

Already Ghosts

Piano Magic

In travel, there are traps
When I'm writing in the back
Beneath the rain, between the maps
My diary bears this out but memory has it wrong
I loved you when you loved me and then we were done
There's a silence on the railway
There's a bad curse on the land
And this season writes a rainstorm like a poem in the sand
You told me I depressed you, that I withered in your hand
And that sentence cut my loveline when you left me as you planned
In travel, there are traps when I'm writing in the back
Beneath the rain, between the maps
My diary bears this out but memory has it wrong
I loved you when you loved me and then we were gone
In travel, there are traps when I'm writing in the back