

## Brandon From Ithaca

Craig Cardiff

The bus stopped in brandon, miles from ithaca  
At a shop that paid it to pour all the people out  
To drink all the coffee and read through the papers  
About the famous coming out

The couple two rows up to the left didn't move  
As I passed they just lay sleeping in  
Into one another like the way birds cluster  
All together when facing wind

She was like a camera, he a b-film  
Both pretty faced, but hard  
From smoking too much and waiting too long  
And from all the things that life does to break your heart  
I told you so, don't say I didn't tell you so

I listened to them all the way westbound  
Under gold blankets and blue fields  
With the sally-ann jackets and pillows and backpacks  
She turned into him like a shield

From the stories of santa claus drunk stuck in the chimney  
And the deer they lost making him fly  
How BB King rode the bus to the gig cause he was broke  
And how sometimes it's ok to cry

I hear it rains here all the time, she said  
First thing we'll take a room to keep dry  
We'll find a bed and put us in it  
It'll feel like home in no time

What if there's not much more of this  
Well, I'd like to share it with you  
With your hundred and my hundred dollars  
I'm sure we'll pull through  
I told you so, don't say I didn't tell you so.