

I'm packing up  
Almost three decades  
Maybe with reason  
Mostly with days

It's fine enough  
In line with the plow  
All is forgiven  
With color and sound

Liza woke up early on the bathroom floor  
And I woke up  
Alone  
Alone, alone

She's making up  
With a mask of her own  
In the morning light  
Hiding what's known

And my voice won't sound  
The sirens in my head  
And maybe with reason  
But what could be said

Something died when Liza and I made that choice  
The medicine was sour  
That was just the taste  
Just the taste, the taste