

This Is Where

Richard Buckner

This is where things start going bad
This is where the map gets
Torn up and tossed
Put to sleep with the hoof
And the trip to the cross
A bowl and a porter
For the drawn and quartered

I'm gonna sit here dear
And see who makes the law
This isn't a goodbye letter,
This is a should I be here at all
I'm not gonna take it easy
I'm gonna go to bed mad
And this is where things start going bad

I took off a year
And I took off my dead skin
But I didn't take it down to zero
Just to take it all again

This is where we sat,
And this is where we kissed
This is where you yelled
At the MUNI we missed
This is where things start going bad

This isn't something good
But this isn't something sad
This isn't for what we've got
This is for what we had
And this is where things start going bad
This is where things start going bad