

Aside

Bayside

Measure me in metered lines
And one decisive stare
The time it takes to get from here to there
My ribs that show through t-shirts
And these shoes I got for free
I'm unconsolated
I'm lonely
I am so much better than I used to be

Terrified of telephones
And shopping malls and knives
We're drowning in the pools of other lives
Rely a bit too heavily
On alcohol and irony
Get clobbered on by courtesy
In love with love and lousy poetry

And I'm leaning on this broken fence
Between past and present tense
And I'm losing all those stupid games
That I swore I'd never play
But it almost feels okay

Circumnavigate this body
Of wonder and uncertainty
Armed with every precious failure
And amateur cartography
I breath in deep before
I spread those maps out on my bedroom floor

And I'm leaning on this broken fence
Between past and present tense
And I'm losing all those stupid games
That I swore I'd never play
But it feels okay

And I'm leaving, wave goodbye
And I'm losing but I'll try
With the last ways left
To remember, sing
My imperfect offering