I Like It

I heard about your last words and I can't say I'm sorry I wish you could have seen my face For the fist time in a long time I was really happy For the first of May For the last days of autumn For the summer in between For the few weeks when you said I should feel lucky I'm lucky, yea For the frostbite For the cold nights For the bleeding palms and knees For the rattle blister crash you bring For the stringy reddened crime you tried to bury me under For forcing it down For making me like it I like it I understand So what if you were all I had