

# Providence

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Who knew  
At this party that  
I would walk in and I'd see you  
I guess snow  
We could just get drunk  
Yeah and that could be our excuse  
You could slip  
And outta nowhere  
I could be there to catch your fall  
And we could laugh  
At ourselves  
And the writing that's on the wall

It's a narrow margin  
Just room enough for regret  
In the inch and half between  
Hey, how ya been?  
And can I kiss you yet?  
So we talk like nervous neighbors over a tall fence  
True love  
But for the lack of providence

But I just got one more  
Thing to tell you

Cuz words are vitamins  
And life is short  
And I know when we get up  
To the front office  
We're gonna have to fill out  
A full report  
The first question will be  
What were you thinking?  
And the next question will be  
What did you say?  
And then they're gonna check to see  
If the answers to one and two  
Matched up much  
Along the way

In the interest of poetry  
And the cowboy movie  
That's you and me  
I'm back on the horse now  
And I'm riding  
I am striding so effortlessly  
What I mean is it's late  
Much too late for us  
And I'm fixing to go home  
With just my conscience  
And a bitter sense of irony  
As my chaperone