

I always knew that I would live and die in Boston.
When I was five I put my hands into cement and you knelt beside
me.
It dried up and hardened so fast.

We packed our bags and headed south
leaving them behind, never coming back.
To those same small hands that pulled you through a crosswalk,
ready for whatever's coming next.

Someday I hope you find everything you want
and just forgive me for everything I'm not.
I'll try and hide how damaged I've become.
Oh my god, why is the world so sad?

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I guess I found my way back home but those hands no longer fit.
(I was never any good at saying sorry, thank you for that.)
But I'm ready for whatever is whatever is coming next.

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and you knelt besides me.
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