

New Sublet

Runnner

I'm always leaving
Cutting my teeth on
Atlantic beaches gone
Unsteady beating
Watching the trees turn brown
Providence fleeting out
How did it get so loud?

Now you're seeing it backwards
You're struggling to draw your own face
Sitting drunk on the internet
Looking at prices of places
For cities you don't live in, you've never been
You're just getting addicted to starting all over again