

Hand Over Mouth, Over And Over

A Lot Like Birds

I wish I could, but I can't rest as easy as you.
I never really could anyway.
And thoughts of the future make me worry.
Heart, settle down!
This isn't your last day.
You'll wake up tomorrow.
This bedroom never gets to see the light of day.
The shades are always drawn completely and it only ever seems to
come alive at night.
I took you here to take you from yourself once.
And you smiled at me.
You smiled shamelessly and often then.
But it wasn't enough.
I read your thoughts like sifting through your cabinets while you
were out of the room.
I stole every treasured thought that you had
And left you gutted when I could find no more.
You had poems written on the roof of your mouth.
And I had scraped them out with the tip of my tongue
And spat them onto the floor,
Where they dried up and blew away.
And the butterflies in your stomach were all pinned to the skin
on the inside.
And if didn't love you then, I love you now.
But it's easy to love something when there's pain in its eyes.
This isn't your last day, you'll wake up tomorrow.
This isn't your last day, you'll wake up tomorrow.
So I pull the shades back,
Let the light pour in through every crack I slammed into the window.
Will the good parts stay in limbo?
Why can I only remember when you said you'd love me better if I
left?
And not the way you said, a thousand times, that if I left you'd
die?