

# The Story So Far, Four Years

All my friends have gone away.  
Sailing vessels leaving the bay.  
For the best four years and the promise of pay.  
But they don't even know what they're chasing.  
Greater men have tried and failed.  
And all this time I thought that I'd stay.  
As a ghost who would haunt this mountain.  
And all this time I thought that I'd stay.  
Alive in the ground digging out my coffin.

Time was short on courts and pavement.  
We knew we had to leave.  
But did I make the most of every day.  
And did I give to not receive?  
Are there any better words to express the full extent of my grief?  
It hits home when you're not home.  
There's no space to grow, and all this time not much to show.

And all this time I thought that I'd stay.  
As a ghost who would haunt this mountain.  
Maybe I should hold my tongue.  
And do my best to live with the stress that's mounting.

I never thought I never thought a bond was something we lacked.  
I gotta find another way to keep myself intact.

I understand we all went away so we could have the stories to share when we're back.  
Try to pass the same old shit to get a head and start your paper stack.  
I never thought I never thought a bond was something we lacked.  
I guess some of us just needed a change to heal the bones we cracked.

It takes four years away from your friends.  
To make you all forget how much time you spent.