

Real Friends, Something's Keeping Me Here

There are minutes when I want to leave this town
With the shirt on my back
And Saves the Day stuck in my head
But there's something keeping me here
I tell myself I won't go back
I'll never even look back
My friends are the only thing making me turn around
Keeping these sleepy eyes from staring at the ground
But I like it that way
They like it that way

I don't know where I'm going
I'm having one hell of a time getting there
Everyone's trying to find the meaning of the nights
We spent laughing forever
I don't know if we'll ever find it
I could sure as hell care less

The friends I've grown up with are still here
Kids I don't see anymore
Have left their hearts and minds in years behind
I look in my rearview mirror and think back
To the night at Denny's
When Mark and I laughed so hard we cried

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I felt the still St. Louis nights
And the heat from the Las Vegas lights
I have seen the sun-beaten Texas skies
And cars from New York City passing by
But nothing's better than the wind running through my street
Through my street
One, two, three, four

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