

# 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