

# Everything You Ever Hoped Or Worked For

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And will we ever feel that way again?  
Like, we were so close  
That we could live inside of one another's skin.  
Like we all showed up in this town to make something new and good begin.  
Will we ever be able to call one another  
My my surrogate sister or brother without  
Being kinda cynical about it's implications?  
Well, past few years...  
I guess they've been pretty weird,  
I'm sure I left cause I was bored,  
Or maybe scared of what it means  
When something little comes between you  
And everything you ever hoped or worked for.  
But now all I can say is "friend don't go away,  
You know it kills me when we leave."  
But when I'm 9 hours on a bus,  
I look at photographs of us and  
I truly do believe it's what we need;  
To go back to Portland but  
Even anywhere in France,  
And find that shiver for your spine  
To keep you growing like a vine,  
And baby never stick too close to your plans.  
And the best books of our lives are  
Being written all the time but  
Not even one of them is anywhere close to finished yet.