

I'm Sorry I'm Leaving

Saves the Day

Your middle finger was clutching my thumb through the park
and over macdougall.
The torches were blazing about our street and just down from the
sky.
Casey stepped with Anna off the curb.
His shoes are clogs, did you see?
They dipped in that puddle, the one catching green.
They were tripping up and slipping around,
singing 'Rolalita come out tonight' and oh I wanted to pull you
down.
roll on top of me, baby. just roll.
we'll wreck our clothes.
we'll scrape our knees.
we'll taste the scabs.
you, sweet, are worth these next four months
until I bail out and kiss behind your ears, drive off in the van.
oh my god, I think I'm dying in this car seat, where I'll spend
through winter.