

# The First Hit

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Christ on the cross, no more room, just slide off  
Meet on the wire, no more lines, can't climb higher

So from your new plateau you writhe and wait,  
For something real to shake your bones,  
To turn you back into a person

You sublet the space, cut your costs, flipped off fate  
And watched while she packed, cried and cried, but no "come back"

You figured you could sit around and wait,  
For love this real to just pop up,  
To fall from trees, to ride on rainstorms

Convinced it was worth it, you swore it was worth it  
You said it was worth it through the first hit

But back amongst the dirt and spent grass  
The empty coffee cups, the green glass  
The basement brokering and side bets  
The puzzle pieces in the tool shed

I think you can build it, I think you can build it  
I know you can build it cause I built it

(Convinced it was worth it, you swore it was worth it  
You said it was worth it through the first hit)

Back before you moved so fast and traced your veins with splintered glass

Your lazy eyes aligned to find a purpose, a purpose