

## Silverstein

### "Brookfield"

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A 26 ounce promise  
The bottle still lays there  
We'll make a right on Brookfield  
Never took anyone else here  
The days I sit for hours  
These nights I tried to throw these rocks into  
Just anywhere that's home

You're standing in my backyard  
Your hands up in the air  
Calling out my name one hundred times  
But I'm not there  
I think you're telling secrets  
To people who don't care enough to know  
Why I'm so scared

I'll just sit in silence  
Waves the only sounds  
A sailboat divide the clouds  
That cover this whole town  
So if it really makes no difference  
I'll just see you around  
And if it doesn't matter  
I'll stay here 'til the sun goes down

I'm standing in your front yard  
My hands aren't in the air  
And I don't say a word  
You know exactly why I'm here  
A 26 ounce promise  
The bottle still lays there  
So bury me on Brookfield  
And then I won't be scared

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