

Call Caedmon's "Center Aisle"

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Thank God I'm back in my car, and drivin' home, and
drivin' home.
'Cause the air was thin and so cold back in there.
It was my first time, won't be my last time
And the questions rise expectations fall in light of it all.
There aren't words to say; words aren't remembered,
but presence is.
A good friend once told me, and he was there, he was
there.
But she wasn't there. And it's not fair, and it's not fair.

(Chorus):
What crimes have you committed, demanding such
penance,
That couldn't wait for five more minutes and a cry for
help?
'Cause this room is peaceful and this room is so quiet.
And I hate the silence, and I can't walk the center aisle.

Well, I've been here for over three hours,
Behind the flowers, so beautiful and young
And so alive, and so in need of someone,
Someone to talk to them, 'Cause theirs are fragile lives.

(Chorus)

And I think about my brother,
And how I just stood there,
With my hands in my pockets,
And my heart in my throat.

Thank God I'm back in my car, and drivin' home, and
drivin' home.
But in that place I leave all my days of taking life for
granted
And the words I wrote for her and my best friend
crying,
And a young girl lying on all our hearts.

(Chorus)

And I hate the silence, and I can't walk the center aisle

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