

In November of '95, the sister of a friend of mine from high school  
Committed suicide. Having never been to a funeral, I was very  
Apprehensive, especially since I had been asked to play a song during  
The service. Seeing her in that room along with all of those people who  
Loved her and cared about her really made me think. I mainly wondered  
If whatever it was that had driven her to that point could have been  
Worked out in that quiet room with that group of people. I suppose  
Questions just lead to more questions. I wrote this song on the way  
Back home in the car.

Thank God I'm back in my car  
And driving home  
And driving home  
'Cause the air was thin and so cold  
Back in there  
It was my first time  
Won't be my last time  
And the questions rise  
Expectations fall  
In light of it all  
There aren't words to say  
Words aren't remembered  
But presence is  
A good friend once told me  
And he was there  
He was there  
But she wasn't there  
It's not fair  
It's not fair  
What crimes have you committed  
Demanding such a penance  
That couldn't wait for five more minutes  
And a cry for help  
'Cause this room is so peaceful  
And this room is so quiet  
And I hate the silence  
And I can't walk the center aisle  
I've been here for over three hours  
Behind the flowers  
So beautiful and young  
And so alive  
And so in need of someone  
Someone to talk to them  
'Cause theirs are fragile lives  
And I think about my brother  
And how I just stood there  
With my hands in my pockets  
And my heart in my throat  
Thank God I'm back in my car  
And driving home  
And driving home  
But in that place I leave  
All my days of taking life for granted  
And the words I wrote for her  
And my best friend crying  
And a young girl lying  
On all our hearts