

Shirt

Peter Mulvey

light a fire
burn up all you know
you've had
so much time just to
let things go
now you're
burning letters out
in the snow
in your backyard

years go rolling
you're thirty three
It's time
for the cross
or the bodhi tree
but you'd
like to cry when you
skin your knee
man's it's hard

and it's the same old friends on new years eve
the same snow falls on the same old leaves
and there's the same old joy and the same old hurt
same old corduroy shirt

old storm windows,
the broke-tail squirrel
and the
grocery lists and the
skateboard girls

and your

rusty brain cells give you a twirl

Oh no

kitchen radio,

coffee's on

oh you'd

like a month just to lean up on

but this

open road wants to

get you gone

off you go

and it's the same old jar of car keys by the door

the same old scuffed up floor

the same old thirst for more until the put you in the

dirt

It's the same old nights alone

the same old "Baby when you coming home?"

to feel the same old joy, oh the same old hurt

same old corduroy shirt

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