

Sleep In

Dashboard Confessional

We woke around three A.M.
Got up and we got dressed again
I said, "I'd like to walk you home
And stop for coffee"

And we set about
Collecting up your scattered things
Your coat, your hat
Your scarf and rings
Two books, your sisters necklace and the key

That I'd had made for you
Down at the hardware store
As a gift, that I'd given you for
No particular occasion
Nothing special, just a gesture

Of my feelings and we wound on down
The creaking stairs were very loud
And you dragged your outstretched fingers
Down the walls and all the windows

And I went first and held the door
It was colder that night than the nights before
The kind of cold that steals your breath
Before you expect it

And you took my gloveless hand in yours
One pocket shared to keep both warm
And with your other hand, you pinched your coat tight at the collar

And I thought it's too cold by far to snow
The sidewalk wasn't salted though
And we slipped somewhere
The ice took hold in intermittent patches

And so we made our careful way
Across the park to twenty eighth
And into Rosa's Diner
Where they kept old coffee hot

And the sign in front said, "Seat Yourself"
And so we went and sat ourselves
And you chose the biggest booth
Because you said, "We are a party"

And a lonely light was flickering
Something off in the wiring
So it worked just like a broken thing
Trying hard not to be broken

And you said to me, "Remember this"
And so I still remember it
And though you didn't say why
I believed you had a reason

And I'm thinking 'bout that now

As I'm grinding up our coffee grounds
In the bright kitchen of our house
As you, sleep in this morning