

## 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