

It's Not True

William Fitzsimmons

Should i decide it's true
that you would leave if given half the chance to go and
i'd be left here on my own
to find myself in bed
wishing everything that changed would be the same
the room still looks like you
it's a mess and all the pictures on the shelf are
dusted off by someone else
to keep me company
i haven't told her that your thought still lingers on
everyday's another chance to bury my regret
everyday's another chance to make it but i can't

but i can't
i saw you on my phone
on a contact list that isn't up to date
would have changed it with more time
that i require to
rid my mind of all the freckles on your face
and reconcile to what?
the ring i bought you is buried deep within the ground
behind the swing where we first met
and memory only serves
to remind of all the bruises you forgave
should i decide it's true
that you'd return if given half the chance to come....
but it's not true