

Forget Cassettes, Bruce Wayne

Age looks good on you
It paints your face fey (?)
As your eyes are the trophies
They serve as proof
That the years have been gracious

Only at night as when we meet
Just to flag, covered by a mystery (?)
Tell me what to expect
Watch me hang by a thread
Leave me with something that I won't soon forget

Take me out, let's grab it by (?)
We'll put on a disguise and hide out in the back

This conversation is wearing thin
A decade stands between us
So I'm betting I'll never win
And it's competition I'm not cut out for
So call me when I'm older

Youth, it looks good on me
It paints my face naïve
My hands show truth when my eyes lie
Touches of strength, touches of pride

We met far and drunks at twelve
And stood at the jukebox
Until after 2a.m.

"Exile on Main Street" was before my day
'Tis before when I was born, circa 1980

This conversation is wearing thin
A decade stands between us
So you're betting you'll never win
And it's competition you're not cut out for
So maybe you'll call me when I'm older

Hey, hey, say something now
Hey, hey, say something now
Hey, hey, say something

Damn my manners and curfew (?)
I'll stay home to clean my room
Well, there are better ways for
(?) running through your face

Say goodnight with morning open ended
Next time you see me I'll be different
And it's competition I'm not cut out for
So call me when I'm older