

Plankeye, Commonwealth

He sits and hears the story of his life; his tears fall down like rain as he begins to realize
And wish that i was near to you, and wish that i was there again
Life is more than gold; friends are more than old; memories are the commonwealth
Thinking about the only Son, that He may have forgotten
You know you were the only one, putting yourself in the place of that man
Thanking God as the time passes by, another man does the same,
He thinks about the reasons why, maybe she was the one to blame...
Life is more than gold, friends are more than old, memories are the commonwealth

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