

Hospital

Cavetown

I left my jacket in the hospital
The doctors yelled at me when I ran back inside
They said you're not supposed to be here, can you leave?
I saw a milkman who was dying, I started to think

How could I have known
That that would be the last time that I would see you?

You're looking at the kitchen
Staring at the clock
And time won't seem to move
And you don't want to talk
Do you wish that things would move along?
You know that they won't
You know that there aren't
You could have changed
They gave you the choice
With a knife in your hands
And a quiver in your voice
You should've turned the door into the hall
And gloved your scars