

Intersection

Modern Baseball

Standing at your intersection
Misinterpreting direction
See you from across the backyard
Fucked up by a good friend's wedding card

Everyday, I walk away
But I don't get very far

I know your every secret
I know your every sound
But here I stare on from the fence
As a hungry bloodhound

Pretending in unending joy
To hate to be alone
To adore the great unknown
When all I know is you
And all you are is gone
The words don't sound the same
When we speak over the phone

Father stop to ask a question
Haven't seen this place since last election
New kids all in deviant hairdos
Spilling beer on family heirlooms

The guys would like, to go out tonight
But I don't know if I care to

Your hands are on my shoulders
Your hands are on my neck
Your eyes meet mine, suggesting
That I should not be upset

At Heathrow, there will be no band
If murder is his mind
One run to stock white wine
And as I sunk to sleep
My hampered heart did pine
I should not say I love you
But I feel it all the time

Standing at your intersection
Misinterpreting direction
Send out for a pizza and pray
Everything is answered one day