

us.

Gracie Abrams

I know you know
It felt just like a joke
I show, you don't
And now we're talking

I know your ghost
I see her through the smoke
She'll play her show
And you'll be watching

And if history's clear, someone always ends up in ruins
And what seemed like fate becomes "What the hell was I doing?"
Babylon lovers hanging lifetimes on a vine
Do you miss mine?

Do you miss us, us?
I felt it, you held it
Do you miss us, us?
Wonder if you regret the secret
Of us, us, us
Us, us, us
Us, us, us

I know you know
It felt like something old
It felt like something holy, like souls bleeding so
It felt like what I've known
You're twenty-nine years old
So how can you be cold when I open my home?

And if history's clear, the flames always end up in ashes
And what seemed like fate, give it ten months, and you'll be past it
Babylon lovers hanging missed calls on the line
I gave you mine
Did you mind?

Us, us
I felt it, you held it
Do you miss us, us?
Wonder if you regret the secret
Of us, us
Us, us, us
Us, us

That night, you were talking false prophets
And profits they make in the margins of poetry sonnets
You never read up on it
Shame, could've learned something
Robert Bly on my nightstand
Gifts from you, how ironic
A curse or a miracle, hearse or an oracle
You're incomparable, fuck, it was chemical
You plus me was
You plus me was

Us, us
Us

I felt it, you held it
Do you miss us, us?
Wonder if you regret the secret
Of us, us

Mistaken for strangers
The way it was, was
The pain of, the reign of, the flame of
Us, us
The outline, well sometimes
Do you miss us, us?
The best kind, well sometimes
Do you miss us?