

I promised Colin I'd keep writing, and
That's the only promise I've kept, but
I have no regrets. Like,
Your empty mailbox?
It doesn't bother me.
Not at all.

And I promised you I'd come visit soon.
Guess I should've made the trip, but
Money's tight as rope and time too. And
You know how it goes better than anyone.
There isn't ever much of anything we need or
Think we do.
So I don't feel bad.
I don't feel bad.

And somewhere you cut me out.
Fall in love to rinse your mouth,
But it doesn't bother me at all.

I promised Colin I'd take off to you soon, on
An old deck in Louisville, KY.
Four stories up, Six AM and Ten deep
While they we're sleeping, and I said,
"Keep me in check, friend." And he tried.
But I couldn't be.

And that small window closed, and I
Never really kept writing either, just
Stared downward at the page most times or
Thought about it real hard.
And there must be something missing in me
That she's there and I'm still here because
That's messed up.
But I don't feel bad about it.

And somewhere you cut me out.
Fall in love to rinse your mouth,
But it doesn't bother me at all.

I have tried hard to stay hopeful in the moments
They cut ropes to set you free.
I have always tried to point the finger elsewhere.
This time it points to me.

But it doesn't bother me at all.

Each chance to lock arms, to lie long in locked eyes
And I failed to let go, to cut ties with my life.
But I'm torn, and reborn, see I died when you left.
But each word since that day was your name from my chest.

I am afraid.
But it doesn't bother me at all.