

Spatial Exploration

Into It. Over It.

So this is where you've been?
A colonial apartment?
A white picket fence?
You know I pictured you determining
Success behind a diamond ring
But wedlock made you settle, kept you running from the truth

A certain age defines uncertainty I never could explain
So does the time create or move to make mistakes these days?

So this is where we'll stay
The steps to your apartment seem such a long way
From the evenings on your father's couch
And mornings in my father's backseat
It was spatial exploration seeking seventeen

A certain age defines a confidence I never could explain
Some would say it's wisdom, I would call it change
You pulled the calm from your charisma, once precociously arranged
What made the time create and move to make you blame these days
?

So where's the reckless lipstick and your south Philly neighbors?
Where are the memoirs of illegal behavior?
Where are the lovesick lines?
The "no trespassing" signs?
The after-hours trading X-rated favors?
Where are our teens?
How were your twenties?
Where are the forties that hide behind thirty?
Where's the old soul?
What is this new person you've become?
Who have you become?

I closed my eyes and woke to your morning routine
A boring and contemporary scene

So this is where you've been?