

# Real Friends, Something's Keeping Me Here

There are minutes when I want to leave this town  
With the shirt on my back  
And Saves the Day stuck in my head  
But there's something keeping me here  
I tell myself I won't go back  
I'll never even look back  
My friends are the only thing making me turn around  
Keeping these sleepy eyes from staring at the ground  
But I like it that way  
They like it that way

I don't know where I'm going  
I'm having one hell of a time getting there  
Everyone's trying to find the meaning of the nights  
We spent laughing forever  
I don't know if we'll ever find it  
I could sure as hell care less

The friends I've grown up with are still here  
Kids I don't see anymore  
Have left their hearts and minds in years behind  
I look in my rearview mirror and think back  
To the night at Denny's  
When Mark and I laughed so hard we cried

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I felt the still St. Louis nights  
And the heat from the Las Vegas lights  
I have seen the sun-beaten Texas skies  
And cars from New York City passing by  
But nothing's better than the wind running through my street  
Through my street  
One, two, three, four

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