

Brittany Kusserow, Don't Tell On Me

I never meant to reminisce.
The snow is deep, the blood runs thick
and all the hours of reckoning
bring me to the end of spring.
I could have jumped, I could have flown
The porch was high, the rain was gone.
And there you were, to pour the wine
on a blanket in my mind.
Don't tell on me.
Don't tell on me.
We took the car, we stole the keys,
opened windows, felt the breeze.
Our town was small, the air was thick.
I never meant to reminisce.
We came back late, roamed the halls,
slept between the darkroom walls.
The years were kind, and I could fly
but I don't have the strength to try.
Don't tell on me.
Don't tell on me.
Those I have lost and left behind
join the thousands in my mind.
The snow is gone, the air is thick,
up ahead she waits and sits on
a solid stone, the rain is close.
The stars are out to watch and host.
I touch her hand, I touch her face.
What are we without this place?
Don't let me try
to push you aside.
We've all got our secrets, our creeds.
Don't tell on me.