

I will always think of you as the light at the end of a
tunnel that's boarded up.
You appear through a crack,
The hue gives my body a taste of the warmth I've been
forced without.
And so I rip at the entrance in vain,
Till I'm tirelessly pulled away
by the few in my life I require to keep me sane.

I've got my friends who keep me occupied.
Their humble advice: You won't get by alone.
No one's foreign to the pain of letting go
And you won't get by alone.
Love is free, you can't deny where it will go.
This I know.

I will always think of us as a fire with embers still
burning beneath the wood.
You can stomp on the flames all you want,
But they'll burn through the night in the light of the
place we stood.
And thought this process of letting you go from my
heart weighs a hefty toll,
it's the people around me whose love is keep me whole.

Yeah, I've got my friends that help me to get by.
Their humble advice: You won't get by alone.
No one's foreign to the pain of letting go
And you won't get by alone.
Love is free, you can't deny where it will go.
This I know.

You see, I was just a stepping stone to take you where
you needed to go.
A fork was placed within our road and split us up
without ever knowing so.

You won't get by alone.
No one's foreign to the pain of letting go
And you won't get by alone.
Love is free, you can't deny where it will go.
This I know.