

Brookfield

Silverstein

A 26 ounce promise
The bottle still lays there
We'll make a right on Brookfield
Never took anyone else here
The days I sit for hours
This night I tried to throw these rocks in to
This dirty lake that's home

You standing in my backyard
Your hands up in the air
Calling out my name one hundred times but I'm not there
I think you telling secrets
To people who don't care enough to know
Why I'm so scared

I'll just sit in silence
Waves the only sounds
A sailboat divide the clouds that cover this whole town
So if it really makes no difference
I'll just see you around
And if it doesn't matter
I'll stay here til the sun goes down

I'm standing in your front yard
My hands aren't in the air
And I don't say a word you
Know exactly why I'm here
A 26 ounce promise
The bottle still lays there
So bury me on Brookfield
And then I won't be scared