

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.