

Denison Witmer, Stations

I'll be waiting on your train
When you come back
Through the western state
Where I left you on the platform
Life gets so hard
But I know that you'll be fine

Stations make me think of my own travels
All the people
The places I've been through
And when you find out they're the same thing
As the people
The places where you grew

Can you promise me
You still love, what you loved
When you left
Will you promise me
You still have, what you had
When you left

All I want is to be honest
Like the season
Let's talk about (?)
But there's compassion that holds no words
It holds no words
I feel it as you go