

## Come Clean

Trophy Eyes

The image of you,  
The thought burns right through.  
A flaw in an otherwise perfect crime.  
It's funny how,  
The things I care about,  
Are damaged but  
The unimportant things are fine.

14 Herbert Street,  
Two thousand and ten,  
I was eighteen.  
I couldn't keep my fucking story straight.  
I pushed you all away,  
But the street lights on Mayne,  
They still flicker,  
Even though we're never there to see.

I always wanted to call but I had nothing to say.  
And you seemed better off since you moved away.  
I can't say I don't miss the company,  
Of such a better example of me.

And I know I had you all concerned,  
But I've changed now, I'm better.  
And I got just what I deserved.  
Persistence, respect is a process.

Torn between,  
Another bullshit apology,  
Or blaming everything I said,  
On a broken self-esteem.  
Dodge the burden, evade the blame,  
Or suck it up and just come clean.  
I'll never be the same again,  
And all I have to thank is me.

Is there anything I can say,  
To bring back the old days.

I know I had you all concerned,  
But I've changed now, I'm better.  
And I got just what I deserved.  
Persistence, respect is a process.

I've been obsessing over bridges burned.  
Though it's over it lingers.  
So tell the others when it works for you,  
I miss you, and life's a little longer now.