

Traces

Pianos Become the Teeth

Who did the decorating?
Who hung up your words?
And who's not worried what I didn't say?
Who did the decorating?
What happened to the traces today?
When you know you know, well I don't.
I'm tied by the way of church keys, missed weddings,
I'm tied by the way everyone talks about everything,
I'm breathing easy,
I'm breathing sharp,
I'm all sand and heat,
I'm keeping you,
I leave nothing behind but traces for myself to find,
I picked the new,
I chose the rust,
I'm keeping you,
the way we'd choose a perfume,
sweet, but not quite right,
a haunting air,
some sound advice still left to find,
I'm tied by the way of church keys, missed weddings,
I'm tied by the way everyone talks about everything.