

Second Hand

Sundowner

I spent my time fishing through pockets of old winter coats
looking for a weathered New York City subway token charm
But instead I found a shattered silver pocket watch
a present given to me to mark my twenty first year

But the time had never stopped
The months rolled on
Nine years passed without a sound
the ticking heart beat dead and gone

I wasted days thinking about how I wasted so much time
I sat alone in my room while the weeks went by
Someone save me from this tomb in Graceland
I was hiding in an attic the past two years
cuz I'm a fugitive

Call the detectives in
I'm ready to confess
all the terrible things I did
It's time for my sinking heart to rest