

Life In Stillframe

Turnover

I've spent these days awake remembering
my life in a stillframe some summers ago
a gray blue sky
and better times
not a care in the world
for what I didn't know

I don't think that I'll get over this
don't think that I'll get over this
don't think that I'll get over this
don't think that I'll get over this

I belong
where I would stand
on the corner of South Street and Jefferson Park
and watch time fly
and pass me by
never knowing that all this
would be ripped apart

I don't think that I'll get over this
don't think that I'll get over this
don't think that I'll get over this
don't think that I'll get over this

TAKE ME HOME
WHERE I BELONG
ALL MY DAYS
THEY FELL AWAY