

## Before

Richard Buckner

Man, I was high, stepping out on goodbyes unspoken, And,  
Once in a while, I'd stumble out into the open. True, I  
Wasn't all I thought I'd be given  
Some of the timing and none of it showing, torn from the  
Blinds, All I thought, was 'How can I find it?'. Small

Stops and fills have led to such a take-down and (mention  
Close enough to shine) far and few were  
Burned at the pouring, but, just can't forget it back  
Where it's cone from. and never intended, a meadow rise  
To spend all of your time with.