

## Use Your Words

Owen

Those books you've read in your youth,  
Like holidays at home  
Continue to remind you  
Of who you were  
And who you are

Some pages bent,  
The spines creased and worn  
All signs of being adored  
And those words somehow meant more to you  
Than who they were written for

Those blankets in your bed  
So tattered and sad  
They've seen enough sleepless nights  
Both good and bad  
To pen a short story  
Use your words  
For a few love songs  
Well ain't it about time  
You've moved on

Those books that you've read  
You will read again  
After enough time passes  
You'll remember some names  
But not how they end  
After enough time passes  
And your heart will break all over again  
After enough time passes  
And so on and so forth