## I'm Trying To Find It

There's a road that goes to an old friends house Where we grew up, where we hung out I've Been on this highway for three hours now And I'm trying to find it And I remember an old pinball arcade Where Where I lived out all my yesterdays And I'm sure it's torn down and gone away But I'm trying to find it And there's a feeling that I left behind I felt it once running down my spine The fear of God the joy of life And I'm trying to find it

There's a spot on earth a man can go To find himself and free his soul A place somewhere between hell and heaven Where no one hurts and all's forgiven A door that leads to light and grace But the keys are in the darkest place Though it feels like I've been there before Though I don't know what I'm looking for And I'm trying to find it

There's an attic in my old mans house Full of history I need to know about Of a life I've lived too long without And I'm trying to find it

And I know you're up there in your room And I want so bad to heal the wound But I've hurt you in so many ways And I don't know why you choose to stay And I know it's me that let it die And there's a fire that's gone when I look in your eyes An innocence that you once had A piece of you I miss so bad And I'm trying to find it

Well It's three AM and I'm on my knees She cries and her eyes looked down on me As I searched for the book She loves to hear her daddy read And I'm trying to find it There's a road that goes to an old friends house Where we grew up where we hung out I've been on this highway for three hours now

## Pat Green