

I've been leaving messages on an answering machine
in a house that's always empty, so I know nobody's listening.
I've been confessing my transgressions over tape hiss
and the silence makes me sick. No good can come from this.

I'm letting go. I've been holding on like poison ivy
out of cold suburban concrete from this careless urban sprawl.
I'm letting go. No we can't keep out of trouble.
I thought my kids would call you uncle. I thought we'd never be
alone.

I've got images of you inside my head
outside of the gas station where we always used to shoplift.
It's car-crash rhetoric. We fucked up everything we came in con-
tact with
Just boyhood recklessness.

I'm letting go. I've been holding on like poison ivy
out of cold suburban concrete from this careless urban sprawl.
I'm letting go. No we can't keep out of trouble.
I thought my kids would call you uncle. I thought we'd never be
alone.
I'm letting go

If you walked me home,
you'd know how weak my arms got.
I just can't carry you.
If you walked me home,
Well I know I'd have flashbacks
of snow angels and gut laughs.
If you walked me home... but you won't. You're all alone
on some bullshit, pill-bottle vision quest.

If you walked me home
Well I don't know when I would finally work up the backbone
to walk alone.

I'm letting go because I loved you, but I have to.
I'm letting go. You know we can't keep out of trouble
I thought my kids would call you uncle. I thought we'd never be
alone.
I'm letting go.

If you walked me home.