

# Off The Hinge

The Rocket Summer

Will you fight within an inch  
'Cause between the millimeters there is the hinge  
Of the door you know that you  
Were inconveniently born to walk through  
Your back's against the sturdy frame  
Cursive carved into the door spells out your name  
But the knob is stuck  
You're out of luck  
Slowly sliding down to the floor  
Pick yourself back up

A slow headbutt  
Not getting much  
But the sting across your brow starts to burn you up  
Your shoulder hits  
Then you use your fists  
You hear the hinge rattle and you start to kick

You start to kick  
And you scream at it  
Let me in  
Let me in

Will you fight within an inch  
Between the millimeters there is the hinge