

String Lights

Peter McPoland

String lights hang off the back porch
Just sing like we did on the 4th of July
Miss that song
And we stole wine and snuck it up stairs
And Beau cried on the floor and said I am so scared
Of growing up

Well maybe I know what it's like
And maybe I cry at night
And maybe it all might make sense
When I've learned to mean what I meant
Well everything ends

Cheap suits and stale summer air
It was me and you
Watch the sun climb the stairs
And the moon, left us too
Out on the balcony breeze blowing
Pout for the homecoming queen showing up
So fucked up

Well maybe I know what it's like
Maybe I cry at night
Maybe it all might make sense
When I've learned to mean what I meant
Well everything ends
Everything ends
Everything ends
Everything ends
Everything ends