

Small Brown Bike, Like A Future With No Friend

Remember when you said that things would never change.
You liar. Because these days things in my life, they don't stay the same.
You changer. Driving (at you). Thinking (of you).
Tears scream down my face.
Trying (for you). Talking (to you).
An incoherent mess.
Pulled up to your place with a script fully prepared.
I'm acting. You stared with no applause.
A broken leg review. I'm failing. (Failing with you)
A drawer full of nothing, except old birthdays and business cards.
And photos that seem like history.
A history worth nothing.
Like a future with no friend.