

# Intersection

Dog Slaughter Beach

Standing at your intersection  
Misinterpreting direction  
See you from across the backyard  
Fucked up by a good friend's wedding card

Every day, I walk away  
But I don't get very far

I know your every secret  
I know your every sound  
But here I stare on from the fence  
This old hungry bloodhound

Pretending in unending joy  
To hate to be alone  
To adore the great unknown  
When all I know is you  
And all you are is home  
The words don't sound the same  
When we speak over the phone

Father stops to ask a question  
Haven't seen this place since last election  
New kids all in deviant hairdos  
Spilling beer on family heirlooms

The guys would like to go out tonight  
But I don't know if I care to

Your hands are on my shoulders  
Your hands are on my neck  
Your eyes meet mine, suggesting  
That I should not be upset

At Heathrow, there will be no band  
As murderous as mine  
One round of stock white wine  
And as I sunk to sleep  
My hampered heart did pine  
I should not say I love you  
But I feel it all the time

Standing at your intersection  
Misinterpreting direction  
Send out for a pizza and pray  
Everything is answered one day