

Apartment

Modern Baseball

The first time I saw you was in your apartment
I followed my friends single file through the darkness
I looked your direction for excessive inspection
And I could not muster the courage to say a single word to you

For a while we were playing this game that your friends bought
But everyone cheated and no one could spell
You didn't say much of anything
I must have come off annoying cause you went to bed

I'll walk home with my eyes low
Dreaming of conversations we'll have tomorrow
Loose ends, my new friends
All the classes in high school we fell asleep in
And now I can hardly close my eyes

The next time I saw you was in your apartment
Oh why do I keep ending up here on starlit evenings?
I should be home sleeping
But this time you sat next to me on the couch (nice)

I stare out the window, hands glued tight and sore
Praying to god-knows-what that you would sever what stuck
With something shiny from the kitchen drawer

I'll walk home with my eyes low
Dreaming of conversations we'll have tomorrow
Loose ends, my new friends
All the classes in high school we fell asleep in
And now I can hardly close my eyes

I was wondering if maybe you wanted to hangout tonight?
We could make dinner or something