

Stations

Bokka

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?

written by WITMER, DENISON STUART
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