

Central Standard Time

The Get Up Kids

Cold October Fall,
At The Outside Of A VFW Hall,
I said I minded distance
but distance would define us,
define us all.
A tree in Nichol's Park,
I carved a broken heart.
I said I minded distance
but distance owned us from the very start...
it's every song.
There's dividing lines between east and standard time,
so promise me...
you'll still be mine.
Will this come between us
as I doubt all of the pages I pour out?
When our doubts become regret,
don't ever forget...
my only,
you own me,
if you'd only see.