

In November of '95, the sister of a friend of mine from high school
Committed suicide. Having never been to a funeral, I was very
Apprehensive, especially since I had been asked to play a song during
The service. Seeing her in that room along with all of those people who
Loved her and cared about her really made me think. I mainly wondered
If whatever it was that had driven her to that point could have been
Worked out in that quiet room with that group of people. I suppose
Questions just lead to more questions. I wrote this song on the way
Back home in the car.

Thank God I'm back in my car
And driving home
And driving home
'Cause the air was thin and so cold
Back in there
It was my first time
Won't be my last time
And the questions rise
Expectations fall
In light of it all
There aren't words to say
Words aren't remembered
But presence is
A good friend once told me
And he was there
He was there
But she wasn't there
It's not fair
It's not fair
What crimes have you committed
Demanding such a penance
That couldn't wait for five more minutes
And a cry for help
'Cause this room is so peaceful
And this room is so quiet
And I hate the silence
And I can't walk the center aisle
I've been here for over three hours
Behind the flowers
So beautiful and young
And so alive
And so in need of someone
Someone to talk to them
'Cause theirs are fragile lives
And I think about my brother
And how I just stood there
With my hands in my pockets
And my heart in my throat
Thank God I'm back in my car
And driving home
And driving home
But in that place I leave
All my days of taking life for granted
And the words I wrote for her
And my best friend crying
And a young girl lying
On all our hearts
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