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