

Threewrite

Sage Francis

This is to the (uh-uh) intertwined souls
The hands I've been trying to hold
This is to the (uh-uh) love that I lost
And all the troubling thoughts of how I got double-crossed
And this is to the (uh-uh) divorce I was forced to settle with
And the remorse I fought off with metal fists
And this is to the (uh-uh) wet, watery kiss I left you with
On your porch as I watched your trembling lips
This is to the... memory of our early years
The first girl I shared feelings with
And it's the realest thing I'd experienced in my short existenc
e
And I ain't afraid to admit
Cause love is one of the things that doesnt't't come with an ag
e limit
Now does it? In fact I'ma have to say I'm more keen to feel suc
h things
Hopeless things I'd lost in a smokescreen of meaningless fuckin
g
Touching without touching, candles in the dark
Casting shadows on our parents battles, this is for the romanti
cs at heart
It wasn't long before I held you more then my pen
When I wasn't writing songs, it was something like
"Forever and always, whenever those songs play..."
I remember empty hallways
Or your image that descended from the top floor became an echo
I paid the price for those hard things, and couldn't afford to
let go
From a passive debt, I'm past regret
Did you know I dreamt about you before we met?
Remembering our first kiss, and it ain't even happened yet
Recollecting your set, and I wasn't even given the chance to fo
rget
I guess that's the magic of it
Now every rehashed subject's displaying what I wrote
On cafe napkins to the public
To get it over and done with, closure hath cometh
My shoulders are plummeted from holding these buckets
Hold your laughs till I go back to the tunnels of Paris
Where I w