

## Tall Boys

Porches.

Shut up, shut up  
Alrighty  
I find my pride  
Even if I  
Swallow it faster than my tallboy  
If I had my peach  
I'd eat the pit too  
I spend my summer trying to not think of you  
Now the couch is cold  
The leaves turn like a page  
The pages they turn when you call to stay