

# Must Be Seven

Billy Strings

Dirty broken dishes  
Cigarette burns on the floor  
She held a look of disbelief  
And wandered through the door  
To have a seat and meet the parents of the child  
That was heading the wrong way  
And it's probably seven years  
Since she turned around and hit the road that day

Paper tearing off the walls  
A rotten, moldy sink  
Well, he wandered to the cupboard  
Just to fix himself a drink  
Like there wasn't something wrong  
Like he couldn't see the sorrow in the soul  
And it must be seven years  
Since he tipped his hat and told 'em all "So long"

Well, she was so distracted  
By the color of the room  
She never thought that she would see  
Her little flower bloom  
And take the cards that he was dealt  
Into the house the big, bad wolf could not blow down  
And it must be seven years now  
Since they turned their lives around

She said, "Stay on track  
Don't let me see you lookin' back  
Never mind what's left behind and don't look back  
Don't look back"

Well the house shrunk in the rearview  
They left it far behind  
It faded out of sight  
Back to the shadows of her mind  
Like the shards of shattered mirrors  
Broken pieces scattered o'er the burial ground  
And it must be seven years now  
Since they got out of that town

She said, "Stay on track  
Don't let me see you lookin' back  
Never mind what's left behind and don't look back  
Don't look back"