

Remembering

Pedro the Lion

In Seattle
Feeling settled for now
Got a guitar
On my lap on the couch
I hear piano
From my sister's room
Dad wonders if I know how to tune

He doesn't really play guitar
But he showed me several chords
So I could use em to write a song of my own

Remembering a good friend
From a couple towns ago
I sat trying to strum the chords
Started humming along

Feeling several emotions
That I usually try to avoid
Under the spell of your own sad song
Oh joy

Drumming in a band
Makin' funny friends
Breathing oxygen
On the landline
Friend from Paradise
Is wondering if I'm

Just gonna disappear
And it hit me right then that I was
Told her I'm not proud of it
But I had to keep moving