

Twenty-Something

Noah Gundersen

Winter makes the most of all our compromising intellect
Throws us to the safety of our clothes
Coupled up with strangers in the front yard smoking cigarettes
Shiver as our cherry's burning slow
Nothing feels like home anymore

I wanna lie down
I wanna lie down beside you
I wanna lie down
I wanna lie down beside you

Twenty-something sounds dismissive not far from the point
Man, it's just hard to miss the writing for the wall
And all this forced and trite ambition, all my favorite criticisms
Makes it even easier to stall
Nothing feels like home
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