

Sidewalks

Story of the Year

The bridges are crumpled,
The water soaks into rocks,
That fell at the bottom of the road. (At the end the town)
The town that we lived in.
The memories shakin apart from the weeds that grow.

Over the sidewalks,
Running away from the streets we knew,
Sidewalks,
Like the time we thought was made for you.
Or

Out on the front porch,
watching the cars as they go by,
Eighteen blue, twenty one grey,
Looking ahead for the first time that we could drive,
Out on our own,
To speed away

From the sidewalks,
Running away from the streets we knew,
Sidewalks,
Like the time we thought was made for you.
Or

All of days that past us by,
All of the sun is gone...
Away

Sidewalks,
Running away from the streets we knew,

Sidewalks,
Running away from the streets we knew,
Sidewalks,
Like the time we thought was made for you.

(Sidewalks)

The bridges are crumpled,
(Sidewalks)

The water soaks into rocks,
That fell at the bottom of the road.