Stations

Denison Witmer

i'll be waiting on your train when you come back through the western states where i left you on the platform life gets so hard but i know that you'll be fine stations make me think of my own travels all the people and places i've been through when you find that they're the same thing as the people in places that you knew can you promise me you still love what you loved when you left? will you promise me you still have what you had when you left? all i want is to be honest like the seasons as talk about that slows there's compassion that holds no words it holds no words you feel it as you go can you promise me you still love what you loved when you left? will you promise me you still have what you had when you left?