

America's Next Model

Hotel Books

I wanted us to be model citizens so no one would ask us about our sins.

But there's an intoxicating thrill that comes with entering a home of love and finding skeletons in the closet

And there's something about community that creates competition and something about competition that leaves me feeling uninvited.

And the ones that stain the healthy way and inspired my faith are the same ones who are ready to jump ship
the second thing turns to fifth and the path I'm on diminishes
or the lights on the sides of the road that I walk down fall dim,
and I'm sorry darling, but you were the worst of it.

I used to feel alone when I thought that nobody loved me in truth, but now I feel alone when I think about the way that you do.

You told me you didn't want me to fall asleep with bitterness in my heart, so I guess I'll just stay awake.

You said you could tell me and only me, and I wouldn't fall apart, but you couldn't see me stand when I began to break.

And I was told that true character shows when no one's around, but I felt like no one wanted me around,
and the sound of the ground being punished by my feet and the solitude I find when I put ice on my shaking knees
resound in a profound runaround of emotionally bound conclusions.

I came to I felt like I was going to drown, and the bitterness you thought I felt was just your own mind confusing bitterness with acceptance.

And fixing our broken home with wasting time because you thought it would begin.

And sometimes I hear the crack on the windowsill, and I miss the days when it had a picture of you and I.

And I miss the emotions that came with chasing after this thrill, but mostly I just miss being a part of your life.

And I remember when you stopped saying I love you unless you were just saying I love you too,
and then I remember when even that was too hard for you.

And I remember the day that our blue suitcase on the top shelf

of my closet disappeared,
and so did the passion you had for me here and the fear of knowing you could leave me had vanished but so did the reason I ever felt purpose.

And it hurts to know that you said goodbye, but I just thank God that you're alive.

And I'm happy that you're happy, and my joy comes from knowing you were once mine.

And I'm grateful for that, and even though there's so many words I wish I could take back I still thank my God every time I remember you.

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