

## My Parent's House

Hayden

Time, time when you stayed over,  
We stayed in bed forever  
The mail piled at the door.  
Time, we lost track of the hours,  
Pizza boxes tower  
The floor beside the bed.  
Time, our bodies sore from something,  
It surely wasn't walking,  
Our friends thought we were dead.  
And I can't recreate those times we used to have  
Without you they'll be bad.  
Let's meet, next month at my parent's house  
They'll be  
Away like they were then  
Away like we were then.  
Time, you met someone new  
Someone who liked you  
But not like I liked you.  
Time, you ask him if he'll mind  
Of course he'll surely mind.  
So just leave him for me.  
Will you meet me and we'll try to set things right?  
I want things to be right.  
And I bet we'll stay in bed for days and never leave  
I never want to leave,  
We'll never have to leave.