

Pothole

Modern Baseball

The fossils of my footsteps will be unearthed at a far off date
, unknown
Impressed in concrete from walking home alone after walking you
home
And the mops of greasy hair will romanticize my despair
But they wont know that I didn't care
I like the silence, I like the empty streets
Crawl down on my hands and knees in a heartbeat if I had to
I owe 'em that at the very least

The map had faded out but I could have sworn I noted every stri
de
I guess the rain hit before the ink had dried
And where i thought id be was not what I perceived
Assessing the progress from beneath your sheets
That's why I need the silence, I need the empty streets
Just as bad as they don't need me
Its a sick, sad, sham of a marriage
But its all there is, its all I need

I can be everything you need if you make me
I can be every crack in your concrete if you let me off easy
I can be easily deceived if you want that
But you are the ember of my heart, whether you like that or not