

# La Dispute, Andria

You still cross my mind from time to time. And I mostly smile.  
Still so set on finding out where we went wrong and why  
So I retrace our every step with an unsure pen,  
trying to figure out what my head thinks,  
but my head just ain't what it used to be.  
And then again, what's the point anyway?  
I remember you ascending all the stairs up to the balcony  
to see if you could see me - hidden quietly away  
And I remember the skin of your fingers,  
The spot three quarters up I'd always touch when I was out of things to say.  
You held my hand, but you were too afraid to speak and I could never understand.  
I remember when you leaned in quick to kiss me, and I swear,  
that not a single force on earth could stop the trembling of my hand,  
And I remember how you smiled through the smoke  
in a crowded little coffeehouse and laughed at all my jokes.  
And I remember the way that you dressed and,  
how we wasted all the best of us in alcohol and sweat  
And I remember when I knew that you'd be leaving, how I barely kept up breathing  
and I bet if I had to do it all again, I'd feel the same pain,  
And I remember panicked circles in the terminal in tears.  
How I wept to god in fits. I've hated airports ever since.  
It must be true what people say, that only time can heal the pain.  
And every single day I feel it fade away, but -  
I still remember how the distance tricked us,  
and lead us helpless by the wrist into a pit to be devoured.  
I still remember how we held so strong to this,  
though we had never really settled on a way out.  
I still remember the silence, and how we'd always find a way  
to turn and run to our mistakes.  
I still remember how it all came back together just to fall apart again.  
My dear, I hear your voice in mine.  
I've been alone here, I've been afraid, my dear.  
I've been at home here. You've been away for years. I've been alone.  
I breathed your name into the air; I etched your name into me.  
I felt my anger swelling; I swam into its sea.  
I held your name inside my heart, but it got buried in my fear.  
It tore the wiring of my brain; I did my best to keep it clear.  
So, dear, no matter how we part, I hold you sweetly in my head.  
And if I do not miss a part of you, a part of me is dead.  
If I can't love you as a lover, I will love you as a friend.  
And I will lay a bed before you; keep you safe until the end.