

## **This Time Next Year "A Place For You"**

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I lost a friend today and I ran forever,  
Through the hills of my petty mind.  
I searched for answers these muddled questions,  
A good friends grave, the hand that waves goodbye.  
So lets say this again, well say goodbye my friend.  
Well tear it down, well burn it up, and leave it all  
behind.  
It's strange how a face can change the way you look  
and feel,  
A perfect stranger one year later.  
Black sails will take me away from here, a life called  
you and me.  
So lets say this again, well say goodbye my friend.  
Well tear it down, well burn it up, and leave it all  
behind.  
Now can't you see? Your face means this to me;  
A worthless history that I just don't need,  
Keep my books empty, clean of you and me.  
The last thing I told you cut the strings and move back  
east,  
Board your windows and lock the doors and stay the  
fuck away from me.  
So here we go again, this is what I call an end, the  
worst winter three years bitter.  
Moraga fog rolls in, these hills that I've been left with,  
Now I stand an empty mind, small fires left behind.  
Reminders I can't stand, the little things that wont end.  
It's almost out, near clear thoughts, a reminder comes  
to mind.

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