

## We Could Die Like This

The Wonder Years

Memories flood back like photographs.  
All bright and out of focus, all drab with muted  
colors.  
The whole world smells like True Blue,  
The only brand my grandma smokes and the faintest hint  
of Coppertone.

I'm watching shorebirds circle in real close.  
(I know you're gonna go. Just please leave me a note. I  
left because you asked me to)

Operator, take me home. I don't know where else to go.  
I wanna die in the suburbs.  
A heart attack shoveling snow all alone.  
If I die, I wanna die in the suburbs.

These northeast winters make boys into men  
staring out at snow-plowed mountains in the parking  
lots of churches.  
The city just felt worn out, no strength to pick our  
hearts off the ground.  
We watched the '92 Birds take the field without Jerome  
Brown.  
(We keep quiet when it gets bad. We don't talk about  
the setbacks. They only hear it when your voice cracks)

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I wanna die in the suburbs.  
A heart attack shoveling snow all alone.  
If I die, I wanna die in the suburbs.

I wanna die in the suburbs. I wanna die in the suburbs.  
I wanna die in the suburbs. I wanna die in the suburbs.  
I wanna die in the suburbs. I wanna die in the suburbs.  
(You start remembering the anniversaries of the bad  
things)  
I wanna die in the suburbs. I wanna die in the suburbs.  
(You start remembering the anniversaries of the bad  
things)

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...die in the suburbs.