

Park, Wreck Simple

Are you
upset over all of this?
Or are you
just playing dead?
Adding up the math.

I can blink my eyes
in a sad sadistic fashion
in the hopes it'd make you move.
In the hopes it'd make you breathe.

It's how disaster
makes me feel.
All I can think to do
is stare and say,
'It's OK.'
Just one more day
spent tending ruins,
cuz of you.

One more connection
cut off by affection.
One more useless night
spent in this life.

Lick your lips wet,
try to forget.
Jump in headfirst,
who cares if it hurts?

One light flashing,
over guessing.
If not for the life in you,
I don't know what I'd do.

It's how disaster
makes me smile.
The thought strikes as nice
once in a while.

One more connection
cut off by affection.
One tank short on gas,
one bullet built to crash.

These broken lungs
have little air left, if some.
The cause and effect
is as simple as a car wreck.

If not for the life, then this thought of you.
It's a stupid thing to think that I won't lose,
when all I want is this:
To be more of the friends that sometimes kiss.