

Real Friends, Hebron

I've spent the end of my summer
Listening to these songs I know you don't like
I've been wondering where you are and who you're with
We used to lay on your kitchen floor at two a.m.
I was forty miles away from my house but I never felt so at home
I was forty miles away from my house

You never called before you left to move west
I was just dead weight pulling you down
I'll move forward without the person I need
When somethings fallen apart as many times as us
I can't put it back together it's not the same

You still run through my head every night
When I lay in bed

You used to cover up the cigarette burn on the passenger seat
of my car

Now there's just empty coffee cups
And long drives by myself