

Conversation

Teddy Hyde

He's jogging in my head
I catch myself doing bad math
(Why?)

Always running on that treadmill
Making up equations

He never goes anywhere, though
Nothing adds up
Can't we just have a conversation?
But it all makes sense
You never just speak to me
I just don't know the answer myself
It always has to be a story
Like a puzzle I threw away half the pieces to
Tell me about your day

Don't talk to me about him anymore
Shut up about him
I'll just keep digging this hole