

Whole Way Home

Donovan Woods

It was your friends
And their husbands
At some dinner party thing
You were drinking
So I was driving
Things seemed fine when
We said goodnight

We pulled on the highway
Whole city shining
On just-rained-on pavement
Like some still-life painting
And we rolled on in silence
Things felt alright then
The quiet went on a little too long
The whole way home
You looked out the window
I still don't know
What I did wrong

So I thought about
The whole evening
Did I say something?
Was I distant?
Did you ask me a question?
Did I not listen?
I didn't lie when you asked me if I wanted to leave
If you wanted to stay, you could've said something
Did I not talk enough?
Did I laugh too loud?
Was I supposed to do something I forgot about?

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