

# Matt Pond PA, Kc

i remember you  
do you remember me  
theres no way to the heart better than awkwardly  
in canada on new years eve  
you said youd never seen someone bleed like i bleed  
perhaps i was on

the shaking hands  
the hands well shake  
theres nothing that weve done you could call a mistake  
we wore ourselves into the ground  
the humming of the traffic on st. catherines  
breaks the slow fall down

the truth is behind the hotel  
the bodys underneath the maple tree  
the leaves turned red when you killed me  
startled by the saints river  
i wont reduce the complications to the warmer nights  
when i did not know you

the truth is under the water  
finally silent i could hear you speak  
about the leaves and killing me  
shaken by the saints river  
theres nothing that weve done that could be wrong  
its the only way well ever understand