

Winterpills, July

July

from out of the pinstripes into the white lights
i was the one true friend
and you were my saviour perfect behavior
money i'd never spend
winter's delivering summer's forgiving
storms in our washed out hearts
guessed every second corrected and reckoned
on the words: 'not to part'

C: when i got better i wrote you a letter but i didn't send it anywhere
it floats on a dashboard looks on a churchyard's children's promises to share
the words aren't free so don't you believe them, something had to be declared
and i have to face july with two holes in my heart
and i have to face this life with two hearts

i could deceive you, or i could receive you
warmly in my estate
smile so politely, correspond nightly,
talk about what we ate
then in the winter, everything splinters,
we will forget our names,
sleep in our ashes, hide from the lightening
flashes and the cold rain

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