

1904

Benjamin Francis Leftwich

All of our friends survived
When a plane crashed their minds
And in 1904, I found
Some real, real strength of my ground

You looked at me with your old, old eyes
That you used to
Look at your god in your old, old ways
If you lost your way, walk on, walk on, walk on

All of our thoughts collide
When our hearts smashed inside
And in that place I saw the cold dark diamond
In the cold dark floor

You looked at me with your old, old eyes
That you used to
Look at your god in your old, old ways
Lost your way, walk on, walk on, walk on