

THE KNEES

Fences

I've gotten so far, on bad news.
Holding on to repertoires of songs I
used to sing to you.
These bruises lace my shins,
from drinking with my indian friends.
I didn't always look like shit.
Your camera phone was evidence of this.

Play it closer, to me.
Closer and closer.
Again.

I've gotten so far, on my shoes.
Holding on to battle scars and cuts
below the knees I got from you.
These bruises are my friends.
We drink sing about are ex girlfriends.
I didn't always feel like shit.
My memory was evidence we kissed.

Play it closer, to me.
Closer and closer.
Again.