

Odds, Fingerprints

Like ghost games
I conjure up pictures of events in my mind
The swearing and the cannons of laughter
buzz of static counting out time
What I wish would have happened
I now paint and dress it up well
and send it like truth to the tape
letting history swell

Fingerprints are all but gone
so I can make up the story as it goes along

There might be the good old days
if all the right things get forgotten
A smile can still be photogenic
if you can't see the molars are rotten
I hope you've had revelations
since I left you behind
I'll at least pretend that you're happy
to stop guilt from making me come untied
since...

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