

Clapton Pond

Apologies, I Have None

Clapton let out its last breath and eases to morning light
and our shattered voices echo and carry like sirens

Tonight I'm leaning on every word that you've been saying
it's been holding me up all along
And all the sidesteps and the silences they would all be worth
it in the end
and every step we have taken wouldn't need to be doubled up again

It's always like this
things they fall apart
when we just can't let go

I'm not looking for familiarity or routine
just a little consistency and for every problem
every mistake, every regret and every headache
to leave it all behind somehow

Paranoia and anxiety are not on my side, they never were
I thought I had all this figured out

oh this is progress towards perfection
this is progress towards perfection
It's always like this
things they fall apart
when we just can't let go