

## Where Have You Been

Annuals

They call holidays an option for a reason  
I heard you're coming back to life just for the fourth  
I've been catching all your ghosts for every season  
I pray to god you won't come back here anymore

do you pray with him, too?

They should deliver all my blessings  
in small brown paper handbags near the porch  
I wished I'd known that you were bleeding while I sat  
and watched you reading with the lord

I read with him, too

Cause when you look at me  
I'll be digesting your legs  
cause I can hardly see  
what's in front of me these days  
and those days, too.

I've got to take what I'm making  
and make into something  
I've got to take what I'm making  
and make into something  
for you  
I've got to break what I'm making  
and turn it into nothing  
I've got to break what I'm making  
and turn it into nothing  
for you

God, where have you been?