

# Robert Frost

Mal Blum

I'm not Robert Frost  
If I wrote a poem about the weather  
It would start in my car  
Digging out  
For an hour  
And this town is all just dirt and earth  
And a little lie  
And a bigger hurt  
No, I shouldn't have  
Left my house in the first place  
I guess

But I always go back to where I'm meant to be  
I go back to where I'm meant to be

So on a polar high that I found one night it was cold outside  
Where your frozen hands are so much like mine  
But they don't compromise  
Now I'm looking at the ground because I don't want you to leave  
I know it's co-dependent  
But I think it's kind of sweet  
Out of every person in this city  
I could ever meet  
Leaving feels like losing  
But I'm learning what I need

I go back to where I'm meant to be  
I go back to where I'm meant to be  
In the morning  
In the morning

I want to know when it stopped  
The eye of the storm  
Everything is not what it was  
I want to know when it stopped  
The eye of the storm  
Everything is not what it was  
And I'm not Robert Frost

I wish that I'd replied  
I wish he hadn't died  
I wish a lot of things  
The day you lost your dog  
And I lost my car  
Was a Saturday  
But the frozen air  
And the frozen ice  
And the biggest hurts  
And the boldest lies  
Are gonna disappear  
Like the melting point  
Like my melting rules  
And my melting life

I go back to where I'm meant to be  
I go back to where I'm meant to be  
In the morning

In the morning

I want to know when it stopped  
The eye of the storm  
Everything is not what it was  
I want to know when it stopped  
The eye of the storm  
Everything is not what it was  
And I'm not Robert Frost

I'm not Robert Frost  
If I wrote a poem about decision  
It would start and it would end in the same place