

Sunday's Best, When Is Pearl Harbor Day?

I found the picture of us in the yard;
some things are lost and some things (I guess) get found.
You had that shirt on--you loved the Cars.
You always wore it. I never got that sound.
You had that cat... Just what was its name?
I can't remember. It's not important now.
I never wonder where you are now.
I just forgot it. Maybe I should write shit down?

Was that the day I lost your keys
when we were stoned at the beach?
Maybe someday you'll let me know.

There was a summer, dazed in the sun
until September... It's not important now.
When was your birthday? Pearl Harbor Day?
And I forgot it. Next time I'll write it down.
I hate nostalgia. It tries too hard
to remember only the easy parts.
Now I wonder where you are now.
I can't forget it. Now that I wrote it down?

Was that the day my calls were screened
(I saw the caller ID)?

Was that the day that I was seen
kissing your friend on 3rd Street?
I never thought that I was mean.
How could I have not seen?
Maybe someday I'll let you know.

That was the day, that was the scene.
I just rewrote the ending.