

# Real Friends, Home For Fall

So much has changed back home  
Since you left without  
packing all your things  
I always drive past your house  
Hoping you'll be sitting on your porch  
And I still smell the smoke on your clothes  
And I can still hear those  
second-hand stories fall off your tongue

It's just not the same around here  
without you  
most of the time  
I feel like you're in over your head out there  
You ran away from the Midwest  
And traded it in for beaches and East Coast sunsets  
Don't take in too much too soon

Keep your chin up out there  
Don't forget where you came from and who  
cares about you  
Whenever you're missing home just look at your arm.  
You've got the state lines inked into your forearm  
There's still memories of you pinned on my wall

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Maybe you'll be here next year  
to waste the fall away  
watching the leaves blow across my driveway  
and we could listen to American football  
or talk about high school  
just like we did the years before