

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.