

Sneakers

Palehound

I'm sor-

I'm sorry that you've come to me
In dreams like it's the only way
That you can find to talk to me
When I saw you last
We were fraying at the edges
I never patch shit up
And now we're a mound

Thought I saw you wearing boots
But knew it wasn't really you
Because you wear
Sneakers in the winter
Your queerness was a shiver
Slush seeping in your soles
Now your feet are wet
And I can't wring you out

And, oh, I'm sorry that you had to see that
I'm sorry that you had to see me like that

Chest of frenzy when I saw you
Working my old summer job
It singed a nerve
I thought was lost
Here I was measuring my scars
Envisioning yours twice as long
Your skin is smooth and shining like
My street when it rains

Thought I saw your feet were bare
But knew you weren't really there
Because you wear sneakers
By the seaside
Your silence was a nuisance
And sticking to my socks
Now my floors are filthy
I can't rinse them off

And oh I'm sorry that you had to see that
I'm sorry that you had to see me like that