

# Cursive, Absence Makes The Day Go Longer

Please hang my raincoat  
I guess that I'll stay a while  
While I wait on the return  
It seems the distance you've made  
Has since lost its meaning  
Meanwhile, I've meant to ration my thoughts  
To help quicken this sloth driven day  
As I wait, my joints slowly stiffen  
They're warning me that something is nearing  
Disaster...  
Disaster...  
Hailstorm...

Memories like fireflies  
A green hue of imagery  
But much too random to see clearly  
And I don't recall much between you and me  
Grey and cloudy  
This tragedy plays itself over again in my mind  
What's my line  
Where are the cue cards  
Memorize my actions, my discourse  
Like a discontented fool...  
This just won't do  
It's no use  
These crushing days

Absence made your heart bruise  
You're all bruise  
You're all bruise