

**1904**

**Benjamin Francis Leftwich**

All of our friends survived  
When a plane crashed their minds  
And in 1904, I found  
Some real, real strength of my ground

You looked at me with your old, old eyes  
That you used to  
Look at your god in your old, old ways  
If you lost your way, walk on, walk on, walk on

All of our thoughts collide  
When our hearts smashed inside  
And in that place I saw the cold dark diamond  
In the cold dark floor

You looked at me with your old, old eyes  
That you used to  
Look at your god in your old, old ways  
Lost your way, walk on, walk on, walk on