

# Smooth

Jack Stauber

Gold ran the autumn sky  
And often we would fly  
Above  
Arms out on the freezing sun  
Our jackets held us warm  
As dancing leaves would form  
Walls  
We'd take each others hands and we would run

Goodbyes and see you soon  
Most every afternoon  
Made  
The lonely nights a bit easier to take  
You took a downward bend  
Night swung you back again  
Learn  
It takes a lot to watch a person break

Those lakes of ours drying up  
Even though we kept trying, trying  
Smooth hands that I'd been stripped of  
I knew the ground till I was flying, flying

Every inch that we grew  
And everything that we'd do  
Planted seeds  
Throughout the weeds  
And when it reached the sky  
It was a mile high  
And I'll always know  
There's ground below