

A Place For You

This Time Next Year

I lost a friend today and I ran forever,
through the hills of my petty mind.
I searched for answers these muddled questions,
a good friends grave, the hand that waves goodbye.
So lets say this again, well say goodbye my friend.
Well tear it down, well burn it up, and leave it all behind.
Its strange how a face can change the way you look and feel,
a perfect stranger one year later.
Black sails will take me away from here, a life called you and
me.
So lets say this again, well say goodbye my friend.
Well tear it down, well burn it up, and leave it all behind.
Now cant you see? Your face means this to me;
a worthless history that I just don't need,
keep my books empty, clean of you and me.
The last thing I told you cut the strings and move back east,
board your windows and lock the doors and stay the fuck away fr
om me.
So here we go again, this is what I call an end, the worst wint
er three years bitter.
Moraga fog rolls in, these hills that Ive been left with,
now I stand an empty mind, small fires left behind.
Reminders I cant stand, the little things that wont end.
Its almost out, near clear thoughts, a reminder comes to mind.