

Subseven "Dirt Roads"

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Country dirt roads, this walk is not the same without
you

Right here by me the twig I trip over is you
Over this bridge the memories of the past times
Look up past the trees and to the left
The broken house that you lived in

Good times was all we had
Concrete slabs spray painted
Leaves me pictures of you
I patiently wait for you
(The place we played)
I silently pray for you
(Pray for you)

The top of the tree is where we can see for miles
Stories of the times, the testimonies of our lives
Smell the air, take a breath, fall asleep and listen in
We learn a lot from experiences but it's no good if we
don't change

Good times was all we had
Concrete slabs spray painted
Leaves me pictures of you
I patiently wait for you
(The place we played)
I silently pray for you
(Pray for you)

Close your eyes
(I patiently)
Hold on tight
(I silently)
We'll be alright
Close your eyes

I patiently wait for you
(The place we played)
I silently pray for you
(Pray for you)

