

Almost Time to Go

Jason Webley

Guess you never really stuck around,
All that long anywhere.
I guess I should have known that you'd skip town.
You always did, catch me unawares.
Looking now at your debris,
These trails of paper strewn across the floor.
Towards an open door.

Look at all you've gathered, all you own,
Hold it in your hand, does it weigh more than a single feather?
If the things you feel outsmart the things you know,
It's almost time, it's almost time to go.

I don't know if you struggled at the end.
I know at times, you fought like hell.
I know that sleep was never quite your friend.
I hope that now, you're resting well.
Old band names and alma maters,
A patchwork quilt of people you have been,
Tattooed on your skin.

Think of people, places you have known,
Sculpted out of sand.
The tide's coming in and we're going nowhere.
If your feet are still in shoes that they've outgrown,
It's almost time, it's almost time to-
Think of seed you've scattered and you've sown,
All out of your hands,
Lost in the wind like a little feather,
And the things you feel outsmart the things you know.
It's almost time, it's almost time, it's almost time, it's almost time,
it's almost time, it's almost time to go.