

In the fall,
We circle through the leaves
And talk about the little ones.
And we smile, but never say too much.
The moment always vanishing.
One by one the neighbors' lights come on.
Our October day is almost gone.

I know the border lines we drew between us
Keep the weapons down,
Keep the wounded safe;
I know our antebellum innocence
Was never meant to see the light of our armistice day.

In the spring,
We climbed the rolling hills
And talked about our budding plans.
And we smiled,
Our faces like a mirror
Showing us our secret sides.
But then the fights...
The sharp words splintering the night,
How I couldn't be what you'd need...
But oh how I could make you bleed...

I know the border lines we drew between us
Keep the weapons down,
Keep the wounded safe;
I know our antebellum innocence
Was never meant to see the light of our armistice.
But how much would I give to have it back again?
How much did we lose
To live this way?

You'll go home...I'll stay here
Seasons keep on marching
I'll stay here...you'll go home
With only strangers watching