

Phone Tag

Modern Baseball

Don't call me now, I am in bed
I've sacrificed all chances for street cred
As a result of sticking near
The same bedtime for thirteen years
But you know this, I've said it before
There's a lot of things I've said before
Lots of things you kind of ignored
You brushed it off, you always brushed it off

Pacing down the hallway stairs
Mental notes of quick repairs
To gaps in my story for tomorrow morning
Of why I was up at this hour
When I have children of my own
And they have children of their own
I'll spit and spew of my dumbass high school endeavors
With prideful tone
And when my freezing lower limbs
Approached that sly, grinning little shit
I knew the truth in every vowel sound
That I had admitted just two nights before

Goodbye was not an option
It's clear to you
But to no one was it clearer than to me
Since day one, I've been locked in
I'm not fucking hanging up

I told you I loved you at eighteen
But now you're in New York and I'm pushing twenty
We still talk
But only when you call me first

Some days I hear it ring
Most days I stay in bed
Maybe I'll see you when I get home
And we'll avoid all the things we've said