

## 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