

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