

One from East St. Louis with a scar beneath his eye
Left the kitchen spotless on the day he said goodbye
Breakaway republic dude, supremely filthy mouth
Copiah, Mississippi; points much further south

It's never light outside yet when they climb into the van
Remember at your peril, forget the ones you can

Leave home feeling empty, change planes in Taipei
Stay awake the whole time, end up several worlds away
The house was almost full that day, they made a space for you
This world is sad and broken, gotta fix a crack or two

Rest until you're rested, climb back onto the caravan
Remember at your peril, forget the ones you can

And then just when you think you've learned how to forget
You learn it's just the ones who haven't risen to the surface yet

Absence after absence, keep the place secure
This will be the last time that I do this, I'm pretty sure
No one lasts for long in this profession, so they say
Maybe see you again someday

Every endpoint fixed forever on the day its arc began
Remember at your peril, forget the ones you can
Forget the ones you can