

My Mistakes

Eleanor Friedberger

You know I do my best thinking when I'm flying down the bridge
Humming to myself and kicking up my kicks
Jiggling all around, half afraid for my life
I hope I don't crash like that night last summer
Back when the bridge was just a wooden path
Bouncing around like, he said, it was 1956

I thought I'd learn from my mistakes
I thought he'd learn from my mistakes
I thought she'd give me the right advice
I thought he'd let me in for one last time

The planks rattle around like an old-timey movie
In tube top and shorts that Vice called "pull-me-down"
She's got kind of a native vibe before that was so cool
She's got kind of a native vibe before I even knew who was who
And he's ignoring me like it's 2001
Why keep time-
traveling if it doesn't get better on the second time around?
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I wore the same outfit on the day the Hasid followed me
In his car along Park, not Avenue
But the one in Brooklyn, on an early Sunday morning
Carrying an umbrella and talking on the phone
My mom said run, and I ran
I crashed on Banker, cut my head and my knees
The ambulance was called by a guy his friend called "guru"
They were visiting from California and I swear they
I swear they, I swear they, I swear they saved my life

(2x):

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