

## Already Ghosts

Piano Magic

In travel, there are traps  
When I'm writing in the back  
Beneath the rain, between the maps  
My diary bears this out but memory has it wrong  
I loved you when you loved me and then we were done  
There's a silence on the railway  
There's a bad curse on the land  
And this season writes a rainstorm like a poem in the sand  
You told me I depressed you, that I withered in your hand  
And that sentence cut my loveline when you left me as you planned  
In travel, there are traps when I'm writing in the back  
Beneath the rain, between the maps  
My diary bears this out but memory has it wrong  
I loved you when you loved me and then we were gone  
In travel, there are traps when I'm writing in the back