

# Broadways, It Was Pancho Villa

remember the famous last words that someone famous said,  
"tell them i said something, dont let it end like this,"  
on a re-upholstered leather couch in a cloud of tv,  
smoke, and cigarettes, or a mattress on a hard wood floor  
and an old acoustic missing stringed guitar  
playing that same stupid punk rock song,  
"weve been at the end all along,"  
a bathroobe in the hall from a long time agos lost friend,  
and a note that waited ten years to tell me to remember him,  
he said; "its been too long since we had a day together in new york,"  
absences as long as life is short,  
in the first chapter of the best book that i ever read in my life, it said,  
"to be reborn, first you have to die,"  
hey, would it be alright if i used your couch to get too drunk tonight?  
i've spent so many days pushing my skies away  
so i can keep my sights squarely on the ground,  
reincarnations killing me