

Lil Wallet Picture

Richard Buckner

Underspent
And too young too
I stumbled onto a picture of you
You wild bitter tale
All cherry oak and tears
As the branches looked in
The summer is done
And we are too, dear
Pull back the drape
And let the silent light in
Soon I'll be on that highway

And damn this stretch of 99
That takes so many lives
One of them was mine
Hand me that lil wallet picture
1985
One more time

The lights of the street
Where I'd walk to you at night
Were so blindly lit
Yeah, there were four little flames
His, mine, and yours,
And the torch in the attic
I woke up late
And kissed you awake
And as you packed up your load,
There was one last look
And then the uhaul broke free
Now the ditches are flooded over the backroads

And damn this stretch of 99 that takes so many lives
One of them was mine

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