

The Freefall

Cory Branan

The moon is low enough
to put your drinks on
so we called it up
and got our drink on

i was f*cked up as my haircut
she was wasting good perfume
it was useless
as the truth is
in these ruthless little rooms
truth be told
all that we saw
was something to hold
through the freefall
through the freeall

i inhaled the tangled perfume
of her summer hair
strands of motel shampoo
parliaments and pear
and to be honest
i felt nothing
and said nothing to be fair
truth be told

all that we saw
was something to hold
through the freefall
through the freefall

ive been drinking with those three chord girls
now everybody knows exactly how that goes
oh oh oh oh's

and i was shaving by moonlight
she was feeling for her dress
now we were talking about something
dull blades make a f*cking mess
and my eyes turned to face hers
like mirrors facing mirrors
truth be told
all that we saw
was something to hold through the freefall
through the freefall