

Extraordinary Dinner Party

La Dispute

Morning after snowstorm
Stand in the silence
Almost feel reborn all alone on the street
It's a certain sort of stillness when the quiet
surrounds you
The only sound your shovel on concrete

I remember those piles from the snow plows always
seemed much bigger back when I was kid
Pushed all of the snow to the end of the driveway
I was the only person up in the neighborhood
Morning after snowstorm

I turned the ignition and I started my car
Morning after snowstorm
I scraped off my windshield with the edge of a credit
card

I remember that drive into work
Still can hear the voice coming over the radio
Listen to our experts give the best tips for the next
time you entertain dinner guests

I thought of the day in a tie in the kitchen I sat and
I watched you put make-up on
Thought of the day in the basement when I played house
I felt ashamed that I'd stayed in my head in the same
place for so long
Because I was afraid to change
But that's not an excuse to stay

Morning after snowstorm
I climbed up on the snowbank and I stared at the
neighborhood
Morning after snowstorm
I think I finally understood what they meant when they
said there's a calm after the storm

Saw my grandpa at his workbench building grandma's
bookshelf
Watched a woman walk her trash out to the street

Father alone on the highway
I heard the salt trucks and neighbors off to work
Saw my mother
Saw how history loops around all of these moments and
then I saw you

In a dress there with your eyes open wide to put make-
up on
Thought of the day in the basement that I played house
And I felt ashamed I'd ignored all the hands that
extended before and around me
Because I was afraid to change
But that's not an excuse to stay
It's not an excuse