

Better Than I Was

Mal Blum

I pour steaming milk into paper cups
And start conversations with new strangers
The awkwardness finally burning off
Like a fever

But forgetting is a privilege
And I don't forget it
I drove up your old block
Right past your apartment
The roommate you hated
Was carrying boxes of something

Has your face gotten older?
Has your voice gotten lower?
I feel the same
But the world keeps getting slower
Something inside of me says
I'm better than I was

I couldn't come over
So I met you there
And you'd grown a bit taller
Same gray in your hair
That I saw on your mother
The day that I met her in Portland

You know
Maine is such a pleasant place
So I could see myself getting in the way
As soon as I settle
I'll know I can't stay

Has my face gotten older?
Has my voice gotten lower?
I feel the same
But the world keeps getting slower
Something inside of me says
I'm better than I was

And I heard the record that she had bought
In the coffee shop
But she had it wrong
Because he writes of loss
And impermanence
It's not a break up song

While I pour steaming milk
Into a paper cup
I start a conversation with a new stranger
Who says that being left by someone
Who don't get you isn't wrong
It's a favor

And you're so scared of getting old
And I'm so scared of growing slow
Most of all we're scared
We're always gonna be alone

But even so something inside of me says
Something inside of me says
Something inside of me says
I'm better than before