

Calling Old Friends

Defiance, Ohio

Those roads that stretch ahead of us, the roads that led us here; singing traditional renditions of the songs we sang last year. And though these times have made us stronger, the outcome's no more clear.

Calling old friends to make sure they're real, talking, talking just to feel that sense of home you lost when you left last year. Distance is just numbers on a dashboard, hours thinking about nothing but the transmission stutter you fear.

I remember what you whispered in my ear, and all the things we tried so hard to never have to hear, like "kids tighten up, start saving for the golden years." Well, hey, that picture it fades day by day and the outcome's not so clear.

Don't think I'll see you around this winter, and my tongue's stuck full of splinters; 'cause I'm embarrassed to admit what I've been thinking. Well, hope keeps some afloat, but for me it's no life boat. The tighter I hold on the deeper down I'm sinking .

Tried to put my finger on it but gave it my whole arm. Reached out with good intention, but it only did more harm. Find ourselves alone since the day we're born, so we seek someone to sew sutures in the places where we're torn.