

## Re-Done

## Modern Baseball

She said

" Lets start from the top just rid of everything

Like: the notes in your pockets the text you're always locking

And if it's all the same; forget all of those lines where you mention my smile.

You gotta' lot of nerve complimenting me through choruses and rhyme

But I know how you get from time to time:

'We'll do this and that, travel the map'

And maybe just for a while I thought you were my re-do

You thought you could change my name.

I could tell by the look on your face whenever I would say..."

But that when I stopped to listen or care

About anything other than a plan of attack to get me back to where

You are my re-do or at least a pair of eyes that would notice

When I couldn't conjure words cause I thought about it too long,

So I'll leave the steady hands to Sean cause we all know I lack

In the field of conversing correctly

Without shaking or getting queasy

Not letting my emotions get involved.

And on a side note:

You stole my heart my like I stole your hometown lingo

With steady hands and strong

But now we're down to brass tacks

And we both know it

The odds are in my favor

Though you won't show it

You etched holes in my brain

Deep and like you always too out of reach to see clearly

You sank words into my veins

Deep and like you too excited to get them out fully

I know I'm bad with expectations

The ones too large for any moment but I

I can promise expectations grounded for this time around.

Let's be the last to leave tonight

Cause I need time to find the courage

To speak my mind, to speak my mind

Just hear me out oh just this time.

They don't think we can make this last

But we got eyes that see past these nights

And we got callused hands

But these arms aren't tried

At least not yet

They just think we are young with broken hearts

Stomping around everyday

So lets stomp around breaking

Young at heart all the way