

the last laugh

Ethan Bortnick

I'm hiding underneath the porch
You give me wrinkles on my forehead
You're breaking off a piece of me
I'm scared of our relationship
But not particularly you
We sadly stick together like honey gorilla glue

I'm keeping track of my fingernails to measure the time that's
passed
We've spun around on this merry-go-
round, the carousel's final lap
The weeds spring up and the garden dies, been watering all the
wrong things
We've decomposed our self-
control, our words have lost their weight

I hated talking to your dad
You didn't stop picking at your scab
I screamed at you, and you screamed back
We're straight up from a horror film
The walls caved in your room
I never got the chance to trick-or-treat with you

The punchline hit a year ago
Still fighting for the last laugh
We've spun around on this merry-go-
round, the carousel's final lap
The weeds spring up and the garden dies, yeah, that's just how
it is
We've decomposed our self-control
Our words have lost their weight

If something new ever blooms
Your roots remain
And I'll never be the same
I'll never be the same
Never be the same