

Begin

The Morning Of

Hang yourself like I've hung on
to every word you've ever said

Take those times in your car
when you'd be dressed to kill
on the way to see the stars held in your palm
but never let out for me to view
and replace them with that night out on your porch.

This time I'm dressed to kill
and we're killing time wishing it was each other.
And if I had a dime for every time
I felt less potent then
a piece of dust collecting on my picture
which lies face down

(Set your ice on this road.
Turn your headlights ablaze.
Let's make my first accident my last.)

on desolate shelf in your room,
I'd be rich and wishing that you won't be home soon

Move to the other coast 3,000 miles away
and then I'll sing so you know
I'm making my way across these purple mountain majesties,
torch in hand ready to burn these amber waves of distance

Still hung over from the present and the past.
Intoxication never lasts.
All good things in life come to an end.
And those experiences worth reliving
are now eyes wide shut.
They're eyes wide shut.
It silently screams to me,
this unanswered question;
Was it fact or was it fiction? Was it fiction?