The Falls

Avail

to all the years full of front porch stories
failed plans and procrastination
to r.a.g.n. sowing what others may implore
i've been broke and forlorn and caught out with the best at acca yard
oh it just goes to show, to desert friends like these streets
i would be crazy
to all the years full of backyard parties
winters in hibernation
to assaulting views with dominion at our door
healing but scarred
there's bullet holes in a porch in jackson ward
oh it just goes to show, to desert friends like these streets
i would be crazy
it goes to show, to dessert friends like these streets
i would be crazy
i sat back to consider what has been within a decade counted
should i fly? should i settle?
will i find peace in time, in the face of growing old?
to all the years full of untold stories
futures free of isolation
to all those gone who in thought and heart live on
on and on you never gave up and i got this far
oh it just goes to show, with friends like these to leave
i would be crazy
it goes to show, with friends like these to leave
i would be crazy

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