

Denison Witmer, Sets Of Keys

I believe when we were younger
We thought that we deserved the sun
I met you when you were 18
I was pushing 21
The sentiment, the twists and turns begun

Living close to Philadelphia
We would go there now and then
I liked all the different restaurants,
Neighborhoods, and river bends
Together we made plans that went

I would move there first
In a year you'd come down
And I'd keep my place here
You'd find yours across town

Sharing sets of keys
To our rooms and bigger things
We would write our names on this place
In a way that could not be erased