Kite String

Mark Morton

What doesn't kill us just takes longer
Just trying to beat the over under
And so it seems even the closest end up gone
Somehow we all wind up alone

This wasn't always such a tragedy
We burned like hickory and kerosene
It started getting cold and we couldn't even tell
Now we just occupy ourselves

This was supposed to be a sure thing
We'd let it go and cut the kite string
Fingers crossed while you held my hand
We took off, we just couldn't land

Staring up at the constellations
Trying to break out of my head again
You said those stars died out before they could be seen
That makes perfect sense to me

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Just couldn't land