YOU HAVE A PLACE © RYAN GUILEY

I travel past all these streets,

Past the fields of corn and wheat,

Driving, as the car is ready to overheat,

So, I get out and walk with my feet.

I am in the middle of nowhere,

Cars passed by with their headlight glare,

I thought I was lost, but you are near,

As I see you in the passenger side mirror.

While the cars go by speeding so fast,

As our love is solid and will always last,

I want a future with you being so vast.

I begin to cry, as so many days went by,

Not seeing you or our children's eyes,

Why can't no one ever realize?

They work all together, sharing their prize.

Come back where you have a place,
So, I can see your beautiful face,
Without you, I have an empty space,
Yesterday is gone, as no more days will be waste.