

Sunsetting

Pianos Become the Teeth

Air is all you need
pull your last smoke through me,
come on, inhale,
pull it hard and leave,
Well here I am again,
we all break in our own way
but I don't remember such a bone cold chill on such a spring da
y,
a man's man, the wind through those New York trees,
cursed with oaks for feet, and a heart that wouldn't beat in a
torso so small,
I should have called more, come up more,
spent more time just sitting with you
because now all I've got is old footage to help me bide
and it seems that pictures of an old life have helped me to pas
s mine by
I miss every word, every lesson learned,
clear your throat and cough, loosen it up,
well I've been sunsetting so damn long
and the length of those lies only stretches so far
in hell like this, on nights like these
I just miss your humor, I just need someone to blame tonight,
you know I could never hang in as hard as I could hang on,
and here I am again.