

Burlap String

Courtney Marie Andrews

In a small West Coast town
There's a family and a house
Where the memories of us belong
We used to live there
Free of worry, free of care
Free of pain and what we'd become

If I could go back now
I'd pick you wildflowers
Tie 'em in burlap string
Tell you what you mean to me

Some days are good, some are bad
Some days I want what we had
Some days I talk myself into a lie
I've grown cautious, I've grown up
I'm a skeptic of love
Don't wanna lose what I might find

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Time eases, but can't erase
The sad look on true love's face
When you know what your heart needs
And you tell them you must be free
But deep down you know the truth
There's no replacing someone like you

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