

## Threewrite

Sage Francis

This is to the (uh-uh) intertwined souls  
The hands I've been trying to hold  
This is to the (uh-uh) love that I lost  
And all the troubling thoughts of how I got double-crossed  
And this is to the (uh-uh) divorce I was forced to settle with  
And the remorse I fought off with metal fists  
And this is to the (uh-uh) wet, watery kiss I left you with  
On your porch as I watched your trembling lips  
This is to the... memory of our early years  
The first girl I shared feelings with  
And it's the realest thing I'd experienced in my short existenc  
e  
And I ain't afraid to admit  
Cause love is one of the things that doesnt't't come with an ag  
e limit  
Now does it? In fact I'ma have to say I'm more keen to feel suc  
h things  
Hopeless things I'd lost in a smokescreen of meaningless fuckin  
g  
Touching without touching, candles in the dark  
Casting shadows on our parents battles, this is for the romanti  
cs at heart  
It wasn't long before I held you more then my pen  
When I wasn't writing songs, it was something like  
"Forever and always, whenever those songs play..."  
I remember empty hallways  
Or your image that descended from the top floor became an echo  
I paid the price for those hard things, and couldn't afford to  
let go  
From a passive debt, I'm past regret  
Did you know I dreamt about you before we met?  
Remembering our first kiss, and it ain't even happened yet  
Recollecting your set, and I wasn't even given the chance to fo  
rget  
I guess that's the magic of it  
Now every rehashed subject's displaying what I wrote  
On cafe napkins to the public  
To get it over and done with, closure hath cometh  
My shoulders are plummeted from holding these buckets  
Hold your laughs till I go back to the tunnels of Paris  
Where I w