

Green Like the G Train, Green Like Sea Foam

Aaron West and The Roaring Twenties

He invited me in;
Said his name was Jesse and to take a look around
I found my coat at the bottom of the closet, dug it out
The only thing that she left
There in the middle of the room, was the couch
She'd always hated the pattern or the texture
I can't remember it now
I relived those nights there breaking down
I guess I'll see myself out

You kept me waiting like the G Train
I held the door open for hours. I had to walk away
I rode the A line out to Rockaway
I'm always drawn to the water

Walked the streets to the shore
Passed by the murals fading off of the walls
Still licking the fresh wounds from a hurricane in the fall
And I watch them rebuild
I hummed a Ramone's song out of key
Staring off at the skyline over shorebreak
And remembering that this same ocean almost killed me
South Carolina, seafoam green

You kept me waiting like the G Train
I held the door open for hours. I had to walk away
I rode the A line out to Rockaway
I'm always drawn to the water
I felt the weight

On a calendar long enough, all my grief starts to decay
On a calendar long enough it grows more useless by the day
And I read that on a calendar long enough
New York will be returned to the sea
When the water gets high enough, it'll take back everything
So the subway and the G Train
Our apartment, all our memories
Come to rest there under water
All the things that I thought meant the most to me
I try to picture it-- just the top of the skyline at low tide
Piercing the surface as the ships try to navigate their lanes
And there alone and triumphant on the crest of a wave
Is the couch you gave away