

Minneapolis Cold

Ron Pope

I walk to your house then back to mine
Sky a blue-black, it is four forty-five
In the morning I miss you, but I don't know why
I don't think that I love you, I just hate goodbyes

The winter we met you'd just dropped out of school
Heart like a Mustang ran out of fuel
Slept at your grandma's cause your mother flew
Off on Mexican mud, smelled of church and perfume

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The reverend he warned that we're all born to lose
If we start out defective what is there to prove
Miss your ten dollar mouth and your ignorant shoes
If you read the good book I think you are confused

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Sun's comin' up as it usually does
Sins of the evening swept under the rug
Minneapolis cold in a Portland tow truck
I would laugh at myself but who am I to judge

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