

People In Cars Dont Face Each Other

Lovers

I drove alone to Buffalo
And scratched a heart around your name
At every rest stop vending machine I passed along the way
(I'd taken speed for days)

I took pictures from the car window
These colored blurs of time
And left them for you by the pay phones
Because I can't call or write

It's just been too much time
The road was without winter glow
Just dreary landscape
And the whimper of the radio
And a rubberbanded picture of your face
Around an old mixtape you'd made

I still think I'm going home
I packed my things in crooked lines,
And took a pill nicknamed hope
To change this mood of mine

This awful mood of mine
But I can't change this mood of mine

Like a mocking dog and pony show
In the backrooms of my mind
Like a swim in the undertow
I can't see it but I sure feel it alright

I miss you every night.