

The street light won't stop  
Shining through the window  
By the pullout couch  
Where I've been sleeping  
I don't know what you've been told,  
But I'm alright

You signed your name  
A million times in cursive  
On the cover of every book you own  
Miss me more,  
Miss me less,  
I never know

Your parents kept on  
With the poems you wrote  
When you were eight years old  
In the garage

I did too,  
And when I think of you,  
I'm like a child

The street light won't stop  
Shining through the window  
By the pullout couch  
Where I've been sleeping  
I don't care if I sleep again,  
It's okay