

## Stay Happy There

La Dispute

If I could play back every moment to you now  
Spent lovesick and swollen on  
Mornings mincing garlic on the counter by the sink  
If I could hit the instant replay on only every good day  
Would any of it catch you by surprise?

When you say, "something is missing now"  
That's what came back to me  
Normal mornings like that set the knife down and forget where I'd left it  
Making breakfast  
Put coffee on the stove then scour every counter for the knife

Don't be shy  
Don't be kind  
Somewhere snow collects and bends the boughs of pines

But doesn't it seem a bit wasteful to you  
To throw away all of the time we spent perfecting our love in close quarters  
and confines?  
Isn't it wasteful?  
And I am terrified that it doesn't feel painful to me yet  
Somewhere on top of the high rise there's a woman on the edge of a building  
at the ledge  
And traffics backing up on 35

It's alright  
I will fix whatever is not the sweetness in your eyes  
Just sit down, please  
Sit down, here  
At the table and we'll talk  
Somewhere televisions light up in the night

I know things weren't right  
Maybe we were never cut out for the Midwest life  
Maybe we'd have done much better on a coast  
There are certain things I doubt we'll ever know

I know you were getting tired of my drinking  
I guess I was never cut out for the coke scene  
You were worried I would end up like your father and  
Tired of the smoke and somewhere the wind blows

Somewhere a storm touches down north in Hudsonville

Somewhere the coffee starts to boil on the stove and  
Somewhere the wind blows

Somewhere the river levels finally getting low

Somewhere I'm up past dawn till  
Somewhere you live here still  
Somewhere you're already gone

Somewhere a radio is playing in a living room  
Says the city lacks the funds to fix the bridge

Somewhere the deer are overrun so they're introducing wolves back on the rid

ge

And from here in the kitchen  
I can hear the neighbors in the alley hanging linens  
And the men collect the trash bins in the street  
You're speaking to me but I can't understand you  
The coffee is burning and  
All of the times that we spent  
That road trip out west  
Through desert for the rest stops the kitsch we both collect  
That winter the whole weekend we huddled by the stove  
The cabin I had rented  
The unexpected snow  
That visit for Christmas  
On television binges  
We'll see friends in Brooklyn  
Drive south to Richmond  
There's traffic on the bridge  
A woman on the ledge  
And everywhere the wind  
Everything is happening at once