

Small Brown Bike, Safe In Sound

I came to see you and talk about how things have been.
I can't keep fighting and think about what we have left.
Wrap me up. Spit me out.
I've had these fights for years so now.
Slow me down. Call me out.
I've had these doubts, but no one knows just how.
Where do you think that I stand now?
Where do you think you will let me fall?
I can see it. A picture of one cold, dark cloud.
A mist around you to choke the painful worlds out of your crooked mouth.
Think it out. Calm me down.
I come home so dull and feel unknown.
Take a break? Foreign ground.
It never feels quite right, the way that we put each other down.
I've been being too vague now.
I've been writing the same old friends.
These predictions will mean so little
in light of all of the things that we can't mend.
I will be there to resuscitate you.