

## **Etheridge Melissa**

### **"Shriners Park"**

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I wonder what you're doing in the night out there  
There's a sad summer breath tangled in your hair  
Can you hear the lonely engines screaming through the town?  
There's nowhere to run when the darkness comes down  
Is there a song inside you that you tried to forget?  
Like your fake ID and your mom's cigarettes  
Does it take you back? Is the vision intense?  
You and me in Shriner's Park, trying to make some sense  
Trying to make some sense  
You were just seventeen, but your laughter was mild  
You liked my dreams, you thought I was wild  
Is there a rhythm in your step now that reminds you of a dance?  
Do you push it all away 'cause you never took the chance?  
You'd sneak out your window when I'd come for you  
I'd be waiting in the streetlight on 8th Avenue  
You'd slip into my car, we'd drive down past the fence  
You and me in Shriner's Park, trying to make some sense  
Did you feel like you were crazy when they sent you far away?  
Did no one have the answers when you hung your head to pray?  
You could not let yourself dream, never dare believe  
You could ever be more than you were born to be  
Do you lock up your house like you locked up your past?  
If I were to call, could you free me at least?  
Could you slip into my car, could we drive down past the fence?  
You and me in Shriner's park, trying to make some sense  
Trying to make some sense  
Oh, yeah...

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