

# Pittsburgh

**William Fitzsimmons**

Should you survive the fall from branches we have climbed and lost  
yourself in years the ones we left behind  
Should rivers run between your frozen heart and mine and words  
we spoke so young were cast before our time

I'll come for you if you want me to  
Should all your sons forgive their fathers where they fell and  
wrap them for the cold to rest their winters well  
I'll come for you if you want me to Pittsburgh