

# Hollyridge

Lee DeWyze

Hollyridge, beach wood ain't the same  
With boxes to the ceiling with our names  
Summer nights we come and go away  
But we can't stay here anymore

Oh, oh  
We can't, we can't stay here anymore

Now the dog is playing in the yard  
Underneath the tree our names are carved  
I wonder if the house knows where we are  
But I don't, I don't remember anymore

Oh, oh  
I don't, I don't remember anymore  
Oh, oh  
I don't, I don't remember anymore