

Transit, Parking Lot Nights

The wind stole color from the trees
With a burst of October air.
It's tearing out the roots,
What's left has falling apart.
How the branches used to sway.
They were singing songs of beauty.
But you heard nothing just deafening screams.
And I still miss those nights
When we ran beneath the playground lights
The sparks lit up our eyes.
But I will not forget how we threw caution at the wind.
The sparks will never die.
Why do these moments filled with happiness
Make me feel so hollowed out?
But the rain is pouring down against my windshield
And the outside air it's trying to get in again.
So I'll keep driving all around this town
Singing our old songs I can't seem to let go.
(When will I let it go?)
The rain is pouring down against my windshield
And the outside air is trying to get in again.
I'll keep driving around this town,
Singing our old songs again.