From a Highway

Lovers

the highway is a sorry scene. i'm freezing in the passenger seat. i didn't want to leave so i just kept on drinking. at first we were nervous, but you say all the words that change the way my world turns, then it's bye bye, baby, bye bye bye. parked now in a motel lot, i'm staring through the window fog at some new day that i don't want when i could be waking to your dawn. but i'll go back to Boston, a silent apartment, but for sirens, alarms, and little sad songs. your fucked up family history makes me wish i was a transparency, i'd move about your life unseen and make sure you were treated right. cause your eyes flash with kerosene, and your lips are horses running. oh let me be the ground beneath, when we kiss you can run away on me. cause my heart's been humming, and reaching for something to keep it running when the drives are so long. and you brought boxes, you brought crates of feelings i'll have to orchestrate, but i'll make room and find a pace, even if you never meant to stay. cause there's space here where i sing, out in the junkyard of emotion, where i pour myself over everything, i'll pour myself over your bare skin like boiling water, this orphan-eyed daughter, this cannon-fodder, come on.

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