

How the story ends

Lovers

You sent me pictures of your neck.
How did you want me to react?
Oh, did you want me to respond?
Look, we can sleep anyway you want,
with my arms around your arms,
or I can sleep out in the car.

I got hung up on the wrong hook.
I'm tired of knocking wood
and not getting let in.
Your eyes are two deep pools of mud.
Maybe I got stuck.
Baby I got stuck.

My arms are tired, my throat is sore,
you're the only soldier fighting in this war
and I'm the fool still cheering you on.
The poems on the pages that you skipped,
they're just meaningless winglessness,
forget that they exist.

Now I'm sure you're keeping score.
You're the same trick I keep falling for,
the hurricane that hit my heart.
I missed the last turn before the interstate,
and the right words, but all too late
and you're doing great at moving on.

See, hidden in the pages of my notes
is a letter that I wrote to you, but never sent,
and that's how the story ends.