

Lali Puna, Come On Home

They say nothing to me
I say nothing to them.
Sometimes I can't believe this is home.

I've heard it before.
I thought I'd been over that.
You'll never really pass the things
you're afraid of.

The man on the plastic bag looks like terror.
He's staring at me. I can't say why.
His face seems spoiled.

When I think of calling a friend, I notice that
most of them have mutilated into acquaintances
Maybe that's my fault, maybe it's a form of getting old
I'm used to small talk at the moment.