

Keanu Eyes

Marit Bergman

Someday soon
I'll think his childish laughter's
Silly
Soon
I'll resent the way he talks 'bout
Booze, drugs and cartoons
I will think he's shallow
Someday soon
I'll rant about his lack of taste
And soon
He can look for my love somewhere
far beyond the moon
and I will have forgotten his embrace
But for now, all that I
Can think of is his keanu eyes
Oh I'm not ready I keep slipping
All the time
I'm longing for the day when he
won't occupy my mind
I guess I'll just have to wait
Another while

Someday soon
I won't remember rainy
Afternoons
Warm soft skin and kissing
under blankets
I assume
That any day now, he will be
replaced

But it's hard oh so hard
Lonely Sundays, crisps and
Coke and chocolate bars and
VCR
I wish I could stop wondering
Where he went
And what he's doing now and
And what we were and what it
meant
Right now I just wish that he
was still around