

Re-Done

Modern Baseball

She said

" Lets start from the top just rid of everything
Like: the notes in your pockets the text you're always locking
And if it's all the same; forget all of those lines where you mention my smile.
You gotta' lot of nerve complimenting me through choruses and rhyme

But I know how you get from time to time:
'We'll do this and that, travel the map'
And maybe just for a while I thought you were my re-do
You thought you could change my name.
I could tell by the look on your face whenever I would say..."

But that when I stopped to listen or care
About anything other than a plan of attack to get me back to where
You are my re-do or at least a pair of eyes that would notice
When I couldn't conjure words cause I thought about it too long,
So I'll leave the steady hands to Sean cause we all know I lack

In the field of conversing correctly
Without shaking or getting queasy
Not letting my emotions get involved.
And on a side note:
You stole my heart my like I stole your hometown lingo
With steady hands and strong

But now we're down to brass tacks
And we both know it
The odds are in my favor
Though you won't show it

You etched holes in my brain
Deep and like you always too out of reach to see clearly
You sank words into my veins
Deep and like you too excited to get them out fully

I know I'm bad with expectations
The ones too large for any moment but I
I can promise expectations grounded for this time around.
Let's be the last to leave tonight
Cause I need time to find the courage
To speak my mind, to speak my mind
Just hear me out oh just this time.

They don't think we can make this last
But we got eyes that see past these nights
And we got callused hands
But these arms aren't tried
At least not yet

They just think we are young with broken hearts
Stomping around everyday
So lets stomp around breaking
Young at heart all the way