

December 27th: my dad walks in
I was 18 years old
He said "our trash can's blown over
The trash is all scattered across other people's lawns"
So I put on a jacket and I forgot my gloves
We went outside
It was cold as fuck
He gave me a trashcan, pointed across the street
Our trash was everywhere
So we went at it like an Easter egg hunt
Always more to be found
The wind started blowing
Every time I took my hands out of my fucking pockets
Shove 'm back in again

Bags from Kohl's and Target
Different colored gift wrap and thousands of receipts
I walked from lawn to lawn
I skipped the ones with fences and I grabbed all I could
I waited on the sidewalk, for my dad I mean
But I couldn't find him
He was nowhere to be seen