

Transit, For The World

The last thing you said to me was this "I wouldn't trade you for the world"
(I couldn't trade you for the world)

Because in the moment I knew how it truly felt to be loved unconditionally.

When you held me on the back porch underneath the setting sun.

You are the torch that lights the way through the darkest times in my life.

Like coals that would burn beneath my feet to keep me moving on.

Will you sing me to sleep the way you did when I was young.

When you held me on the back porch underneath the setting sun.

I got time to kill but I won't waste a second cause

I've grown tired of

Waiting and wasting away.

Right now it seems all I know and love is gone

Except my beat up guitar and unfinished songs.

At least I finished this one.

(The last thing you said to me was this "I wouldn't trade you for the world";)