

Vanished

Headstones

Not a day not a dime not a moment is returned
Nice of me good of you
Nice of us to think about it
Good of them nice of it
Good enough to kind of cloud it
Not a word not a thought
Not a thing done about it

I vanished Friday and appeared on Sunday
Only to regain my strength and do it again
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Only to regain my strength and do it again

Didn't stay didn't try got ugly and terse
Nice of me good of you to break it down first
Righteousness ain't the trip the trap is concern
Wait around for rewards that'll probably hurt

Don't expect an outpouring of interest or integrity
Don't expect a praise parade
Let me grapple with the gratitude
Lack of faith on a rainy day, rainy days

I vanished Friday and appeared on Sunday
Only to regain my strength and do it again
I vanished Friday with the best of intentions
Only to regain my strength and do it again