

Knife

Mary Lambert

I remember the night we had to pull over
Because the moon was so rich and orange, and full of love
We stood holding hands in silence
Being welcomely swallowed by the open night, the smell of cucumbers
The last twilight of summer still warm on our cheeks
As I drive by tonight the road reminds me
The stars start whispering, "Look up"
It knocked the wind out of me
It was just the way it happened
Farm houses dotted with Christmas lights
The air too cold to breathe now
A sad Christmas song on the radio
My chest caving in on itself
I pulled over just to see what it would feel like standing there alone
But the moon disappeared, I'm not lying
Pulled from under my feet, the moon, it was you
You were there and then you were not, and this isn't a dream
This is what dying feels like
What it means to knife, and to be knifed by the one that you loved
And to keep driving home
Oh, my love, what have I done?

I'm not bad just because you left me
Not good just because you loved me
Not bad just because you left me here

It was the fire that killed me
You never called me back

When is home
Gonna feel like home again
Not just a place
With windows and doors again

I'm not bad just because you left me
Not good just because you loved me
Not bad just because you left me here