

## Augusta, GA

Into It. Over It.

Flipping through the pages of our diary  
A memoir's worth of messages from you and me  
Both good and bad advice, recalling should-haves and could-haves  
A distance from both of our worst enemies

On this page, Mississippi John Hurt plays  
With a hand on your neck and a hand around my waist  
It causes trouble and I've had it all with these slow-dancing Sundays  
Some red wine, a summer dress, a pair of hand-rolled cigarettes  
We're descriptive to keep with descriptions  
We're convicts to lack of conviction

So, skip to the back and read the index  
Put your trust in the dust sleeves of hardbacks  
Because it's as fleeting as the feeling of being 18 again  
I've turned the tables  
It's your house in Georgia now  
We're seeming stable despite mistakes that we'd allow  
Can't blame your past this time around  
So please don't make a sound because I'm shaking hands with common sense  
I'm bridging gaps from innocence to versed  
I'm telling you, we're cursed

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