

Sunday's Best, White, Picket Fences

Go before we both start to say some mean shit
that we can not let go. You know it's broke.
I am such a train wreck.

Getting attention but forgetting lessons I know.
Remembering presents and cleaning up messes I don't.
These are the things that separate you and me
that's why I'm telling you so:
animal-shaped hedges and white, picket fences unknown.

I know alone.

Ignoring caresses and putting up defenses I know.
Subtle persuasion and communication I don't.
I broke its wings and tried to teach it to sing...
maybe i should have known.

Do you want to see how much I can take?
Can't you just leave bad enough alone?