID: GE01-06

I remember you,
you're living in my mind.
Thoughts of you run round my brain,
I think of you all of the time.

Memories left to suffice.
Though I come to know the world,
the gain can never replace the loss
of a friend like you.

Time keeps pushing me ahead
like I've got no choice.
I wear a face that looks intact,
but it cracks behind the wall.

They say life goes on just fine,
like loss is something light.
They don't see you in my dreams
or miss you every night.

Madness reigns, for I'm insane.
I know you were for real.
Madness reigns, for I'm insane.
I know you were for real.

I've made peace with broken days,
learned to stand without a net.
Still there's nothing I have found
that feels like no regret.

I walk past places we once stood,
they don't know you're gone.
Time erased every step,
but I still can't move on.

I remember you,
you're living in my mind.
Thoughts of you run round my brain,
I think of you all of the time.

Memories left to suffice.
Though I come to know the world,
the gain can never replace the loss
of a friend like you.

I keep your laughter in my head
like a song I can't forget.
It cuts right through the quiet hours
and leaves a mark I can't replace.

Some days I swear I see your face
in strangers passing by.
For half a second I forget,
then remember why I cry.

Madness reigns, for I'm insane.
I know you were for real.
Madness reigns, for I'm insane.
I know you were for real.

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