

Like Pioneers

"Gift From A Holiday"

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Try for the one thing you know too well.
Found a gift from a holiday,
It was covered in ashes and frayed.
Pull on my shoes
Walk around your town,
Saw your boy and he's all grown up.
Wiped the smile clear off when I stayed.

[Chorus:]

Familiar with the thought every night,
You made it here through weeks underneath-
The wooden bench I left you on was crumbling,
And you blamed me for it.
It never crossed my mind what you need.
You fit it in your pocket
And prayed when you picked me up,
And dragged me home,
I'd let you off,
And leave you alone.
Somebody has to take care of things!
It gets worse,
It gets worse,
It gets worse with the changes.

I put on my necktie and drive around,
We're gonna freeze when the engine's off.
Made it just as the crowd shuffles out.
I shake your old man's hand on my way,
Gave me a photo from his dresser drawer
With a message that we're on the make.

[Chorus]

I'll be on the opposite,
Leave me when you're feeling low,

For a week without remark,
Feels like it's a blatant joke.
The part of me you can't recall
Makes me feel a different way:
I'll be waking up the hall
Screaming out a different name.
Tables in the dining hall
Centered with a making place,
Passed through one of my old crowds
Waiting for a chance to leave.
The place began to empty out,
A trail was made for you to follow me.

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