

Permanent

Turnover

Remember when I picked you up when school let out last fall?
We'd drive out where the houses ended
Trees lined all the roads
The leaves were changing color
As that autumn wind blew through my hair
The days were all so short that time of year
I didn't mind that much
Neither did you

And when the sun set, we'd pull off the road and park
Turn off the headlights and climb onto the hood
The stars were clear and burned bright in that dark blue sky
We kept each other warm on that cool night

I thought things would be permanent, permanent
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