

Playing Pretend

Dream, Ivory

The ash of her cigarette
Still lingers
As she slams the door, I touch the tray
With my fingers

Left me a note
With scribbled cues
And a \$20
It's getting late
And still no sign
Of returning

I miss you
But it's my cue
To march on
You said
I love you
Let's start anew
But I'm long gone

The school bell rings at 3 o'clock
Now I'm waiting
I'm pacing and replaying the promise
You made me

Mothers and daughters reuniting
With laughter
All I have are you empty words
I sought after

I miss you
But it's my cue
To march on
You said
I love you
Let's start anew
But I'm long gone

I'm not mad
I'm not sad
I've accepted that loneliness is not a sin

Just me and my notepad
The only time I let my sadness win

As time goes on
I surrender
I'll always remember
That

I miss you
But it's my cue
To march on
You said
I love you
Let's start anew
But I'm long gone

I catch myself driving by
One winter
The ash of her cigarette
Still lingers