

Real Friends, Home For Fall

So much has changed back home
Since you left without
packing all your things
I always drive past your house
Hoping you'll be sitting on your porch
And I still smell the smoke on your clothes
And I can still hear those
second-hand stories fall off your tongue

It's just not the same around here
without you
most of the time
I feel like you're in over your head out there
You ran away from the Midwest
And traded it in for beaches and East Coast sunsets
Don't take in too much too soon

Keep your chin up out there
Don't forget where you came from and who
cares about you
Whenever you're missing home just look at your arm.
You've got the state lines inked into your forearm
There's still memories of you pinned on my wall

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Maybe you'll be here next year
to waste the fall away
watching the leaves blow across my driveway
and we could listen to American football
or talk about high school
just like we did the years before