

They Built Our Bench Again In Palmer Square

Into It. Over It.

This is the night where our ending starts
This is the evening where I break your heart
This is the lie that pulled us apart
And now our year to recover
We finally speak to off-set the sound
Of blaring silence as we're counting down
The smoldering ash scattered on the ground
Mixed with desires for each other
Your best decision to close the door
You have your parents and I have the tour
2021 has run its course
Forfeiting squares for the village
Take some cover and close the blinds
Can we admit this was no surprise?
A quiet couple tells a couple lines
And then it's time for them to sever

Carry on
Carry on

I asked for you to stay but I knew you had to go
I pushed for racing speeds around the bends but lost control

Now walking aimlessly on London Streets
An anxious sleep sweat through the sheets
Dreaming of all the things you thought of me
While packing years into boxes
And came home to an empty shell
Our pictures, missing from the barren shelves
What doesn't kill us we could probably sell
While dropping weight and picking poison
All dressed up, but never leave the house
Made the bed, but now prefer the couch
Trimmed the fat, but let my hair grow out
Began repainting the apartment
As they built our bench again in Palmer Square
It's as if our past lives in the air
Could what's so damaged ever be repaired?
Could what's so lost be discovered?

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