

Never leave on your own  
Where you're from and where you're going  
I know these things like I know you hate me now

Catch yourself in mid-air thinking  
Your dreams can never be bought  
I couldn't help you then and I guess I can't help you now

When jousting is for pleasure  
And pleasure is way out of hand  
The time is right for getting out while we still can

Chickamauga's where I've been  
Solitude is where I'm bound  
I don't ever wanna taste these tears again  
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Appalachian, so patient  
The lessons we've traveled  
As soon as we're out, we're kicking our way back in

Fighting fire with unlit matches  
From our respective trenches  
No authority can clean up this mess we're in

A miracle might point the way  
To solutions we're after  
And avert our chronic impending disaster

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