

Maple Drive Is Still Alive

Living With Lions

We waste the days away, we kept the evenings long.
Shared laughter and let downs, beat out the odds.
Where are those days?
Where we just sat around at the edge of the bar trading stories
and scars.

With no where to go, static on the radio.
8 years go by, I remember everything.
Read the headlines on Father's day.

The pieces never fit the same again.
My memories.
I told you someday I would recover.
I always thought that I would live forever.
I told you someday I would show my true colours.

Waiting for someday, someday.
Hold close those days, resonating youthfulness, remembering, si
mplicity of maple days.
The hardest part will always be, wondering what could have been
.
Even on the brightest days the darkness washes over me.

My memories.
The choruses start to fade, regrets mistakes we've made.
The songs that we once sang, we can hear them in our hearts cau
se a part of us stayed