

# Ataris, So Long, Astoria

Ataris  
So Long, Astoria  
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It was the first snow of the season  
i can almost see you breathin  
in the middle of that empty street

Sometimes i still see myself  
in that lonesome bedroom  
playin my guitar  
and singing songs of hope  
for a better future

life is  
only  
as good as the memories we make  
and i'm taking back what belongs to me

polaroids of classrooms unattended  
these relics of remembrance  
are just like shipwrecks  
only theyre gone faster  
than the smell after it rains

last night while everyone was sleepin  
i tripped through my old neighborhood  
and resurrected memories from ashes

we said that we would never  
we were really just like them  
does rebellion ever make a difference

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So long astoria  
i found a map to buried treasure  
and even if we come home empty handed  
well still have our stories  
of battle scars, pirate ships and wounded hearts,  
broken bones, and all the best of friendships

and when this hourglass  
has filtered out  
its final grain of sand  
i raise my glass to the memories we had  
this is my wish  
this is my wish  
im takin back  
im takin them all back