

J Church **"Made Life Simple"**

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She went out on Friday night,
She didn't come home 'til it was light,
She spent six hours just walking around,
She just knows it was so cruel,
She knows she has no control,
She knows she can't think about tomorrow

"He didn't see what his hurt would do to me,
He didn't see what his hurt would do to me"

She was from a small town where,
Knowing neighbours made life simple,
She told her mom, "I swear I'll write",
She just knows it was so cruel,
She knows Oakland is not her home,
She knows she can't think about tomorrow

"He didn't see what his hurt would do to me,
He didn't see what his hurt would do to me"

She was from a small town in Nebraska,
The smell of grass and cinnamon in cider,
I have some news for your mother,
Anna won't be coming home for Christmas

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