

The Promise Drive, Michigan

I haven't seen you in so long
I hope that Michigan hasn't changed you
I've been hoping you would decide it's time to come home
But maybe I've been wrong all along and home is where you are
I miss you tonight
Northern lights and bitter cold
Blankets of snow and ice on the asphalt
Six hour flight exchange it all
For summer days, a muddy lake
A few more hours by my side
This distance is killing me
Along with your smile and the photograph you sent me
Why can't Michigan be a little closer to here?
I stare at the sky as the blue gives way
To shades of pink and orange
The heat rises up from the pavement
I'll wish on the first star I see tonight that
You were still here
I'll recreate your voice
By reading through your letters
Because faking memories has got to be better than waiting