

What We Lost

Ben Bedford

Iâ€™m going back to find
something that I left behind
this faded photograph
folded one to many times
we didnâ€™t know that we were poor
running laughing out the door
I hear the corn was 8 feet high
in the fall of 44

if I see you in the summer
this whole damn thing is done
maybe we will not remember
what we lost and what we won
we were smiling like we felt
and no tongue could ever tell
you smoked that cigarette
like the world could go to hell

army issue green
dapment western heat
in a mid day light of june
bustin at the seams
if I see you in the summer
this whole thing is done
maybe we will not remember
what we lost and what we won

I wish that I can say
but I can never say
my brother and my friend
too young to fade away
if I see you in the summer
this whole thing is done
maybe we will not remember
what we lost and what we won

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something that I left behind
this faded photograph
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Lyrics submitted by Olivia Lovis Wiklund.

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