

it's not my fault, it wasn't up to you. christmas eve comes once a year and that will never do. your image started fading, i closed my eyes to see. tell me do you close your eyes for me? now your door seems half a world away, the price of gasoline is more than i can pay. plus i don't have a car i can call my very own, i guess i'll spend another night alone. if i could say i'm sorry, who would i say it to? besides apologies mean less than dirt to folks like me and you. you know it's true. should i say too bad, or so what? what's appropriate? should i show it? call you on the phone and let you know it? back at my house there's nothing on tv, the bathroom mirror casts confusing looks from me to me. i watched you from a distance, for too briefly held you close, i guess that's just the way this story goes.