

Back to Bed

Ron Pope

You are my addiction
The needle and the spoon
There were parts of me that loved you
But they ran away too soon

I am sorry if I hurt you
That wasn't my intent
I will pack my bags and leave this place
So why don't you go back to bed

I remember what she said to me
On the day she finally left
It was October 17th
We had not yet made the bed
I sat there in the living room
Drinking coffee all alone
As she paced the hallway silently
Til I asked her what was wrong

And she said

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When I first regained my consciousness
And awoke to all the noise
I was staring out a window
Minutes outside of Detroit

I bet she's still in Michigan
Somewhere far away from me
But her voice rings in my nightmares
When she comes to me and screams

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This afternoon I thought about
The last mistakes I made
I am not sure what I did to her
Or how I pushed her away

And with the winter closing in on me
I am falling far behind
Like when I first lost my innocence
And then I lost my mind

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