

Saves The Day, I'm Sorry I'm Leaving

Your middle finger was clutching my thumb through the park
and over macdougall.

The torches were blazing above our street and just down from the sky.

Casey stepped with Anna off the curb.

His shoes are clogs, did you see?

They dipped in that puddle, the one catching green.

They were tripping up and slipping around,

singing 'Rosalita come out tonight' and oh I wanted to pull you down.

roll on top of me, baby. just roll.

we'll wreck our clothes.

we'll scrape our knees.

we'll taste the scabs.

you, sweet, are worth these next four months

until I bail out and kiss behind your ears, drive off in the van.

oh my god, I think I'm dying in this car seat, where I'll spend through winter.