

Ask First

Leith Ross

Old, you've made me old
Wise beyond how wise I'd want a body
Cold, so young and cold
I lie to yawn, to cross and dot the note

I imitate, I trace your words
To better fake a better sorry
Sorry soul
But sorry, "Friends, they never scold"

We won't joke around
I won't visit when I'm in town
Listen, from here on
Here on out
I don't write about you now

Mend, you made amends
You've made a man
You make up men
Who break a bone to fix a heart
Paint it nice and call it art

While beauty breaks beneath the blues
You sang for you, I sang for you
And now I'm gone
A full day's drive
And I'm seeing you when you're out of sight

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I won't visit when I'm in town
Listen, from here on
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