

Take Two

Madison Cunningham

You know I'm afraid
To write a simple song
Not out of shape as you are
At being wrong
And the people we were
Are now dying in reverse
Are now having to work out the second part
The second part

Ripe as a fruit
That tired sunset's sighing
Slam down the pan
That used to be for frying
Now it's your mouthpiece
Your pipe and your reed
The line you keep
Between your anger and me
The thought of hurting me
Sometimes sets you free
Sets you free

You say you know
Every mole and skin tag
Like it makes you wiser to
The person I am
Well a man and his church
Always confusing people
There's no hill steeper
Than trying to get to equal
Trying to get to equal

And the people that we were
Make no promise of return
But appear every now and again
In candles and furniture
In movies and the way they hurt
Music and the way it stirs
Our fingers and alphabets
Ballerinas dancing up on those frets
Is this as good as it gets
When we get it right?
Get it right