

# Stations

## Alcoa

i'll be waiting on your train  
when you come back  
through the western states  
where i left you on the platform  
life gets so hard  
but i know that you'll be fine

stations make me think of my own travels  
all the people  
and places i've been through  
when you find that they're the same thing  
as the people  
in places that you knew

can you promise me  
you still love  
what you loved  
when you left?  
will you promise me  
you still have  
what you had  
when you left?

all i want is to be honest  
like the seasons  
as talk about that slows  
there's compassion that holds no words  
it holds no words  
you feel it as you go

can you promise me  
you still love  
what you loved  
when you left?  
will you promise me  
you still have  
what you had  
when you left?

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