

Soda Cans

Ryan Cassata

I can see soda cans,
Clanking off the back of our hippie van,
Driving to our log cabin house on the bay.
I can see us sitting there,
Rosy cheeks and long brown hair,
Collecting characters as they sway. And where are you now,
when I'm dreaming all this out?
Does distance make the heart grow fonder,
Or does it make it wander Around,
You can't promise this won't tear me down.
You can hear me shout it out,
Well I hold a heart of Doubt,
I doubt that loves real anyway,
Love, Love, Well you can hear me say...It's tearing me down
Well hold the ring boy,
Love will make you drown. Oh yeah, oh yeah. I can see children,
Clinging to our knees cause where the ones they need.
And grandma and grandpa wouldn't know.
I can see them growing up,
Drinking up and throwing up,
Becoming wild gypsies like we. And where are you now,
when I'm dreaming all this out?
Does distance make the heart grow fonder,
Or does it make it wander Around,
You can't promise this won't tear me down.
You can hear me shout it out,
Well I hold a heart of Doubt,
I doubt that loves real anyway,
Love, Love, Well you can hear me say...It's tearing me down
Well hold the ring boy,
Love will make you drown. Love will make you drown
Love will make you drown Can you tell me if this distance,
Makes loves to hard of a mission?
Suspicion is brewing, I'm wishing and fishing,
And thinking of a way, to get me out,
Game over angel, well here's a man down.
But oh wayt, can you tell if these feelings that I feel,
Are useless or witty, or maybe they are real.
I can't find a true answer in my head,

And I'm prancing around at the end! I can see soda cans,
Clanking off the back of our hippie van,
Driving to our log cabin house on the bay.
I can see us sitting there,
Rosy cheeks and long brown hair,
Collecting characters as they sway. But, It's tearing me down
Well hold the ring boy,
Love will make you
It's tearing me down
Well hold the ring boy,
Love will make you drown. Oh yeah.

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