

Gießen

Kevin Devine

Today your ghost
Suspended from my ceiling
Asked if I remembered Germany?

And that one club
Upstairs backstage in Gießen
We rolled coke joints that Bracco thought were weed

And when we told him quick
Before he took a hit
His eyes were wounded
Sick confusion, shock surrounded
"What the fuck guys are you kidding me?"

Lately I've
Been looking for a reason
Something clean that I could wrap around

An argument
For leavin' my apartment
To walk the world the way I feel it now

I wasn't scared of death
Until it took my friend
I wasn't ready
We've been planning, let's make music
We both miss it and it's been too long

And so the best I can do
Is write you a song
On the guitar you gave me

And try to make sense
Of the hole in the ground
That swallowed our future history

And to show up
Be present enough
For all of our friends, your family

And for myself, take care of myself

And since I heard that night
There's been a hundred times
Were something happened
I'd like to call you, I don't believe it
When I remember that I can't and why
Goodbye