

The Heights

Matthew Good

Untouched snow covered the ground
I stepped into the street, the city silent in the darkness
And as I walked I heard the sound
Of your heart there beating, still and sweet and unsuspecting
Of the note sitting on the counter
Put down in a hurried hand, ill conceived and poorly written
I threw my phone into the trash
So as I walked I felt the wash out of disappearing

Oh, the heights
Oh, the weight
Baby, I ain't kidding no one
You know I never was no saint
No, I never was no saint

Somewhere between BC and Montana
We stopped somewhere, and I sat there and thought've calling
Maybe to make sure that you were okay
Maybe to make myself feel better in some fucked up way
As if you'd answer and be glad
As if you wouldn't lose it
As if you'd understand
But life don't happen out that way
You don't get to break shit, drop the broom and walk away

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Untouched snow covered the ground
I stepped out into the street
And I turned around