

## Nebraska Bricks

Saves the Day

And I grew up  
on alcoholic evenings and slow jazz music to keep my heart beat  
ing  
because after all that happens in a dissolving family  
the need for a song to sing me to sleep still rings true  
and I always knew that there wasn't glue strong enough  
to sew these roots together  
and now that I've wasted too many years  
and I've lost track of where I started  
I have to dream at night of who I was and why after twenty year  
s of marriage  
I am what is left and I'd like to go back now  
and make myself up because I'd be a brick so I wouldn't feel  
and I'd lift myself up and I'd throw myself at this house  
to break windows and smash walls  
just to keep time where it was and where it should be.