

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

Flipping through the pages our diary