

A Few Minutes on Friday

Bright Eyes

She kills, with foreign films, the emptiness of day to day
And I wait until the weekend comes
So I can clear this uselessness from my brain
I count the days until she arrives
Those precious minutes when she is mine
As we walk from my front door to her car
We are so close and alone
But that will disappear in a room filled with the warmth
Of others company
There is too much company
I hide my wounded pride and stare off into the other cars
If I could just speak the words to tell her
Exactly how I feel
I count the ways that I might say it
But I know that none of them will work because
She won't feel the same
I've come this far
But I can't go through with it because the truth would hurt
Too much
This hurts too much
She goes back to the west coast to drink in the sunshine
And I will stay here in these dead plains
And try to make a seed grow
And I would pray for rain
If I thought that that would help