

A Weather, Shirley Road Shirley

Didn't I tell you that it's lonely out there?
Didn't I lie so much and pretty darn well?
It's not that I don't trust you, but I have to check for myself.
I have to tape all the windows when the wind gets rough.

God had a plan for what happened to me.
Knowing that I'm waiting here to see
if things might still turn out alright finally.

Maybe I'll ruin all the good in my life
holding you against me like a slide to the light.
I'm resting my head on the passenger glass.
I'm rolling on the ground to scratch an unreachable back.

God had a plan for what happened for us.
Knowing the hairs on our arms and the dust
collecting on unused glasses and cups.

I can see the change it made in your face:
the slow dissolve from black to gray,
The weird delay between
the things you think and the things you say.
You're petering out, I'm petered away.

I just want to lay down with you.
I won't try anything, I swear.
You won't even know I'm there.

I'm not taking my chances, so I'm counting out loud.
Nothing worse than missing simple trees going by.
Every new day is hard in a very new way.
Every good day is good in its very own way.

Shirley Road Shirley you treated me fine.
Counting the hundreds of faded white lines.
I'm silent and green like a blank highway sign.

Suddenly you smell like winter apples
and the same ways that
make you ripe will make you decay.

And I can hear the worry in your voice,
the quiet blame you point away,
the hidden name beneath
the things you think and the things you say.
They're petering out and you will remain.

I just want to lay down with you.
I won't try anything, I swear.
You won't even know I'm there.