

Balance Problems

"Iowa"

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I only knew you from
Three months of tour and a cellular phone.
We talked of the Midwest
And I learned of all that you left behind.

Oh, and the loss runs deep.
Your father and a friend,
A rug pulled from your feet,
But I'll try and give you a place
To lay your tired head and hide your only face.

There's a bed waiting for you.
There's a light that I left on.
There's a purpose for the distance
And the things that I've done wrong

You came to stay with us.
A weekend itself [?]
You weren't missing much.
The day that you left it rained
And the cold weather up north was calling your name.
So I helped to pack your bags,
Folding your shirts, the clothes on your back.
Home never felt so far.
In the morning I felt sweaters you dropped in my front
yard.

There's a bed waiting for you.
There's a light that I left on.
There's a purpose for the distance
And the things that I've done wrong.
There's a place that you live in
A town that you call home.
There's a state that you visit
But you never stay too long.

You're careful how hold yourself.
I know,
You worry what might happen but I swear
It won't.
So I'm waiting for your voice to make a sound,
But I know every word before they leave your mouth.

There's a bed waiting for you.
There's a light that I left on.
There's a purpose for the distance
And the things that I've done wrong.
There's a place that you live in
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