

## Playing Catch With .22

I the Mighty

I've been thinking back to when we used to share a drink on mid  
night walks  
When you'd pretend your winter breath was cigarette smoke in yo  
ur lungs  
I'd fight the urge to give you all the worst advice about the o  
nes you liked  
(You called it chemistry, I called it earning bragging rights)  
Knowing damn well if I told you how I felt, I'd crack the ice  
Roll the dice  
You're just a second away from being in love or alone  
What you don't know, is that each second you wait is a breath y  
ou don't take. It's a moment you wasted  
I've been thinking back to that night on your front step when I  
held you as you wept  
We sat awhile in silence but I was screaming in my head  
How to tell you, if I should...  
What to say, if I even could...  
And if that moment came, would it simply hang forever...  
So I always try to live vicariously through my friends  
(You call it chemistry, I call it perfect timing instead)  
Watching all them fall in love, and wondering if I will again  
You're playing catch with 22  
For once it's out you've got to choose  
But if you choose to hold it in  
Then where's the chance to begin new love?  
Who knows, maybe she's the one...  
I bet there's so many more than just the one for all of us  
Just falling asleep with you is enough to keep me hanging on  
Whether or not we ever evolve  
If all that we are is paint on a wall, waiting to peel off  
Then poison the well and pour me a cup