Friday Avenue "Sounds Of Home"

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You're still there in the place I saw you last Ungreased hands speaking of your many dreams

Try reaching for something again We need you, grow stronger for me

You never Move an inch just like you're dead Tall grass grows over well above your head

You hear them, playing with the sounds of home Sun hits the Earth but it doesn't reach you, now

Try reaching for something again We need you, grow stronger for me

You never
Move an inch just like you're dead
Tall grass grows over well above your head
Over you think takes you far away
Tall grass grows over well above your head

You never Move an inch just like you're dead Tall grass grows over well above your, Over well above your head

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