

Cinnamon Bread

Ryan Beatty

Infinite Jest and cinnamon bread
Why don't you make yourself at home?
When you open up, you close me in
And cut me to the bone
Close as a kiss on the lip
To the southern tip
Until you're red in the face
Now you've got nothing to say
Now you've got nothing to say
Spring, summer, fall
You were standing tall
Winning all of your basketball games

You galloped on the piano keys
Like a Liberace fool
You hummed a little out of tune
And somehow you sounded cool
I can't lie
May, June, July
I was a good guy
Then you came over that day
Now I've got nothing to say
I must've left open the gate
Now the dog is running away

If this goes on forever
Could you ever keep me safe?
Like all the men you've loved
The women you've loved
You tell me we're in this together
When I know it's not the case
'Cause all the men you've loved
The women you've loved
They all got something to say
They all got something to say
It couldn't keep me away