

Square States

Parquet Courts

"How are you, how have you been?"

Sandy

We redeem ourselves in checkpoints, not in true moments of life
Now I wander through the awkward pauses that became our new benchmarks of time

Oh, there's no name for this feeling that your absence has defined

Upon your bedside table lies the graveyard of romance

An empty wrapper weighted by a jar of rocks from France

A necklace used to magnify your eyes, and I made the first advance

Oh, I did it just to break the ice, they needn't be enhanced

"How are you, how have you been?"

I practiced on the drive across the square states in between us
to see you alive

I imagine that the first glance there would say if there was something to revive

Oh, I got a room in Bozeman, I had three days to arrive

One more time!