

# Story Of The Year, Sidewalks

the bridge is all crumbled  
the water soaks into rocks  
that fell at the bottom of the road  
(at the end of town)  
The town we lived in  
The memories shaken apart  
from the weeds that grow  
over the

sidewalks  
running away from the streets we knew  
sidewalks  
like the time we thought was made for you

out on the front porch  
watching the cars as they go by  
(eighteen blue, twenty-one gray)  
looking ahead  
for the first time that we could drive  
out on our own  
to speed away  
from the....

(Chorus)

all of the days have passed us by.  
all of the sun is gone away.