

Subseven, Dirt Roads

country dirt roads
this walk is not the same without you
right here - by me - the twig I trip over is you
over - this bridge - the memories of the past times
look up - past the trees - and to the left
the broken house that you lived in

good times was all we had
concrete slabs spray painted
leaves me pictures of you
I patiently wait... (the place we played) for you
I silently pray... (you'll find a way) for you

the top - of this tree - where we could see for miles
stories - of the times - the testimonies of our lives
smell the air - take a breath - fall asleep and listen in
we learn a lot from experiences, but it's no good if we don't change.
good times was all we had - concrete slabs spray painted
leaves me pictures of you - I patiently wait... for you
I silently pray... for you

close your eyes (It's time to move on to the new.)
hold on tight (forget the past, forget old 'you'.)
we'll be alright (look to the new pasture.)
close your eyes (the past won't meet your future.)

the field - the creek - where the fort we built I think still lay
crooked branches with our names - still engraved
they'll stay the same.

crbt2('Subseven','Dirt Roads')

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