

Brittany Kusserow, Only Highways

Woke up early and I can't get back
to the sleep I welcomed like a friend.
The skies are clouded and the streets are black.
Eventually that sun will come again.
You catch that bus and don't be late for me,
up from the trossachs through these country roads.
Take care to linger if the air is sweet
and I will wait for you to come back home.
I will wait for you to come back home.
You know I smell you when the wind blows right.
With only highways here to catch that scent.
I still make coffee when I have the time,
but set it down to wonder where it went.
Minutes tick away my time not spent.
Will you be here when I wake again?
Nevermind the words I say to you.
They are no match for those I cannot breathe.
For I am happy, and my smiles are true,
but day and night your face is all I see.
I tried to panic and I tried to joke.
I think I said a prayer each time I spoke.
Through morning mist I see you like a ghost.
It is my mind that makes this hurt the most.
It is my mind that makes this hurt the most.
Will you be here when my eyes are closed?