

Saves The Day, Nebraska Bricks

And I grew up
on alcoholic evenings
and slow jazz music
to keep my heart beating
because after all that happens
in a dissolving family
the need for a song to sing me to sleep still rings true
and I always knew that there wasn't glue strong enough
to sew these roots together
and now that I've wasted too many years
and I've lost track of where I started
I have to dream at night of who I was and why
after twenty years of marriage
I am what is left and I'd like to go back now
and make myself up
because I'd be a brick so I wouldn't feel
and I'd lift myself up
I'd throw myself at this house
to break windows, smash walls
just to keep time where it was and where it should be.