

Jeremy

The Pains of Being Pure At Heart

We were young, like the future
We were young, and always wrong
We were young, like our country
Learning old ways to be young

Random driving around with you
In my dilapidated car
Like Isadora Duncan II
In impossibly long white scarves

Autumn leaves, diaries
Tennessee and Jeremy
Suddenly, willow trees
Memories of Jeremy

Like a Galapagos turtle
We grow old and stay that way
Build a nest in the sand dunes
Lay our eggs and walk away

I was writing our dreams down
Making maps of an unseen plane
And I noticed anomalies
That you'd rather not see explained

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We drove, canopy down
In the scalding rain
On the one day we we young
The house we bought was really a lake
Otters scampered down the halls
There were whirlpools in the floor
And sails

You're alone and it's over
You're alone with your gun
You're alone from now on
You're all alone and you're not young

Autumn leaves, diaries
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