

# Real Friends, Hebron

I've spent the end of my summer  
Listening to these songs I know you don't like  
I've been wondering where you are and who you're with  
We used to lay on your kitchen floor at two a.m.  
I was forty miles away from my house but I never felt so at home  
I was forty miles away from my house

You never called before you left to move west  
I was just dead weight pulling you down  
I'll move forward without the person I need  
When somethings fallen apart as many times as us  
I can't put it back together it's not the same

You still run through my head every night  
When I lay in bed

You used to cover up the cigarette burn on the passenger seat  
of my car

Now there's just empty coffee cups  
And long drives by myself