

## The Falls

Avail

To all the years full of front porch stories  
Failed plans and procrastination  
To r.a.g.n. sowing what others may implore  
I've been broke and forlorn and caught out with the best at acc  
a yard  
Oh it just goes to show, to desert friends like these streets  
I would be crazy  
To all the years full of backyard parties  
Winters in hibernation  
To assaulting views with dominion at our door  
Healing but scarred  
There's bullet holes in a porch in jackson ward  
Oh it just goes to show, to desert friends like these streets  
I would be crazy  
It goes to show, to dessert friends like these streets

I would be crazy  
I sat back to consider what has been within a decade counted  
Should I fly? should I settle?  
Will I find peace in time, in the face of growing old?  
To all the years full of untold stories  
Futures free of isolation  
To all those gone who in thought and heart live on  
On and on you never gave up and I got this far  
Oh it just goes to show, with friends like these to leave  
I would be crazy  
It goes to show, with friends like these to leave  
I would be crazy