

Sanctimony

Make Do and Mend

What ever happened to the first summer we ran away?
Hearing our hearts pound on 95 Southbound.
We never saw a snow angel's half-
chance in hell we'd be betrayed by the sound.

It's taken so long for me to come back around.

What ever happened to the first summer we ran away?
There wasn't anyone who cared; still we took up the chase.
You couldn't slip a hair between us and the world that we held
in our gaze.

It's so hard not to compare once you notice there's nothing the
re.
You've got to wonder what keeps us here. Is it devotion or fear
?
It's still so easy to hear.
We forced ourselves to ignore this year the ever-
audible siren song of the Econoline's gears.

What ever happened to the last time you thought it was safe
to lower your guard down once you heard the guitar sound?
There was no heaven like no sign of a stage between the mic and
the crowd.

It's taken so long for me to come back around,
but I'm starting to realize now where I was missing out.
I'm always missing out.

We can't fight and we can't win, but we're the boys and we won'
t give in.