

## The Bells

From Indian Lakes

And I walk the long way home again  
I was afraid that you would see my face  
and ask me where I've been  
And I wait for something to begin  
but I'm getting older and  
my days are wearing oh, so thin.

To the creek where we fell in again  
but I fell in again  
and I pulled you in as well.  
but I don't think I could've learned to swim  
without you there to keep my head up  
long enough to breath the air that you breathed too.

To the church where I cast out my sins  
they said I could wash my feet,  
but never walk again.  
And we sit in the same seat every Sunday  
but I couldn't hear a single word they said  
while your hand is barely, barely touching mine.

Mmmmmmm

And I woke up in your room alone  
I must have drifted off just staring at your clothes  
Is he yours or is it someone else's now?  
No matter the days away  
I'll keep it ready  
waiting for the day that you come home.  
Mmm