

Skipping Stone

Transit

I'm getting good at saying goodbye.
But, I've always been better at believing that you're better off...
Wherever you go- go with all your heart.
Worn out and broken in, like hand me downs.
Every memory is like a skipping stone.
You'll never understand how long it took the tides to bring them back to us.
We grow into those sadder songs and leave our love behind,
in every single line.
Maybe that's the only place it can really live...
But, you could never understand.
You would never understand.
You don't care.
I'm getting good at saying goodbye.