

Touchy Subject

Peach PRC

I have this dream
One recurring theme
That I try to ignore
A decade away, we meet in a grocery store
And you look the same, with just a few greys
A blonde little girl who tugs on your shirt
And she looks nothing like me

Guess it's been a while
And she has your smile
And I don't look back after I turn the aisle
I'm stood by the parking when I taste my heartbeat
And drop to my knees and wake up

I couldn't wish congratulations
'Cause I choke on the words when I say 'em
I'm afraid it's not a dream
Now it's so bittersweet
'Cause I'm happy we met
But I'm glad she was next
Now I'm nothing but a touchy subject
It's for the best

I have this fear
The off and on years would slow and finally end
And you've settled down and now it's permanent
And now you don't call or miss me at all
I've finally patched up the holes in the wall
I guess it's nothing really

'Cause it's been a while
And gold's not my style
But she pulls it off 'cause I'm not versatile
I'm stood by the garden
Till death do you part and
I can't speak, so I hold my peace

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A white baby gate fixed in my hallway
Stays haunting the house with the angels we made
It wasn't our time
At least wasn't mine
But if souls return, then tell them I said hi

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I'm happy we met
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