

Southern Discomfort

The Hotelier

I am
I'm tearing up pieces of old news
To mend all the leaks in my open wounds.
They're telling you everything.

But it's okay,
I've felt this before,
But trust me there's nothing,
On the other side of the door...
Or at least nothing more.

I'm just jealous cause you fell out of love
With the one thing that you always seemed to be so free of.
And if you can't find comfort in what we should have known,
Then I guess we're better on our own.
It's life's lesson taught a little too well.
The only thing you have forever's always kept in its cell.
You know we won't find comfort if we're both on our own.
So let's make the best of the time that we're shown.

So proposed.
How does light seep into a mind so closed?
You're only focused on what glows.
And it's been burning holes in hearts -
Planning lives before they start.
There's only three points to home;
Grow, work, alone.
There must be something.
We can't be carved in stone.

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And now it's pulling us apart.

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It's taken us, shaken us.
I feel like I have mistaken us
As simple things with wedding rings.
Abandoning what our future brings.