

Dan Mills

"For Ben, For Chip, The Wall, The Return, And Me"

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Take me as I come, I come alone
Take me as I go, Iâ€™m going nowhere
But if thereâ€™s someone I should me
Or someplace I should be I will convene

Life if getting hard I hardly work
Things are getting soft, too soft to hear
If thereâ€™s a job that I should take
Or a sound that I should make I will surrender

Everything I thought I needed now
Every little thing I own is taped away in cardboard
Every little thing I needed new
Every single thing I own is taped away

Streets I used to take I never use them

Footsteps I would trace I never follow
But thereâ€™s a reason to return
And trails left ot burn
I fill my gas tank

I left you all my notes
I left them on the stairs
I left them on the stairs that day with you
I lost my right to vote
I lost it on the stairs
I lost it on the stairs that day with you
My friend for you

So look me up and down Iâ€™m feeling shallow
Look me in the eye thereâ€™s nothing deep
If thereâ€™s a poet who might know the way my story
goes
Iâ€™ll let him finish

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