

## General Store

Wooden beams from sailing ships  
Held her up so tight and stiff  
When the winds came off the sea  
Pushed the dunes, and  
Raised the trees

Near the hill upon the turn  
Stories told and livings earned  
People here would come and go  
Through summers' heat  
And winters' snow

She's gone now just like all the rest  
Of the friends and places we loved best  
For history could not compete  
With those careless hands that took my seat  
Outside the door  
Of my old general store

I for one remember well  
Weathered walls familiar smells  
Rubber boots and old plaid shirts so  
Tell me now  
Just how it hurts

Summer grasses whipped by winds  
That took the flames and caved her in  
She fell like it was simple fate  
Her time to go  
Her fall from grace

She's gone now just like all the rest  
Of the friends and places we loved best  
For history could not compete  
With those careless hands that took my seat  
Outside the door  
Of my old general store

Wooden beams from sailing ships  
Could not keep her safe from this  
Near the hill upon the turn  
We stood around and watched her burn  
Right through the floor  
My old general store