

Imagine you held
so tight your best friend
left him to fly
and never could reach him
Standing at the peak where two waves meet
Are you just behind the other side of music?
Peering like a flower never taught to grow
Someone fond of living always will remember

We are blessed, we endure
(I am blessed, I will endure)

Our eyes always looked
dark and the same
what does he see
who returns his smile?
And when Car's a sword its wit that stings
Now he will be used in our Father's army
Not as one who kills but one who always heals
Can I take his burden, who am I to follow?

One who travels knows too well
the panicked call from the truck stop
I held tight to the phone booth
envisioning last night and Car's last mountain drive.