

Back To '82

Itchy Poopzkid

Even now as I write this down, still I can hear the sound
of pleasure and dismay.

It seems so long ago. The days that we both know,
two lifetimes far from grey.

I think of all those dreams and all our time spent.

City lights turn black and white as we grow older.
Memories of what we pleased are getting colder.
'Til I die, I wish that I will fade away with you
back to '82.

The moods which we've been in are showing up again.
A friendship lost in time.

The schoolyard and the broken bus, even sidewalks felt like home
for us.
That's what we left behind.

The times you laughed, the times you cried because of me.
All your advice I couldn't stand, I screamed and you screamed back at me.
But this is gone, we're back as one and it feels like a family.
When I'm away take this as my apology.