

Red House Painters, I've Not Been So Alone, I Thought

Since kicking in the womb
I drank so much tea
I wrote my letters in congi
Around the block I walked and walked
Pretending you were with me
Not wanting to die out here
Without you
The hurting never ends
Like birthdays and old friends
We forget that this flesh, blood, and bone is human
Trading phone lines for airlines
Unwilling to face
That love is found on the inside
Not the outside
And like a medicine bottle
In the cabinet I'll keep you
And like a medicine bottle
In my hand, I will hold you
And swallow you slowly
As to last me a lifetime
Without holding too tight
I do not want to lose
The thrill that it gives me
To look out from my window
And scowl at the houses
From my world in the bedroom
It's all in his head, she read
In the girlfriend self-help book
It's all his own making; a war with himself
Like two sides with a wall
That separates two countries
He shuts out the world
He wants only to love you
Not wanting to die out here
Without you
Not wanting to die out here
Without you