

I looked up at your window
And pretended I could see you.
You don't live there anymore.
My mind wanders and I get lost in thoughts of you.
I sleep to escape, because drinking kills you anyway.
So why when I wake does my heart still ache?
Your cup is still on the window sill.
I'll bring myself to move it soon,
But until I do, I'll get lost in thoughts of you.
You made the best impression:
Perfection on the page.
The wildest of hearts will never be tamed.