Receiving Line

Title Fight

I cut my hair on Tuesday, I thought it would help you stay away
.
From the New York subway, world unraveling.

We drove my car that weekend, 100 miles barely speaking.
9am heavy breathing, try to figure out the meaning.

"I'm sorry for your loss"
You probably get that a lot.
We didn't have to talk, you probably get that...

And to think I felt fine, I'll take that as a sign.

Today I'm a stranger... in a receiving line.

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