

Playing Catch With .22

I the Mighty

I've been thinking back to when we used to share a drink on mid
night walks
When you'd pretend your winter breath was cigarette smoke in yo
ur lungs
I'd fight the urge to give you all the worst advice about the o
nes you liked
(You called it chemistry, I called it earning bragging rights)
Knowing damn well if I told you how I felt, I'd crack the ice
Roll the dice
You're just a second away from being in love or alone
What you don't know, is that each second you wait is a breath y
ou don't take. It's a moment you wasted
I've been thinking back to that night on your front step when I
held you as you wept
We sat awhile in silence but I was screaming in my head
How to tell you, if I should...
What to say, if I even could...
And if that moment came, would it simply hang forever...
So I always try to live vicariously through my friends
(You call it chemistry, I call it perfect timing instead)
Watching all them fall in love, and wondering if I will again
You're playing catch with 22
For once it's out you've got to choose
But if you choose to hold it in
Then where's the chance to begin new love?
Who knows, maybe she's the one...
I bet there's so many more than just the one for all of us
Just falling asleep with you is enough to keep me hanging on
Whether or not we ever evolve
If all that we are is paint on a wall, waiting to peel off
Then poison the well and pour me a cup