

# past days calling

in the town we grew up  
there stood a hill we'd sit and talk  
stealing beers and drinking wine  
that patch of green was all we needed at one time

in the town we grew up  
there stood a hill we'd sit and talk  
we'd be there long after the sun's gone down  
laughing, talking with good friends all around

and I hear them past days calling  
and I feel so old  
and I wish that I had been more careless  
back in those days made of gold

and in those days we'd all get lost  
late night roadtrips down a winding course  
and we'd shout songs about the hunger in our hearts  
praying loud guitars could drown the static in our thoughts

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