

Split, Splitting

Mal Blum

Construction zone outside my window
I fell out of bed again
I'm getting used to it
But you wept
You said I tasted like pain to you
I think that it's just a mood
But I hope it starts leaving soon
Like I do
Like I do
Like I do
Like I do
Like I do
Like I do

So I left then too
I slept in a parking lot
Used to feel dangerous
Now it's just sad
Stories you tell to them
Memories of fallen men
Ball steps and pirouettes
And "I hadn't met you yet"s
It's not true
It's not true
It's not true
It's not true
It's not true
It's not true

Me? I still don't know
A broken down but faithful radio
A dopplering, dropped slur from a car window
The sun on the ground
But you? I do
Raised red flags and charm and all
I bet you taste like my manias
Bet I don't want to find out
But I do
But I do
But I do
But I do
But I do
But I do
But I do

So I folded and
I fell like an actor then
Performing a narrative
Dressing, undressing it
Is this how it's always been?
Don't know what the problem is
People abandoning
You without cause
And you think that I won't
Lonely looking, young and vulnerable
I bet you taste like my lowest lows
Bet I don't ever want to know
But I do

But I do
But I do
But I do
But I do