

Broken Radio

Rainer Maria

Traffic lights turning yellow:
A kiss and a slap on the roof.
I taught you that superstition
Driving downtown
With the windows down

Late at night talking over
A broken radio
And I kiss my fingers
And our single headlight
Winks out for the last time
We talk about
The last time it felt right to make out

And I'm certain, if i drive into those trees,
It would make less of a mess
Than you've made of me.