Don't know nothing'bout any other heart
They don't know
Even 'bout their own
Whatever reason we might have had back then
They don't know
'Cause they don't understand

I went through some stuff last night "She's" but a little girl" is on Still knew the words to that song Picture us strumming along

We made it always

Come summer's heat and come the winter's dark and cold They don't know
A thing about us at all
We get in the van and we'd be driving, and someday
They'll know our name
They don't know
To us it's all the same

Headlights poke through the damp and the fog I got the road on Still know the words to the song I'll picutre us strumming along

We made always

Oh, every road that you might go, it'll lead you to a Cross

I didn't see it at the time, but it was closing in on Us

Who in the world would know a thing about any other Heart?

Oh, once so tight, don't become a stranger when we part Oh, it turned out what they did was wrong Days where made for us when we were young

There was choice we made

If things were to turn out ok

Continuing to do the one thing we knew, it was our way

Then what they would say wouldn't count

They don't nkow what were about

Back in them wonderful days

We made it always.