

The Ataris "so long, astoria"

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it was the first snow of the season
i can almost see you breathing
in the middle of that empty street

sometimes i still see myself
in that lonesome bedroom
playing my guitar and singing
songs of hope for a better future

life is only as good as the memories we make
and im taking back what belongs to me
all the voice of classrooms unattended
these relics of remembrance
are just like shipwrecks
only theyre gone faster than the smell after it rains

last nite while everyone was sleeping
i drove through my old neighborhood
and resurrected memories from ashes

we said that we would never fit in
but we were really just like them.
does rebellion ever make a difference?

so long astoria
i found a map to buried treasure
and even if we come home empty handed
well still have our stories, our battlescars
pirate ships and wounded hearts
broken bones and all the best of friendships
and when this hourglass has filtered out
its final grain of sand
i raise my glass to the memories we had

this is my wish
and im taking it back.
im taking them all back.

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