

## Jamie Knowles "New England"

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I wave goodbye, to the kids on the steps, Not quite  
exactly sure of whatâ€™s coming next. Could be that  
years from now, Iâ€™ll miss the games, and stomping  
grounds, And Iâ€™ll come back to where it always  
snows.

Iâ€™ll miss long nights with my friends, and fishing off  
the docks again, Walking down the street, cracked  
pavement beneath my feet. Iâ€™ll walk around the  
entire earth, singing songs for what itâ€™s worth, But  
once I leave here, the seasons  
seem the same

Iâ€™ll never find a place, quite like new england,  
Where I watch the leaves fall down, and hear the voice  
of reason

Thereâ€™s no place that Iâ€™d rather be, stuck in the  
snow with cups of tea,

I hope like hell that you will never change,  
Where boats all hit the sea, And stretch out to eternity.  
The people are all so kind, and drink too much coffee.  
Maybe in a hundred years, the cities kill off all the  
deer, But for now itâ€™s where the beauty stays.

My heart will always be back a million miles back east,  
Buried in piles of fallen pine cones. Itâ€™s crazy how  
well we knew each other, the family telling tales to one  
another About the things you did at eight years old  
Iâ€™ll never find a place, quite like new england,  
Where I watch the leaves fall down, and hear the voice  
of reason

Thereâ€™s no place that Iâ€™d rather be, stuck in the  
snow with cups of tea,

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